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THE PHYSICAL CONSCIENCE.

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WE all recognize, more or less, the existence and *raison d'être* of the moral conscience, that factor which guides man's action, and bids him control his desires on the borderland, a little to one or other side, of his neighbor's interests. This restraining sense, which impels him to consider himself, not only in relation with his fellows, but likewise in his relation toward that higher man whom evolution sets before him as his model, and in whose shadowy presence he is ashamed, this restraining sense we allow to be a symptom of the healthy sensitiveness of the moral nature, and according to its degree of development and its condition of sensitiveness we consider the particular mind to which it belongs as being highly organized and in a state of health.

Some of us are born without any very great possessions in this direction. Some of us have permitted the healthy faculty

to atrophy by long disuse of the divers qualities of which it is composed, or we have rendered it tough and unimpressionable with the cicatrices of many wounds we have torn in its once delicate surface.

Whatsoever we may do in practice, theoretically we are all agreed as to the importance of developing to the full, and maintaining the vitality of this principle, which subtends our moral growth and progress. It is curious that equally with the existence of a moral conscience there has not also been discovered and described a physical conscience, whose duty toward the body is precisely the same as is that of the moral conscience toward the mind. The healthy moral conscience, with its vanguard the moral imagination, is ever aspiring to a higher level of action; and has not the body likewise a conscience which, in exactly the same way, strives to maintain the normal level, and, moreover,

aspires according to its ability to get higher planes of physical health? If we do a dishonorable deed, we suffer from shame and repentance; if we do some injury to the body, our physical conscience cries out in pain at the wrong inflicted. If our moral consciousness be properly indignant at our wrong-doing, it will not content itself with mere remorseful imaginings, nor is our bodily consciousness content with smarting under the sense of injury, but sooner or later sets in motion a reparative process to rectify the results of accident.

We might imagine that the physical is superior to the moral conscience in that it seems generally to repair its wrongs; but, unfortunately, this is too often only seeming; it unites the gaping wound, heals the patent injury, but in how few cases is it so sensitive and efficient that it rests not until the wrong has been fully rectified! But too frequently it scamps its work, and puts in inferior material wherewith to unite the breach. The old scar breaks out afresh, after pretence for years of being healed; just as a man's sin, of which his smarting conscience had professed to cure him, breaks out anew in wrong-doing.

In how many cases of rheumatic fever, for example, does the body heal the inflamed joints, and so renew them that the victim does not suffer life-long miseries from his ill-repaired tissues? The chronic rheumatism which is an almost invariable sequela of the acute illness is nature's life-long outcry against inferior material which has been put in by an unworthy physical conscience. Cancer very frequently takes its starting-point from the cicatrix of an old wound, a striking proof of the degenerate tissue which has been used for the repair of the wound, tissue which is not only greatly inferior to the material it simulates, but is such an alien that it turns and rends the body which nurtures it.

In all cases, and these are legion, in which acute disease passes into chronic, the physical conscience has failed in its duty; it has failed to keep up the physical standard, whose guardian it is; it has failed to supply, in the place of cells destroyed by disease, cells equal to these in character and vitality; like many a guilty moral consciousness, it spends the rest of its days in bemoaning and bewailing the

wrongs it was its own inherent duty to redress.

Physiologically speaking, an important duty of each tissue is to reproduce tissue similar exactly in character and equal in quality to itself. Existence goes on with the continued destruction and renewal of those minute microscopic cells of which the body is composed. The body to-day is not the body of yesterday; the wear and tear of twenty-four hours' living has resulted in the disintegration and reconstruction of more or less of its cell constituents.

A change of air will stimulate a flagging conscience to a higher sense of duty, and it will fulfil its better possibilities by putting in material of healthier type. The result is a sense of renewed life, a raising of the vitality, a quickening of the nervous powers. We come back from a holiday literally another person. But presently the conscience falls into old lax ways, old indolent shiftless habits, and reconstructs the body, not on its original lines of health, not according to its better possibilities, but on the slipshod methods of a former defalcation. The benefit derived is only temporary; we sink back soon on to the same low health levels as heretofore. The fault lies largely with ourselves in having ever tolerated these levels, in not having brought the conscience to book, in not having demanded from the first the strict observance of its duty.

Recognizing the obligations and duty of this conscience, we should not permit its temporary aberrations to become habits. But how few of us ever give a thought to the conservation of our health and its maintenance at its highest possibilities until the demoralization of our physical conscience and its degraded levels are materially perilling the comfort of existence. And then it is too late. The relaxed tone out of which health's elasticity is more or less gone cannot be strung to its normal pitch, the bad habit has become the system's chronic condition. Not only has the power of aspiration perished, but it has lost footing even on the platform whence it should have aspired.

In many cases of acute illness the blame of this degeneration is not unshared by art, which steps in to incommode an already inefficient agent. Like the majesty of the law, which stretches out its mighty hand and incarcerates the transgressor,

who, repentant of his sins, was beginning to right the wrongs he had perpetrated, so also the majesty of medicine too often lays its mighty hand upon the tardy physical conscience, soothes its remorse with sedatives, dulls its sensitiveness with opiates, demands that it fulfil its repairing contract to time, and so impels it to fill in the breach with rough, unfinished material. There is no doubt but that we do harm by our indiscriminate relief of symptoms. Pain is a symptom of the sensitiveness of the nerves on guard at the seat of disease, and this very pain, "which mislikes us much," acts as a never-failing sentinel stimulating the brain to send its armament of healthy blood, its quantum of nutritive plasma, in order that the bodily structure be rightly and properly restored, restored on the plan of its original construction, so delicately, minutely, and perfectly, that no man may detect a weakened spot.

Medicine does well when she busies herself in stimulating and assisting a tardy, inefficient physical conscience; but she must surely do injury when she opposes the operations of a conscience which is healthily sensitive and active, and knows best along which lines the reparative process should proceed. We cannot blame the doctor because his patient ignorantly appeals to his sympathies against his own interests, but we must blame the art of medicine which does not teach both patient and doctor that the temporary inconvenience of a symptom must not be considered before the permanent interests of a life. The patient's query to his physician is not "How long should I remain in bed in order to restore my health to its original integrity?" but "How long, O, you Æsculapian tyrant, do you mean to keep me here?" He will not spare time for an absolute and perfect recovery; he has so little consideration for his body, upon the condition of which his future well-being depends, that instead of gratefully and religiously regarding its needs, he requires its warning cries to be stifled in order that he may work out his own further wreckage unhindered.

The natural outcome of this demand is that the doctor must perforce use all his art in so dulling the physical conscience and so blunting its sense of duty, that it no longer cries out at its wrongs and asks for restitution. The patient so treated

thereupon experiencing no further inconvenience from its importunities, exclaims "I am well;" just as we, having drugged our war-correspondents and put our telegraphic apparatus out of order, might, on opening our morning paper, remark, "Peace is restored, I see, because there is no news from the seat of war!"

It sounds paradoxical to say that disease is a normal healthy process, but this is strictly true. The phenomena of illness are the symptoms of a struggle which the system is making in order to throw off some injurious influence, or to give rest to some disabled organ. The sufferer who, without even temporarily losing his composure, can digest the bacillus taken into his stomach, calmly converting it into his own substance, and so turning it to his own uses, or in his lungs can comfortably oxygenate it into heat-producing fuel, is in a better state of health than is he who flies into a state of excitement, loses his head, and frets and fumes himself into a fever in bringing his forces to resist the attack; but this latter is immensely superior in health to another whose physical *morale* is at so low an ebb that it does not object to the noxious contact, but permits the entry of disease germs into its citadel, and their free admixture with and demoralization of its citizens.

Scarlet fever is the terrified cry of the childish physical conscience at the contact of the baleful germ; the innocent composure is startled, the sensitive balance overthrown. The tender skin glows with a vivid blush at the touch of the intruder; the scarlet rash is the danger signal mounted by the sentinels of health, and at all these outposts a vigorous attempt is made to rout the foe.

Measles, diphtheria, typhoid, typhus, small-pox, all these are phenomena of resistance made by the constitution against some element of evil introduced into its midst; the various symptoms of these several affections arising from the action of the particular organs or glands to which the body deposes the task of dealing with the enemy.

In scarlet fever the skin and throat are made the points of exit of the foe, and in forcibly thrusting him through these gateways friction and congestion and damage result on the threshold. According to the speed with which he can be ejected,

is the limit of his time and opportunity to deteriorate and injure the general health ; according to the denseness and violence of his numbers is the injury done on the threshold of his expulsion. The special garrison whose duty it was to get rid of him, may do so at the expense of its own existence. The foe may be thrust forth while the garrison is left blocked by the dead and dying, whose putrefaction and disintegration may poison the city it died in defending. This is according to the force and deadliness of the enemy, according to the quick sensitiveness of the conscience in perceiving his presence, its power of promptly and properly arraying its forces against him, and, last of all, of the healthy integrity and efficiency of the forces so arrayed.

In considering the question philosophically, we can but regard a large class of diseases as symptoms of a reactionary effort of health to throw out of the system some material or element inimical to it. The capacity for sickness is, therefore, in a degree, a test of health, in that it is a measure of the sensitiveness of the physical conscience. There are, of course, persons whose health is so perfect that their physical, like their moral, conscience is able to dispose calmly of the evils which threaten it ; but there are more who only by a temporary uprising and loss of balance can so bring their strength to resist the ills that assail them. In still greater number are they whose physical, like their moral, consciences are not fastidious and do not trouble to fight the shadowy foes of ideal life, moral or physical.

Men who work in sewers but rarely suffer from typhoid fever and other similar diseases, to which noxious gases and noxious germs render other persons liable. They get used to it, and so it does not harm them, we say ; but if we properly explain ourselves, we shall say that it is not because it does not harm them, but because their physical sense is so blunted by use that it is dumb under its injuries. For there can be no doubt but that the health must suffer. It is impossible to continually breathe poison into the lungs without suffering therefrom. The negative condition of not breathing in pure fresh supplies of oxygen is perverted into an absolute injurious position of contaminating the blood with foetid gases. These men must suffer ; by the very constitution

of the body and its needs they must suffer, even though they do not complain.

A man may sin and sin again, but we cannot argue that because he feels no remorse, because his blunted moral sense has ceased to warn him of and struggle against his soul's contamination, that therefore his evil-doing does not harm him. On the contrary, we look upon him as in a far lower depth of moral ill-health than is he who sins and repents, and sins and repents, even though he sin unto seventy times seven.

Hospital nurses, just after return from a holiday, more frequently than any other time succumb to infectious disease. So long as they remain in the germ-laden, depressing hospital air, they are far less liable to infection. A rest and change to fresh, pure atmosphere raises the tone of the physical consciousness, makes it more appreciative of unwholesome influences, and it rises at once in healthy rebellion against these ; whereas, in the deteriorated condition which hospitalism induces, the system tolerates and makes no protest against the germs which assail it. Such possibilities of tolerance are, of course, a sacrifice of individual welfare to general expediency, but let us recognize them as being only this ; do not let us flatter ourselves that the victims of such necessities enjoy all life's advantages, and let us in justice to them lessen to the utmost the disadvantages of such necessitous circumstances.

Taking into consideration these facts, we cannot but wonder if the "protection" offered us by the inoculators is not obtained by destroying the healthy innocence of the physical conscience. We must remember that the inoculator cannot offer us freedom from attack ; he promises only to blunt the conscience so that its composure shall not be disturbed when the attack is made. We must remember also that the reason for such disturbance of our composure, the reason we are so prostrated that we must take to our beds and suffer pain and thirst and fever, is because our forces are being used to vanquish a foe, because there is a struggle going on within us, real and intense, in order that this foe shall not injure the perfect citadel of our health.

But if no cry warn us that the invasion is made, if no gathering of our forces drain our strength, if no prostration allow

these forces to be drawn off to the scene of action, it is no proof that the foe is not equally harmful ; on the contrary, the very fact that he is not met and opposed, but is permitted free entry, only makes our graver danger. It is our very health that kills us, we may say ; we die in a smart struggle for the integrity of our empire. Nature maintains her level of excellence by pitting us against a vigorous foe ; but if we will not fight, if we decline the contest, and servilely submit to the smiter, if we are too base to struggle for ideals, what can she do with her degenerate sons ? If we decline and elude the means by which she tests us, she must perforce let us go our way and degenerate still further into the outer darkness.

We recognize in medicine a line of treatment known as a levelling-down process. That is, having tried in vain to raise the level of health at which an individual lives, having found that he cannot be placed in possession of the energies of health without rousing the tell tale cry of old sins committed against his constitution, without his physical conscience raising the spectre of remorse and repining so wofully as to make life intolerable, our only expedient is to systematically lower the standard of health, to deaden the healthy consciousness, so that instead of reaching up in remorseful imaginings it shall content itself with a mean of lower levels. We give, therefore, nerve depressants, and limit the food supplies until the energies are so lowered that they cannot afford the luxury of aspiration, and so no further remorseful regrets are awakened. We have no alternative than this. Our patient must live, and if he cannot live luxuriously and as a gentleman, with an honorable competency, a constitutional inheritance which furnishes him with life's luxuries and enjoyments, he must needs live as a day-laborer, from hand to mouth, with his mental as well as his physical possibilities degraded to a lower plane.

A chain is no stronger than its weakest link ; a man is no stronger than his weakest organ. If he have, for example, wilfully spoiled his digestive capacity by alcoholic or food excess, all his powers must henceforward be measured by the degree of this incapacity, all his forces must be readjusted to the weakness of this one.

We can imagine a physical conscience which, healthily aspiring and efficient,

would, on the removal of injurious influences, gradually restore the weakened organs to their former state of health, the ideal of health permeating the system and rousing the degenerated cells to a sense of former excellence and capability. Such recuperative power should be possible to all ; it, however, exists but rarely, and in those only whose consciousness is sensitive and quick, and will not rest until the lowered standard is raised to its previous height. Having but few such fine consciences to deal with, treatment lies usually in the direction of lowering the general forces to the inefficiency of one.

In recognizing that science has been compelled to give way to popular feeling, and to sacrifice occasionally human interests to expediency, we must not lose sight of the fact that medicine is only one of many means we use to destroy our bodily sense of rectitude. The greater number of us start in life with this object set before us as a duty. We do not look upon our body's sensitiveness as something which subtends our body's health, and therefore something to be as carefully preserved as is our love of truth and honor.

We regard it rather as a weakness to be overcome, an element of self-indulgence which relaxes the tone of our physique. And this it may be if over-cultivated, but, in fear of erring, we generally spoil the delicate elasticity of this bond whose power of recoil is the measure of health. The Spartans systematically lowered the temperature of their emotional sense, and regarding the condition of ice as the highest form of the current of feeling, chilled and repressed it until all tender human affection was frozen at its source.

In very similar fashion do we regard and maltreat the natural physical sensitiveness of the body. We enforce hard studies and long hours of application and athletics upon delicate, highly-strung boys and girls, whose bodily conscience cries out in weariness and anæmia and disease at the strain which is put upon it. We know better than to expose the unformed ignorant moral nature of the child to temptation it knows not how to resist ; we first strengthen in gentleness its quiet delicate growth, nurturing and cherishing it according to its needs, as a higher part which must not be rudely dealt with and blighted. Were we to do likewise with the body, we should soon attain what is

so vital a need of to-day, something which at least approximates to a standard of health.

"I train my child to do without flannels, to wear the same clothing winter and summer, and to go about with so much length of bare leg, bare arm, and bare throat and chest. It hardens him so that he does not feel the cold," we hear our neighbor say, which translated reads, "I so accustom the child to being constantly cold, I by use so harden the sensitiveness of his nervous system, that it no longer complains because the limbs are chilled and ill-nourished, the blood stagnant, and the general vitality depressed;" his physical conscience has become blunted in the same way that the fine delicacy of his skin has become coarsened by exposure, and it will, without protest, endure a degree of temperature which is distinctly injurious to health.

Where, in the name of all that is interrogative, is the advantage? The deteriorating effect of constant cold is not avoided; the system must suffer though it is voiceless, in exactly the same manner that the child's moral development would suffer by relation with constant falsehood even though his sense of right and wrong were so spoiled by custom that he did not falter and cry out "I am a liar and must suffer for my sins."

We over-walk and over-work our children till, tired of emitting its dumb protest of pallid lips and weary eyes, the system at last breaks down in illness, which is a louder, more indignant rebellion against its ill-usage. But it is of no use; the prostration is not rightly understood as a withdrawal of the forces from their normal distribution, in order that they may be devoted to the recuperation of some one or other exhausted faculty; we continue our *régime* of depressing and dulling the physical conscience till this barometer of health no longer responds to the influence it is its duty to notify, no longer registers the degree of injuriousness of such influences.

"I can walk from morning till night without tiring; I can bicycle or play cricket all day long and never feel it!" your friend will tell you, glorying in these unnatural powers of his constitution. His face is sallow and drawn, and marked with nervous, anxious lines; his lips are white and heavy; his frame is emaciated; his

shoulders bent. If you have formed an ideal of physical excellence and comely health, he stands before you its striking antithesis. Yet he can, as he tells you, perform great feats of endurance; he seems almost tireless in his energy. How can this be? Whatsoever may be his characteristics, no one with a soul for physiology can suspect them of being anything but morbid. And that they are.

His physical sensitiveness is dulled and does not cry out in healthy reactive energy; it does not even quietly tell its truth of the body's utter weariness and reduction to the lowest ebb. It is a dull brutish conscience which does not even mumble in revolt. But the informed eye can see what his conscience's eye should be the first to perceive. It seems a beautiful piece of living sensitiveness reduced to a thing of mechanical action and automatism; of senses dulled, and cells deteriorated, of elastic fibre rendered rigid; of springy cartilages calcified; of delicate nervous tissue, which was meant to thrill and throb with the subtle joy of life, degraded into mere telegraph wires for the transmission of muscle-messages; of eyes that were made beautiful with feeling and sympathetic to the loveliness they saw, degenerated into mere organs of vision; of lips which were modelled in nature's workroom, curved with fine feeling and sweet human dignity, marvellously formed alike for strong and tender speech, converted into mere gateways for the ingestion of material to be manufactured into muscularity; of a frame which was intended to express the strength and gracefulness and subtlety of evolved man, degenerated into a system of motor levers; of sensitive nervous fingers transformed into mere instruments of utility; of the hardening of tender hands, hands that were made tender to touch the world's wounds. All this is apparent to him who reads truly; but the conscience whose duty it is to arrest the downward progress lies blind and dumb before it, blighted in its early growth, stunted in its later development.

All conditions of nerve-exhaustion result from a dull unspeaking conscience which allows this rapid constitutional disturbance to be a *facilis descensus*. Many persons would have been saved from such a state of constitutional bankruptcy had a healthy (!) illness stayed their downward

progress ; insisted upon rest for the recruiting of their energies, called for a halt that the health standard might be raised.

It is the ranks of nerve-exhaustion which furnish the above-described type of untiring energy ; his energy is nerve-irritability, not nerve force ; his endurance is not patience, but callous physical insensibility. The degenerative excesses to which he subjects himself act none the less surely because they act insidiously, unperceived, and unresisted. He glories in the license possible to his unrestrained, unmentored powers, revelling in the immunity permitted him by his renegade conscience ; but the gradual and sure demoralization of his constitution, the degeneration of his health possibilities, and the devolution in him of the human health-standard, are the terrible price of his prodigality.

The superhuman muscular strength which exists among the insane is a striking proof that the loss of the healthy balance, mental and physical, is attended by a loss of the healthy sensitiveness which controls and moderates the bodily powers. The madman is immensely strong ; not because his nervous forces are greater, his muscles better developed, but because the natural measure of the powers, the degree to which strength may be put forth without injuring the general welfare, is not registered in the physical consciousness. Degrees of such insensibility are characteristic of the neurotic temperament at the extreme point of which the madman stands ; and ere we vaunt our endurance, let us first be sure that it is a healthy tolerance rather than a morbid insensibility.

Dr. Koch's inoculations are a striking example of the action and decline of the physical conscience. The first injection of the tuberculous lymph meets with an indignant protest. The patient becomes feverish ; there are swelling and redness of the parts tuberculously diseased, headache, thirst, and general constitutional disturbance. In some cases the reactionary protest is so great that the patients die. But in the larger number the recovery from the first injection has been followed by a second and a third, and further injections still, "until the reaction ceases," which may be interpreted as meaning that the forces are so lowered that they will not resist ; the conscience is so deadened that it does not answer to the stimulus. What

then results it is difficult to say. Dr. Koch promises us a return to health. But can we say a man is in health whose system does not resist injections of tuberculous material ; whose blood-corpuscles are content to circulate side by side with this base coinage.

When a man takes poison (for example, if he takes a dose of antimony or arsenic) the revolt of his system and its attempt to throw out the alien is shown by violent sickness and purgation. According to the amount taken, unless this be so great as to completely incapacitate the system, are the violent attempts of the digestive mucous membranes to get rid of it. The very vigor of the effort to expel the foe is often the cause of death—the outraged system fumes and frets in its frantic haste to throw off the malign presence, and the sufferer dies from the exhaustion resulting from his brave resistance.

We may be quite sure the healthy system is affrighted in proportion to the power of the poison to harm it. The sharp, short contest in which the terrified nervous forces meet the foe is evidence of the value it places upon the jewel of health the poison seeks to capture. Some innate vital principle is in danger, subtly and surely sought by the intruder, or the system would not be so violently affected.

It is impossible for us to believe but that this malign factor, in whose presence life flies affrighted, must threaten some most vital principle, and that it is only in those whose conscience no longer recognizes the essential value of this principle, and so is careless to guard it, that the spoiler is not resisted to the uttermost.

If this be true of mineral and vegetable poisons, is it not equally true of those more highly potent and evolved animal poisons which we call bacilli ? The terror of the body when the spectre of cholera crosses its threshold is graphically and painfully exhibited. There is a sudden and entire collapse. The skin breaks out in a cold, copious sweat ; the knees tremble, and the bones wax like water. The hollow eyes glance fearfully from their sockets ; the blue, cold hands hang lifeless and without grasp. Meantime the forces rouse, and, ill-regulated and disordered in a paroxysm of convulsive fear which rends the body with pain, attempt by sickness and purging to clear the blood

of the foe. The intestinal muscles, no longer acting in concert but striving the one against the other, give rise to agonizing cramps and contortions. The pale lips of the sufferer, through which the breath comes cold and faint, are rigid and wrung with pain; the veins pour out their waters, until the stagnant blood no longer circulates and the powers flee into death's shadow-valley before this fiend of dissolution.

Can we believe that this germ, rather than harbor which the pure conscience rushes into the arms of death, could, under any circumstances of habit and use, be harmless to the body.

The arsenic-eaters of Styria may be arrayed against me as proof that the system can become accustomed to, and even benefit by, the ingestion of poison; and these may be cited in support of the practice of inoculation, though its supporters may not have the hardihood to assert that inoculations improve the nutrition of the body. But the fact that discontinuing suddenly the use of the drug shows itself at once in symptoms, more or less intense, of arsenical poisoning, disproves the condition of health. That body cannot be healthy which is capable of converting an innocent negative condition into a positive lethal influence. Ere this can be, its principles must have become radically perverted. We know well the baneful effect upon the constitution which results from an opium, chloral, antipyrin, or alcohol habit. We know too well the effect of exposure to mercurial lead and arsenical poisoning to question but that the individual, whose conscience is so insensitive that it accommodates itself without complaint to these injurious agents, suffers for his immunity from immediate revolt in an absolute chronic degeneration of his tissues and destruction of his vital forces.

It is the physical conscience whose duty it is to govern all the processes of life. It is this which controls the efficient working of the body, regulates the blood-supply to the various organs and members, governs respiration, digestion, and nutrition, and maintains in all ways the healthy integrity and tone of the system. And, moreover, according to its powers, does it seek finer ideals and endeavor to reach still higher planes of health by the budding and branching of its evolutionary forces. It should go hand-in-hand with

the higher moral consciousness evolving in the body those faculties which are the need of the advancing higher nature.

The greater range and breadth of the growing mind must be met by the expansion of physical forces fitted for the satisfaction and expression of the far-reaching faculties. The bodily conscience must put forth the feathers of those wings on which the soul desires to fly. The bodily conscience must quicken the powers of the feet to the higher nature's pace; it must make the tenderer and more delicate hands wherewith to feel for nature's subtler secrets.

Let us not in ignorance spend all the body's forces to our use. Let us nurture and give rein to the spontaneous teaching and efforts of this mentor which will lead us aright. Nowadays we are so proud of our intellectual attainments; so eager to use them to our material renown and advancement, that we leave no store for the supply of that unconscious celebration, the moral imagination, which paints the image of this day's man over the portrait of the man of yesterday.

We are so proud of our athletic achievements, so strong to press forward in the market-place, that we leave no energizing power in our limbs to wing them for higher flight.

This man works hard and strives all his life that he may have the means wherewith to engage at his wife's receptions violinists and singers finer than the artists who perform for his neighbors. At the same time that he so devotes his mental powers to mere money-getting, he so exhausts his physical forces that the delicate auditory apparatus which should thrill in delightful vibration to the song of the singer, degenerates so that it makes no music in its soul; the silver sound rings dull on the leaden sense of his materialism. He is a Midas, but has only ass's ears!

The poor, ill-used physical conscience doubtless has warned him by local pain and discomfort of the degeneration of the marvellous organ of hearing, has protested against the local atrophy which has resulted from the nutritive force intended for the general supply being devoted to single special faculties, because these are more remunerative; but the cry has been lost in the tumult of the Stock Exchange; the delicate protest has been disregarded, or it may be the conscience has been mur-

dered with an opiate, and the beautiful, wonderful possibilities of hearing have degenerated into so many dead, inarticulate cells, which, able perhaps to distinguish gross sound, cannot appreciate the infinitesimal vibrations and harmonies, the subtle rise and fall of those ether-waves which make joyful, stirring music in the souls of other men.

And what a cruel irony it is that the man has exchanged for the hire of the singer, his beautiful power of hearing her!

The keen ecstasy felt by the artist in the play of light and shadow, his joy in the blending and contrast of color, his appreciation of form and grouping, all this perceptiveness which makes so potentially for his greater enjoyment of life, is a function of higher vision which is added on to mere sight, an evolution and expansion to their fuller measure of the visual powers. Science has not sufficiently advanced that she can recognize a degree of perfection in the cells specially organized for sight, hearing, touch, and taste, but we may be sure these differ in their perfectness and complexity as do the brain convolutions respectively of the savage and the savant.

I may be accused of materialism when I attribute to these specialized cells any share of the artistic perception which it is the custom to regard as essentially a mental function. But the mind and body must be in accordance; the physical faculties must correspond with the brain whose operations and perceptions they subtend. I do not seek to materialize the mental powers; it is rather that I urge the spiritualized possibilities of those elements which are commonly regarded as being merely material.

As the moral nature has ever a struggle to maintain life at its most honorable levels, so also the body has ever a struggle to keep up the nutrition of its many and marvellous elements so that they shall retain their sensitiveness and highly vitalized potentiality.

What multitudes of us are there not who are blind so far as any higher artistic vision is concerned! what myriads deaf as regards the higher sense of hearing! Further degrees of incapacity, when the specialized cells are absolutely functionless, when the cells of sight and hearing are mere protoplasmic masses which have

no power of transmitting to the brain nature's messages of light and sound, when absolute blindness and deafness show the degeneration of tissues which progress had developed and specialized, the decay of faculties which it has taken more than the lifetime of humanity to unfold: these are the lowest rung of the ladder of devolution down which we, with dumb physical consciences, are slipping.

The fact that in the blind the powers of hearing and touch become more sensitized, shows that a redistribution of our forces is possible, that power unable to find exit at one avenue of consciousness seeks expression elsewhere. It also shows us that which has an important bearing on the subject of this paper, that it is possible to draw off the forces in one so that they may be absorbed in some other direction.

The physical conscience seeks to divide fairly its forces, distributing the nutrition evenly over the body, supplying deficiencies and favoring the weakly faculty in order to keep up the healthy equilibrium, in order to preserve that all-round development which makes for perfection.

But Fashion, whom we follow, passes all men through the same mould, takes no count of the special weaknesses of individuality, and, sacrificing the intrinsic welfare on the altar of commercial success, stops out the halting faculty in order that its force may be used elsewhere. Like the bird-fancier, she blinds the eyes in order that her victim may sing the more charmingly; for his song is a remunerative quantity. The poor murdered eyes are dumb and can but weep in the dark night of the lifetime before them, unless the physical conscience, in mourning for the loss of its sweet faculty, lets fall the other strands of life and dies despairing. But we, the scions of civilization, know better than to rouse the conscience in such fashion. We dull its sensitiveness slowly in the routine of education, we smooth it and soothe it; then stifle it, and are happy in its after silence.

We forget that the dead faculty, in addition to being a closed gateway of joy, is a constant menace to the living forces. We forget that the degenerated cells are stones of a ruined structure, which may at any moment rise in judgment against us.

The dead inert tissue, degenerating

further still, may form a cancer-nest for our destruction. The weakened spot at which the equilibrium is lost, may form a point of exit whence the health forces rush forth. No man is safe who harbors within him a plague-spot which his conscience has abandoned.

In many cases, of course, the inert spoilt cells remain inert, and only take up the negative position of not ministering to those needs they were specially told off to supply. Loss of pleasure in life, loss of that healthy sensuousness which smells sweet perfume in the morning air, thrills to the touch of the wind and the sunshine, makes out fine harmonies and soothing melodies in the hum of the insect-multitude, the song of birds, gladdens and sorrows in answer to the earth's shadow and light, triumphs in the buoyant tread of life across the world : all these powers of expanded and elastic consciousness are lost when the buoyancy and elasticity of health are precipitated into dense dull strata of material utility.

Ah ! this joyousness and enthusiasm and sensitive thrill are possible only to youth, we assure ourselves ; but they are in truth natural to all healthy ages, they are only a question of years in so far as we spend our years in blunting the sensitive perceptiveness and spoiling the delicate development and nutrition of the elements of which we are composed.

To humanity's great majority, the development of the body to its highest possibilities, the cultivation of its perceptiveness, its innocent sensuousness and capacity for healthy joy, is a perfect impossibility. All its highest potentialities are worn down in the routine of an existence which makes for bread and butter, and we must not complain if its pleasures are consequently coarse and degraded, its senses too dulled and stupid to respond to the better and ennobling influences of life. The healthy sensitive palate pleases itself with wholesome innocent tastes ; the undeveloped like the sated palate demands unwholesome meats and fiery drinks.

Our young men and young women of to-day, partly from hereditary but largely from educational causes, succeed in blunting early their conscience and degenerating their nerve-cells. Their minds are devoid of faith and imagination, as their nervous systems are without the fine

highly-organized perceptiveness which is the body's aesthetic relaxation. The song which should move them to tears or to laughter strikes on the morbidly-strung sense as upon so many wooden laths ; or, worse still, not only is it not transmuted to pleasure, but gives rise to pain : music gives them a headache ! Their nerves of taste, the stimulus to healthy digestion, require to be roused by strong flavors ; they despise the diet of their childhood before they leave the nursery. The natural delight of being does not exist, and its absence is made up for by a fever of doing.

The girl's fingers will not thrill to her lover's clasp, because they have lost their magnetic tenderness in an over-use of the tennis-racket ; his caress fidgets her hyper-aesthetic nerves !

Without at all entering into the political and social principles involved, it may be safely advanced that the terrible struggle for daily bread is slowly and surely stifling the body's as it is stifling the mind's conscience.

Man must live, and if he cannot procure wholesome food he must needs be content with that which is unwholesome. But though he be hardened by necessity to digest and assimilate this, though his aspiring needs are blighted, no power will prevent the certain health-deterioration and degeneration of the tissues which must result from the starved ideals and chronic mal nutrition. This mal-nutrition, despite our advancing sanitation, asserts itself vigorously. Nervous disease, lunacy, cancer, phthisis, and rheumatism are rapidly increasing ; for though we have lowered the death-rate, we have by no means raised the standard of health. Is it not rather that we have degraded the ideal of the physical conscience, so that, no longer aspiring to so high a level, life is possible on much lower terms than formerly ?

It is only exceptional men who would not love life so well, loved they not honor more. Nature craves for existence ; starvation succeeds in draining the source of higher faculties in order that those essential to mere existence may be fed.

The honorable dignity of the mind, the beautiful health of the body, are luxurious exotics which are sacrificed to the needs of an all-devouring hunger. Life's

exigencies demand this sacrifice; such luxuries are for the privileged few, they are impossible to mankind at large.

We need but look in our neighbors' and their children's faces for the dumb mouths of those wounds which are doing the beautiful human body to death.

Nowhere are health and strength and joyful vigor in life. Everywhere are incapacity and invalidism, and a cynical conviction that life is but little worth having. But so long as our idea of the body is of a more or less automatic machine to be devoted to the commercial aims of the possessor, and not as a vitalized sensitive thing with spontaneous aspirations and sensibilities, self-knowledge and ideals;

a highly developed growth which holds within itself the leavening expansive evolutionary forces of its perfection, these in subtle and wonderful co-relation with the expansion and evolution of the mind; so long as we so mistake the body's nature and inherent possibilities, so long will the methods of our treatment of it retard its free development, and limit the reach of its soaring powers, and, in limiting these, cramp the growth of that inner nature for whose development and expression it seeks to advance; and so long will the greatest goods which life can give us lie within, yet ever escape, our hands.—*National Review*.

A GREAT ENGLISH PRELATE.*

BY REV. CANON BENHAM.

THOUGH Dr. Magee sprang into general fame almost suddenly, those who had an intimate knowledge of what was going on in the religious world knew his great ability. Many church-going men, thirty years ago, who were in the habit of looking at announcements of preachers, and who found the name of the Dean of Cork on the placards, settled the next Sunday's movements for themselves by arranging to go and hear him. He preached one night at one of the special services at St. Paul's from the text—"They say of me, Ah Lord God, doth he not speak parables?" The congregation was one of the largest that had ever been seen there—such an one is not an uncommon sight now—and many who came away declared that they had never heard so magnificent a sermon. It was a characteristic one; quite extempore; and an uncompromising assertion of received Christian doctrine, the central idea of the sermon being that it was the preaching of mystery and of the supernatural power of God which angered unbelieving Israel. If the prophet, so the preacher contended, had watered down his teaching into the general philanthropy

and unsectarian generalities which many were crying out for now, no objection would have been taken to him. I mention this sermon at the outset, not merely because it was a very brilliant piece of declamation, but because it was a characteristic example of his preaching. You might agree or disagree with Dr. Magee's theology, but certainly he knew what he meant, and was never nebulous. An oration of similar substance, but not, in my judgment, so happy, was delivered by him on a memorable occasion fifteen years later, after he had become Bishop of Peterborough. When his name appeared at the beginning of the month of July, 1881, as the preacher selected for the Westminster Abbey evening sermon on the 24th, any one might have foretold a large congregation. As it was, every available foot of the Abbey was filled an hour and a half before the service began. There had been crowds at the two preceding services when Farrar and Dean Vaughan preached. For Dean Stanley was to be buried on the morrow, and thousands who admired and loved him came to hear the funeral sermons, but all expected that Bishop Magee would carry off the palm. There were present that evening not only well-known Churchmen, but a multitude of men outside the Church, whom Stanley had gathered round him and reckoned among his friends, among them leading

* This article, which is only a selection from the fulness of the original, appeared under the title of "Archbishop Magee." Many of Dr. Magee's contributions appeared in *THE ECLECTIC* when he was Bishop of Peterborough.

Positivists and Agnostics. Two of the best known sat immediately under the pulpit. Stanley himself might have said smooth things to them; at least, he would have endeavored to find some common ground: but Bishop Magee had no tenderness in this direction. His sermon was as uncompromising a manifesto of mingled invective and sarcasm as ever had been heard within the walls of the Abbey. The impugnors of the Pentateuch were smitten hip and thigh; but it may be doubted whether the effect went beyond intense irritation in those who felt themselves attacked. The Bishop had, no doubt, anticipated the opportunity, and he used it with a vengeance. His sermon lasted just an hour, but the *Guardian*, while printing the other two sermons verbatim, gave the Bishop some twenty lines only, called it "eloquent," and merely quoted the eulogium on Stanley.

As uniformly consistent was another conservative line on which the Bishop steadily moved. During his tenure of the Rectory of Enniskillen,* he published a pamphlet, which in later editions grew into a little volume, in favor of Church Establishment. Like everything which he wrote, it is racy reading. For example, after urging that the "voluntary system" so called is viewed by its advocates in an ideal state which never has been or can be realized, while the same controversialists magnify and distort the evils in the Establishment, he applies his tests to a pamphlet of Mr. Miall's, says that this is so conspicuously unfair that Mr. Miall is obliged to shift his ground half way through, and to change his standpoint altogether, and then compares him to Balak. "Some men love to choose their standing point for the survey of any system to which they are opposed, as Balak advised Balaam to choose his long ago: 'Come, I pray thee, with me unto another place, from whence thou mayest see them: thou shalt see but the utmost part of them, and

shalt not see them all; and curse me them from thence.'" A few pages further on, another passage in the same pamphlet is thus described: "We have a long string of concordance-gathered texts commanding Christians to 'give freely,' to be 'ready to give and glad to distribute,' and so on; which, with many references to the great success of our voluntary societies are urged as overwhelming proof of the scriptural inconsistency of those who, with such texts in their Bibles, venture to defend an Establishment. As if, forsooth, any one denied that voluntary effort was a Christian duty, as if we did not quote and enforce these texts in every charity sermon that we preach." Again, the term voluntary system is applied, he says, to chapels with pew rents. "The minister on this system first buys or hires a chapel, duly provided with comfortable accommodation, pewed, cushioned, lighted, heated, and beaded; and he proceeds to let out this accommodation, and his own ministry, and the ordinances of the Gospel with it, to those who can afford to pay for them. Terms cash. If this be voluntaryism, it certainly is not the voluntaryism of the New Testament, to which our opponents are so fond of appealing. The primitive Church, we are told, had no tithes and no church rates. Had it any pew rents? Do we read that Paul was appointed by the elders to a fashionable church at Ephesus, or that James possessed an eligible proprietary chapel at Jerusalem? Does the pew-rent system provide for the preaching of the Gospel to the poor?" He taunts his opponents with having their minister at their mercy and keeping him so. "They treat him like a wild beast who is kept humble by being kept poor. They pray for a blessing upon his basket and his store, while they take care that his basket shall be empty and his store nothingness itself." It had been argued that you secure more spirituality by means of the poverty of your ministers. "You do not; you only obtain your supply of ministers from a lower class of men. . . . Your only difference will be that you will have ignorant and ill-bred worldliness. . . . Some men would fain treat their ministers as the Brazilian ladies treat the fireflies, which they impale upon pins and fasten to their dresses, that the struggles and flutterings of the dying insect may

* The following are the chief dates in his life:—Born December 17, 1821; Ordained, 1844; C. of St. Thomas's, Dublin, 1844-1846; St. Saviour's, Bath, 1847-1850; Min. of Octagon Chapel, Bath, 1851-1856; Inc. of Quebec Chapel, 1856-1864; R. of Enniskillen, 1860-1864; Dean of Cork, 1864-1868; Dean of Chapel Royal, Dublin, 1866-1869; Bishop of Peterborough, 1868-1891; Archbishop of York, 1891; died May 5, 1891.

give out sparks of light for their adornment. . . . I once heard of an ill-paid minister who went to his deacon to solicit an increase of salary. 'Salary!' said the deacon, 'I thought you worked for souls?' 'So I do,' replied the poor man, 'but I cannot eat souls; and if I could, it would take a good many souls of your size to make a dish!'"

I cannot give more of these quotations, but have taken so many because they make up a good specimen of Magee's early utterances on this subject. His great effort came in his memorable speech in the House of Lords on the Irish Church Disestablishment Bill on the 15th of June, 1869, a speech still talked of with enthusiasm by those who heard it, and of which the late Lord Derby, then within a year of his end, said that it surpassed in eloquence any that he had heard in that House. He had been selected for the see of Peterborough by Disraeli, who was delighted with his sermon on the meeting of the Church Congress at Dublin, when Mr. Gladstone had declared for the Disestablishment of the Irish Church. The elections had not yet come off, Disraeli was still Premier, and he took the opportunity of making Magee an English bishop. The choice was abundantly approved when he stood up next year in the House of Lords on behalf of the doomed Church. It is curious in reading that great speech to note that much of it, both as to arguments and incisive illustrations, is taken from the early work from which I have quoted, but the style is more finished, and each argument is driven home. There are two passages only which space will allow me to quote. The first has reference to Mr. Gladstone's peroration, in which he spoke of the Bill as an act of justice and reparation to Ireland.

"What a magnanimous sight! The first thing that this magnanimous British nation does in the performance of this act of justice and penitence is to put into her pocket the annual sum she has been in the habit of paying to Maynooth, and to compensate Maynooth out of the funds of the Irish Church. The Presbyterian members for Scotland, while joining in this exercise of magnanimity, forget that horror of Popery which was so largely relied on and so loudly expressed at the last elections in Scotland. They have changed their mind, on a theory that a bribe to

Popery is nothing if preceded by plunder of the Protestant Episcopacy. Putting two sins together, they make one good action. Throughout its provisions this Bill is characterized by a hard and nig-gardly spirit. I am surprised by the injustice and impolicy of the measure, but I am still more astonished at its intense shabbiness. It is a small and pitiful Bill. It is not worthy of a great nation. This great nation, in its act of magnanimity and penitence, has done the talking, but has put the sackcloth and ashes on the Irish Church, and made the fasting be performed by the poor vergers and organ-ists."

The other passage is from his peroration. Menaces had been uttered against the House of Lords should the Bill be thrown out by them. The Bishop's reply is the following:—"My lords, as far as menaces go, I do not think that it is necessary that I should say one word by way of inducing your lordships—even if I could hope to induce you to do anything by words of mine—to resist these menaces. I believe that not merely the spirit of your lordships, but your lordships' high sense of the duty you owe to the country, would lead you to resist any such intolerant and overbearing menaces as those which have been uttered toward you. I believe that if any one of your lordships were capable of yielding to those menaces, you would be possessed of sufficient intelligence to know how utterly useless any such humiliation would be in the way of prolonging your lordships' existence as an institution, because it would be exactly the case of those who for the sake of preserving life lose all that makes life worth living for—it would be an abnegation of all your lordships' duties for the purpose of preserving those powers which a few years hence would be taken from you. Your lordships would then be standing in this position in the face of the roused and angry democracy of the country, with which you have been so loudly menaced out of doors, and so gently and tenderly warned within these doors. You would then be standing in the face of that fierce and angry democracy with these words on your lips—'Spare us, we entreat and beseech you! spare us to live a little longer, as an order is all that we ask, so that we may play at being statesmen, that we may sit upon red benches in a gilded house,

and affect and pretend to guide the destinies of the nation and play at legislation. Spare us for this reason—that we are utterly contemptible, and that we are entirely contented with our ignoble position! Spare us for this reason—that we have never failed in any case of danger to spare ourselves! Spare us because we have lost the power to hurt any one! Spare us because we have now become the mere subservient tools in the hands of the Minister of the day—the mere armorial bearings on the seal that he may take in his hands to stamp any deed however foolish and however mischievous! And this is all we have to say by way of plea for the continuance of our order.’ My lords, I do not believe that there is a peer in your lordships’ house, or any one who is worthy of finding a place in it, who could use such language or think such thoughts, and therefore I will put aside all the menaces to which I have referred. For myself, and as regards my own vote, if I were to allow myself to give a thought to consequences, much might be said as to the consequences of your lordships’ vote to your lordships’ house and to the Church which I so dearly love; and I, a young member of your lordships’ house, fully understand the gravity of the course I am about to adopt, and the serious consequences that may attach to that vote; but, on the other hand, I feel that I have no choice in the matter—that I dare not allow myself a choice as to the vote that I must give upon this measure. My lords, I hear a great deal about the verdict of the nation on this question, but, without presuming to judge the conscience or the wisdom of others, and speaking wholly and entirely for myself, I desire to remember, and I cannot help remembering, this, that there are other and more distant verdicts than the verdict even of this nation—and of this moment—which we must, every one of us, face at one time or another, and which I myself am thinking of while I am speaking and in determining upon the vote I am about to give. There is the verdict of the English nation in its calmer hours, when it may have recovered from its fear and its panic, and when it may be disposed to judge those who too hastily yielded to its passions; there is the verdict of after history, which we are making even as we speak and act in this place, and which is

hereafter to judge us for our speeches and for our deeds; and, my lords, there is that other more solemn and more awful verdict which we shall have to face; and I feel that I shall be then judged not for the consequences of my having made a mistake, but for the spirit in which I have acted, and for the purposes with which I have acted.” In the *Life of Bishop Wilberforce* it is implied, on the part of the Bishop or his biographer, that Bishop Magee was insincere in this speech, the ground of the charge being that he had already expressed his opinion that it was of no use fighting a losing battle (iii. 283). Among Bishop Wilberforce’s great qualities, freedom from jealousy was never conspicuous. I have two remarks only to make on the condemnation of Magee. (1) Reports of Bishops’ confidential meetings had always been held absolutely sacred until that biography published some of them, and this, too, in a manner of which the accuracy in several cases has been strongly denied. (2) There was no inconsistency in Bishop Magee’s conduct. He said in substance, “I feel that I am bound to support the Irish bishops. My personal opinion is that this is a bad Bill which we may as well pass and then amend it; but if the Irish bishops think otherwise, it is our duty to accept their view” (p. 287). That the Bishop’s speech did not convince the House of Lords need not be added, but it is worth while for any one, reading his speech at length, to see how many of his prognostications have proved true.

In turning to a different subject we see the same principle at the bottom of Bishop Magee’s action. In doctrine and practice he was all his life through a strong Conservative, yet one who keenly watched the signs of the times and the methods open to him to preserve all that he could. He had been an “Evangelical,” as the phrase goes, at Bath and as Dean of Cork, and his convictions remained steadfast to the end. But he was too wise and too earnest a man not to recognize the good that was being done by the High Churchmen, and these always gave him their confidence and grateful love. Two of his charges administered sharp rebukes to the Ritualists, and warned of the mischief which they were in danger of causing, but he was like a faithful husband who admonishes his wife when she deserves it, but

allows nobody else to speak harshly to her. Perhaps the most brilliant speech he ever made in Parliament was his motion for the rejection of Lord Shaftesbury's Ecclesiastical Courts Bill, in which that peer made the memorable proposal that three persons in any diocese might institute proceedings against a clergyman for alleged violation of rubrics. In a speech full of Irish humor, and delivered (so Archbishop Tait averred in conversation) in a rich Cork brogue, the Bishop so pelted the Bill with satire and indignant denunciation, that it was thrown out by nearly two to one the same night, in spite of the Primate's support.

"To any three persons in the diocese," he said, "who may be the greatest fools in it, is to be given the power of deciding whether the parish, or the diocese, or the Church at large is to be set in a blaze because they choose to club together their little money and their large spite to set a prosecution going. I cannot thank the noble earl for the compliment that he pays the Bench of Bishops when he thus proposes to hand over their discretion to this self-elected triumvirate of fools. Three persons! Why, my lords, three old women in the Channel Islands would have the right to prosecute for any minute violation of the rubric—say, for turning east at the Creed—any clergyman in a district within sight of your lordships' House [the Surrey side was then in the Winchester Diocese, as were the Channel Islands]. . . . About two years ago one of these disputes came before me for settlement, the clergyman and the parishioners having agreed to refer to my decision a question as to the service of the church. I believe I settled it to the satisfaction of everybody, with the exception of a Wesleyan preacher, who objected *in limine* to the reference, because he doubted whether the Bishop's principles were sufficiently Evangelical; that is, he was not quite sure that the Bishop would decide in his favor. Well, if he could only have found in the large diocese of Peterborough two other persons who were as great fools as himself, and that, by the way, would have been a most serious preliminary difficulty, he might, under this Bill, have burdened the Church with a wretched lawsuit which the Bishop amicably settled."

This was the speech in which he tick-

eted the Church Association with the nickname of "The Joint-Stock Persecution Company, with Limited Liability," a *sobriquet* which the Ritualists have not forgotten nor suffered to die. One after another his sallies so convulsed the House with laughter that Lord Granville is said to have nearly rolled off his seat, and Archbishop Tait was very little better. Lord Shaftesbury alone sat grim, and never once smiled.

Nine years later he administered a yet more unsparing castigation to Lord Oranmore on the same lines. Archbishop Tait, in consequence of the strenuous objections of the High Churchmen to the Ecclesiastical Courts and the Constitution of the Privy Council, moved for a Royal Commission on these Courts. Lord Oranmore opposed on behalf of the Church Association, and was made an example of by the eloquent denunciation of Bishop Magee (see *Guardian*, February, 1881).

The Bishop evidently had a rooted antipathy to the Church Association, and during the days of the Ritual debates in Convocation and Parliament, he lost no opportunity of showing it. Thus, in July, 1873, he published a damaging correspondence convicting them of inaccuracy, and in the following December he sent them a cruelly polite letter, inviting them to draw up a canon "which, while respecting the sacred right of every sin-burdened penitent to open his grief to his pastor, would nevertheless enable a bishop to prevent that penitent from making and his pastor from receiving—in the necessarily impenetrable secrecy of such an interview—that kind of confession which should go beyond either the letter or the spirit of the teaching of our Church."

He supported Archbishop Tait's Public Worship Act, making a great stand, as did the Primate himself, on behalf of the power of the Episcopal veto for the stopping of prosecutions. When some violent opponents of the Act declared that they would not obey it, that if their Bishop sent them a monition they would send it on to their lawyers, and that all that was needed was fatherly conduct on the Bishop's part, his comment was, "I honestly desire, as far as I can, to be fatherly toward these men, but when I hear this sort of advice given to us, I am reminded of the solitary instance in which

a ruler attempted to govern in this fatherly fashion, and that his name was Eli, while his sons were Hophni and Phineas."

On the Burials Bill he was true to his Conservative ideas, and opposed the concession to Dissenters. In the course of one of the discussions in Parliament he came into angry conflict with Archbishop Tait. The affectionate reconciliation of the two prelates is related in Archbishop Tait's life (vol. ii. p. 403), but Bishop Magee stuck to his opinions, though it is fair to add that after the Act passed he loyally accepted it, and gave his clergy wise advice upon it.

Enough has been said, it is hoped, to show that the Bishop, besides being a shrewd politician, was a wise and fatherly prelate, a man of broad views, of great and generous heart; for many of his speeches have had the best of results; namely, sound practical improvements in our moral and social condition. His efforts on behalf of personal purity are well known; so, too, are his endeavors to strengthen the efficiency of his clergy, to abolish abuses in Church patronage, to spread education, to promote thrift. His life was, in fact, sacrificed to his zeal on behalf of the work for prevention of cruelty to children. One famous epigram of his gave immense offence to the teetotalers, viz., that he "would rather see England free than sober;" but no man strove more sincerely, or more successfully, than he, to encourage temperance. All who knew him recognized in him the spirit of transparent truthfulness; in fact, the hatred of all humbug was such a passion with him as sometimes to get him into scrapes. But then the same manifest sincerity dragged him out again. Take the following witty bit from his address at the Working Men's Meeting at the Church Congress at Leicester in 1880:

"When I hear men producing their little scraps of compliments to the working men in the same way as a cunning trader produces little bits of cloth and glass beads when he goes among a set of savages, I don't quite believe in it. When I hear persons trying to pet and coax working men, they remind me of the very timid groom who goes into the stall of a very spirited horse that he is afraid is rather vicious; he goes up to him timidly and tries to pat him here and stroke him there, and all the while he has his eyes be-

tween the horse's ears to see if he turns them back; to see if he is going to be, as the Irishman said of his horse, very handy with his hoofs. I will tell you why he does so. It is, first, because the man is a coward; secondly, because he don't know his business as a groom; and thirdly, because he don't know the nature of the animal he has to do with. Then there is another class of men who proceed in another way. I have seen them go to the working man as if he were a horse in a field. I dare say you have seen a groom go up to the horse with a sieve full of oats in his left hand while behind him he has a bit and a bridle in the other. Now there are men who come to the working classes with great promises of the oats they are going to feed them with, which, by the way, are not their own oats but their neighbor's, and if the noble quadruped had a few of the grains of sense that are scattered about, he would sniff the bridle and the bit, and say—I would rather not have the oats. Then, occasionally, you see a stout man approach the horse with a heavy whip, but he never gets near him—hasn't a chance. Those who are about to address the working man to-night are not going to approach him as if he were a horse at all: they are going to speak to him as a man."

As I have said, his outspokenness sometimes got for him hard words. Thus, he angered the Leicestershire Nonconformists not very long after the Congress by saying that the Liberation Society would evidently prefer a gin-shop to a Church. And the Mayor who had welcomed him to Leicester at the Congress signified his displeasure by sending £50 to the Liberation Society. But in the long run nobody ever got on better with the Nonconformists than the Bishop. Witness their affectionate farewell to him.

A whole volume could be filled with witty sayings of his which came in pat to the purpose when wisdom was wanted to shut up some mischievous speaker or correspondent. The Bishop was generally happy when such persons tried to "draw" him. Thus a foolish man in Torquay, who was angry with the Burials Bill, got up a memorial and sent it to the Bishops requesting to know what they were going to do and proposing to publish their replies. Bishop Magee, after objecting to being publicly catechised by a man that

he had nothing to do with, went on gravely to say, "In this as in every other matter concerning the interests of the Church and of religion in this country in which it may be my duty to act, I propose to take such steps as after careful consideration may appear right and wise to take." The gentleman would hardly have kept his word as to publication, but the Bishop published it himself. Another foolish fellow was good enough to tell him that he highly approved some views the Bishop had expressed in his sermons at Bath about the Ordination Service, and wished him to explain how they could be reconciled with the views of Dr. Pusey. The Bishop in reply referred him to the sermon, and begged him to try to understand it for himself. "Whether you find my statements satisfactory or the reverse—or whether they can be reconciled with certain statements made by Dr. Pusey or by any other person, are questions on which you are, I presume, capable of forming your own judgment."

Presiding on the 17th of May, 1879, at the festival of the Artists' Benevolent Institution, he made two of his happiest after-dinner speeches. Here is a delicious paragraph from one of them: "It is some years since I carried off from the walls of your Academy, in a moment of impulsive self-gratification—for which I received a domestic rebuke—what seemed to me a very charming little painting. It was by an artist of no great repute. It was but a few trees and a glimpse of a stream, and a bit of sunset, taken on the banks of the Thames; but it had an air to me of exquisite repose and peace and rest. And I assure you that sometimes when I am wearied with work, vexed, perhaps, by a correspondence with some clergyman who is not blessed with a sense of implicit obedience to his Bishop—or, perhaps, by a question of the color of some vestment worn by one who has an artistic eye—I come out and look at this picture, which seems to me to mirror the stream of life as it draws peacefully toward its evening. There is something in it that rests and soothes me, and, if you will believe me, at that moment a curate might play with me with safety."

Not less felicitous was a speech which he made on the day of the consecration of St. Mary's, Edinburgh (October 30th, 1879). He had preached one of his finest

sermons in the morning, and at the dinner which followed, gave equal delight to his audience. Scotchmen, as everybody knows, are specially proud of a brother Scot who has distinguished himself outside their native land, and they can also enjoy a gentle joke against themselves for a small weakness of which they are not unconscious—namely, the inclination to discover some trace of Scotch blood in celebrated people. The Bishop found his opportunity of humoring them, when Lord Mar gave as a toast "The Churches of England, Ireland, America, and the Colonies." The Bishop in responding said, that in selecting him to reply to the toast, there was certainly one point in favor of the selection: They had chosen to speak to this composite toast of theirs one who occupied an English see but was an Irishman, and who had the honor and happiness of having some Scotch blood in his veins. He remembered some years ago when the eminent Scotchman who now occupies so worthily the chair of Canterbury—(loud cheers)—heard from him a sermon which his Grace was kind enough to think of in a favorable manner, the Archbishop expressed his approval with his usual graceful humor. He asked him when he came out of the Cathedral "Bishop, was not your mother a Scotchwoman?" He answered, "No, your Grace, she wasn't; but I believe her grandmother was." (Great laughter.)

Archbishop Magee's *bon mots* were almost as many as Sydney Smith's. It is to be hoped they will be collected, and enshrined in a biography the staple of which will be, after all, the record of the work not of a mere brilliant humorist, but of a great and good man. I can only jot down a few which I have heard from friends; one or two from his own lips. It is well known that he disliked being solicited for preferment. He prided himself on doing his best to find the right men for himself. One applicant not only badgered him unmercifully but came up to London, and caught him at the Athenæum. "Mr. —," said the Bishop, "if it rained livings, I would offer you—an umbrella." Another patronage story which perhaps straitlaced people will think requires a little kindly allowance—and surely it needs only a *very* little—is the following. A layman solicited the Bishop on behalf of the curate of his parish, and

after pleading his cause, got the Bishop's promise to give the curate the vacant living. The delighted squire exclaimed, "Many thanks, your lordship, I can tell you that you will find him a regular trump card." The Bishop was rather surprised, and perhaps nettled at the unseemly metaphor, but said nothing. But a little later, after the new incumbent had taken possession, he met the squire again, who repeated his small jest, "Well, my lord, I told you that Mr. — would turn up a good trump." This was too much for the Bishop's forbearance, who replied, "Well, sir; in the short time that he has been

there he has managed to show his hand a great deal too much, and he has played the deuce." Walking with Bishop Atlay at Hereford, whereas every one who has been there knows the beautiful river Wye washes the episcopal grounds, the latter said, "Well, we think our Cathedral very interesting, but it is not nearly so grand as yours." "I think," was the reply, "that you may consider your flowing river (pointing to it) better than my Dead Sea." This name had got affixed to the Diocese of Peterborough during Bishop Davys's tenancy.—*Fortnightly Review*.

MONCKTON MILNES.

BY G. B.

THE Life of Lord Houghton is an entertaining work, as many of our readers have already discovered for themselves. It is the revelation of a decided personality, and one which on the whole is pleasant and kindly. It tells of a man of readiness and resource, "a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy," and withal "a very honest-hearted fellow."

In youth and early manhood Monckton Milnes's hilarious spirits and audacious fun, his self-confidence and his indulgence in paradox, startled and sometimes repelled. We all remember Sydney Smith's name for him (though the Rector of Combe Florey denies that he was the author of it), and how at the American Minister's, in Portland Place, on a hot July evening, while every lady was fanning herself or being fanned, Monckton Milnes walked in, and Sydney Smith said to Wordsworth's son William, "Here comes the cool of the evening."

The contrast between Monckton Milnes and his father is a strange one. That such a father should have such a son belongs to the freaks of Nature, and Monckton must have seemed a "sport" to his family. The father was a man of great ability, and had made so great a mark in the House of Commons that at twenty-four Perceval offered him the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. He refused the offer, and retired to his estates, which were crippled by his generous payment of a brother's heavy debts. At Thorne and

Fryston he lived the life of a country gentleman, with open hospitality, and received, with a charm all his own, the numerous and diverse-charactered friends of his gifted son. But he figured no longer in the political world, nor, we imagine, did he show himself much in society; but he had heard Pitt and Fox, Sheridan and Windham, and he has left us his estimate of Pitt's eloquence, which we shall give here, in an old note-book of travel, which is well worth recording in these pages:—

"The highest impression imparted to me by words spoken was by those which I heard from Mr. Pitt, whose form is even now distinctly before me. His powers were of a mighty order, for none heard him without an absorbing interest, which is proof conclusive. You felt you had been charmed in the listening; it was even to that which you had been thinking of within yourself. There was the secret in his elocution as it is in the antique—in debate caught on the moment he saw intuitively into the minds of his hearers, he identified himself with them and impersonated their prevailing thought, which they with rapture heard in his gorgeous language. In his periods of majestic correctness, and sometimes so elaborate as to take two minutes in the delivery, he never turned from or broke in upon the one impression which he felt was pervading the assembly; all was subordinated to its development—and yet tantalizing in expressing it—protracting as though to be surer of it—after an interval of breathless suspense, he then unfurled its full display, like that of Cæsar's mantle, at the instant of intensest expectation. They voted in delirium. He was the consummate master of

his art, and the greatest leader the Commons ever had or ever will have."

If the volumes which tell Lord Houghton's Life and his Friendships contained the record of his father's life alone, they would be welcome. The picture of Mr. Pemberton Milnes is very striking, and the extraordinary dissimilarity between father and son heightens the interest of the picture.

Lord Leven was wont to speak of Pemberton Milnes as "the handsomest man he had ever seen; his small head and the expression of his countenance being quite unequalled, and bearing such a stamp of genius and high breeding." He was a man of fastidious taste, of retiring shy manners, and of a high standard of political conduct. To such a man the compromises of Party must have been distasteful.

"Too fond of the right to pursue the expedient," and in this honorable characteristic his son to some extent shared, for he showed a certain independence throughout his political career.

Pemberton Milnes, though brought up in the Whig traditions, was driven to be a Tory by his observation of the conduct of the Whigs during the great war.

"My own politics," he says, "owed their first direction to having observed at the school I was sent to, and at Brooks's Club where I was a member at nineteen, that all their wish and hope was against their own country. Years afterward there would have been pæans at Brooks's if the Duke had been taken prisoner."

The country now is beginning to outlive the worship of Fox, and as memoirs succeed one another without revealing one useful work he did, we see how a man may be a great orator and yet a great danger to his country. Fox was, as has been said of another and later orator, "a sophistical rhetorician," though Fox certainly had the merit of conveying to his audience what he really did mean.

And so it came to pass that Pemberton Milnes settled down into a country gentleman.

"I have my apprehensions," he remarks in his journal of travel, "for my own rank, that of a country gentleman—an order which no sovereign but ours has, and which kings and princes have no conception of—its supporters the horse and fox; its crest, my own, the wheatsheaf; its motto 'Hospitality.'"

At the fall of Napoleon in 1814, "Lord

Lowther and Mr. Milnes were the first Englishmen who landed at Boulogne after the war," and Mr. Milnes bears testimony to the great works executed by Buonaparte, and says that had he been Emperor for another half-dozen years he would have rendered Paris more magnificent than Rome in her best days.

Mr. Milnes went again to France in 1815, and afterward visited the field of Waterloo. He saw Wellington, and heard many stories of him, and how, after Waterloo was over, Wellington "talked it over as he would a fox-chase."

Nothing tempted Mr. Milnes from Thorne, where he long resided, and where he remained the critic of the situation, without participating in public affairs. His ambition henceforth rested in his son.

It is apparent that the differences between them were vital, but there is nothing to show that the critical attitude he took up in reference to his son was not inspired by the sincerest desire for his welfare. He found it difficult to satisfy his own high standard for himself, and he was equally dissatisfied when applying it to his son. Yet this had no depressing effect on Monckton Milnes, the buoyancy of whose nature was irrepressible.

Later in life, in 1856, Lord Palmerston offered Mr. Pemberton Milnes a peerage, which he declined. "It is my wish," he wrote on a sheet of paper which was discovered after his death, "(I know it to be otherwise with Richard) that my son, if he lives should be a Commoner. With no disrespect to the House of Lords, I consider there is no position higher than that of an English country gentleman."

And so, with the exception of one last glimpse of him in 1856, he passes away out of sight. In that year the offer of a peerage had been made to him and respectfully declined. It was his duty to pay his respects to the Queen and to Lord Palmerston, and with this view he came up to the Levée, and was presented by his own son. Lord Palmerston owed his first office to the refusal of Mr. Pemberton Milnes to take it, who therefore may be said to have opened the door of office for that great statesman. In London he was viewed with mingled curiosity and interest, when society recalled that he was a person of importance before the battle of Waterloo, and had witnessed the conflict of Pitt and Fox. He lived two years

longer, and then passed away in the peace which had been always dear to him.

The scene changes, and his son Richard Monckton Milnes comes on the stage. To the shy man who courted retirement succeeded one who lived in the very heart of the world, who knew everybody who had any history about him, and who delighted to assemble at his breakfasts every one who was talked about. During a long life Monckton Milnes may be said to have very much lived. "J'ai trop vécu," said Georges Sand, and a constant career of excitement, a continuous indulgence of society, a perpetual mental intoxication, require a constitution and body which he scarcely possessed. Such a life was hardly favorable to the full development of any of his talents, and one feels in reading the memoirs something of the breathless rapidity of his life.

"Without a moment's time for standing still,
Where every step accelerates the pace,
More and more rapid till we reach the base."

That he has left behind him so little to retain his name in history is owing, no doubt, to this desire to do and know everything. He passed from this clever man to that clever woman, from a book of poems to Thirlwall on the Athanasian Creed, from airing paradoxes with Carlyle to an interview with the Orleans family at Claremont, from the Athenæum Club to the streets of Cairo or New York. He was all movement in mind and body, his nerves always on the thrill, his intellect always to the fore.

He was one of the kindest of men and one of the most saucy; with a great deal of real judgment, he was full of paradox; though he brimmed over with audacious fun, he had a strong vein of feeling and frequent periods of melancholy. "I have many friends," said W. E. Forster of Monckton Milnes to Lord Dalhousie, "who would be kind to me in distress, but only one who would be equally kind to me in disgrace." Surely such a quality, "the quality of mercy" which "is not strained," should secure a kindly remembrance for this unique man.

The friendships of Lord Houghton were numerous. It is not likely that they attained the depth of the few friendships of Edward Fitzgerald, but he held place in the goodwill of Carlyle, of Sterling and Tennyson, and Thirlwall and Arthur Hallam. He numbered these among his

friends, while he also belonged to the celebrated club of "The Apostles," which included, besides those able men just enumerated, Venables and Trench, Frederick Maurice, Blakesley and Merivale.

The biographer speaks of Milnes's enthusiasm for Fanny Kemble's acting, and seems bound to excuse it, "the frivolous side of life," by telling us that it did not absorb his leisure moments, some of which he gave to Edward Irving. Whether it was the religious teaching of Irving which attracted him, or the eloquence and originality with which Irving enforced his teaching, must be left in doubt; but to speak of the frivolity of a stage, on which a Kemble recited from Shakespeare, is an unhappy slip of the able writer of these memoirs.

Of Disraeli there is a great deal in these volumes. Lord Houghton seems to have been as little prescient as many others of the future of that singular man. There is something approaching to contempt in his remark in 1864: "Disraeli was in the grand style, and not very pleasant." How amusing it is, by the light of recent events and political *mésalliances*, to read this note to his wife from Lord Houghton:—

"I met Gladstone at breakfast. He seems quite awed by the diabolical cleverness of Dizzy, who, he says, is gradually driving all ideas of political honor out of the House, and accustoming it to the most revolting cynicism."

This is delicious!

The character of Disraeli is doubtless very difficult to fathom. He was a man of ambition, but it was no selfish ambition. Neither he nor his great rival will ever be accused of having cared for wealth. Disraeli had really high aims—aims at which those who speak through the *Pall Mall Gazette* and *Daily News* sneer. His masterly stroke of policy in the purchase of Suez Canal shares laid a base of Egyptian policy, which without that base must have been as shifting as the sands which border on the Canal. When Disraeli had carried out his Suez Canal arrangement, all sorts of prophecies were uttered against it. It would soon be silted up, said some. It will share the fate of Alexander the Great's canal across the Isthmus, said another. It is worth while to correct a popular error in reference to it which still holds. It is said Lord Pal-

merston opposed the Canal. What Lord Palmerston really did oppose was the French scheme of a slice of territory for themselves alongside the Canal.

Lord Beaconsfield's settlement of a possible Russian War by the Berlin Treaty, rendered so doubly difficult by the unpatriotic aid given in this country to Russia, rescued us from a perilous situation. What is so attractive in him is the tenacity with which he clung to his friends. He, at least, has no record of men thrown over, no scapegoats sent into the wilderness.

In Disraeli's novels, full as they are of wit, there is something tinselly, something at least out of harmony with the more sober Western mind. Brilliant they are, undoubtedly, but one gets tired of perpetual sparkle. Their place in literature is, we think, temporary and insecure; they may live by virtue of his high position in history, and for their portraits of public men, which, though always keen and intelligent, are not always truthful. No one would recognize more than one phase of the character as being true in some of them, and that would be the aspect which most admitted of praise or censure, as Disraeli desired.

There are many good things about Disraeli in these volumes, happily preserved in Lord Houghton's letters to his wife. Here is one of them, written from Tedworth in 1864 :—

"Disraeli was in the grand style, and not very pleasant. We had low whist, which suited my intelligence. Mrs. Carleton asked Dizzy what he would like to do to amuse himself. 'LET ME EXIST,' he answered."

What splendid material exists for a future English Plutarch in the contrasted characters of Gladstone and Disraeli. Each was necessary to the other's fame. Each drew the best out of his opponent. The railleury of Disraeli drew the scathing sarcasm of Gladstone, and the terrible earnestness of the Member for Midlothian was met by the imperturbable spirit of the Tory leader. Greek met Greek, but each fought with different arms. No man ever met misfortune (and misfortune so completely unmerited) better than Disraeli. He seemed to wrap his mantle around him, and quit a scene on which he felt there was no more place for him, with serenity and dignity.

These volumes are so full of good mat-

ter that it is a case of *embarras de richesses* to select from them. We have letters of Tennyson and Carlyle and Gladstone abounding in interest. There are two of Tennyson's in reference to a request of Lord Houghton's for a poem from the "Keepsake," which are full of point, and aid toward understanding the mind of our great poet. We shall not give them, for they should be read with all the circumstances which gave birth to them.

But the most notable friend of Monckton Milnes was Carlyle. The friendship was undoubtedly sincere and mutual. The odd and paradoxical talk of Milnes pleased Carlyle, and gave him matter to deal with. Milnes was not afraid of him, nor, for the matter of that, of any one. He rushed in where angels feared to tread, and dared the great man, bearding him in his den. His sunny disposition probably supplied Carlyle with many happy hours, and Monckton Milnes was to Carlyle much what Hervey was to Dr. Johnson. W. E. Forster, writing to Barclay Fox, gives an interesting picture of the two friends who met at his house at Rawdon.

"Monckton Milnes came yesterday, and left this morning—a pleasant companionable little man, well fed and fattening, with some small remnant of poetry in his eyes and nowhere else; delighting in paradoxes, but good-humored ones, defending all manner of people and principles, in order to provoke Carlyle to abuse them, in which laudable enterprise he must have succeeded to his heart's content, and for a time we had a most amusing evening, reminding me of a naughty boy rubbing a cat's tail backward, and getting in between furious growls and fiery sparks. He managed to avoid the threatened scratches."

It was no doubt to some strong assertion of Milnes, in favor of Keats, that Carlyle replied, "Keats is a miserable creature, hungering after sweets which he can't get; going about saying, 'I am so hungry, I should so like something pleasant.'" Many of Carlyle's sayings will not bear a close investigation, and it should be remembered that most of them were uttered in evening conversation, not deliberately, but in the humor of the moment, a paradox to fight a paradox. What he says of Shelley seems more nearly his true opinion of him when he speaks of "mistaking spasmodic violence for strength." "It is like the writing of a ghost, uttering infinite wail into the night."

How humorous is Carlyle's description of Cobden as "an inspired bagman who believes in a calico millennium. He is always praising America to me. I said to him, 'What have the Americans done but beget, with unexampled rapidity, twenty millions of the greatest bores on the face of the earth?'"

There is some interesting light thrown in these volumes on the great conflict to preserve the Union in America. Monckton Milnes took the side of the North in that struggle, and separated himself from his order, which on the whole favored the cause of the South. Here, as in other cases, especially in Church matters, he showed his independency of thought. In matters ecclesiastical he was a fair representative of lay opinion. He was a good Church of England man, in the sense of his not being willing to side with her enemies. He was opposed to the exertions of her power, when she showed disposition to persecute, and he manfully stood by the writers of "Essays and Reviews," when the Church suffered that singular panic which for a brief space lifted her out of her generous largeness and catholic comprehensiveness.

He was at once a Liberal-Conservative and a Conservative-Liberal, by nature opposed to extremes on either side. Thus he was not a successful politician, which, as politicians go since 1876, is not to his discredit. Yet he desired to do the State service, and endured severe mortification when he found that his claims were not taken in earnest. Both Peel and Palmerston turned aside from him, enjoyed his wit and his society, but refused to trust him with office. We cannot question the wisdom of their decision, probably they thought that they could not restrain so buoyant and cork-like a man, and feared lest he should discover eccentricities in office.

Lord Houghton was no friend to the Ritualists. In writing to his friend Henry Bright, he observes:

"It is curious to see how more and more anti-national—more and more Anglo-Fenian—the Ritualists are becoming."

And he watched the secessions to Rome, secessions the natural and logical conclusion of Ritualism, with anxiety and dislike. When Venables told him that the same house, a house in Bolton Row, witnessed the death of Frederick Maurice and

the reception of Manning into the Catholic Church, Lord Houghton improvised an inscription for the door of that house:—

EX HAC DOMO
FREDERICUS MAURICE
AD SUPEROS,
HENRICUS MANNING
AD INFEROS
TRANSIERUNT.

He had a natural instinct which led him to see that an age of carelessness about religion and about the responsibilities of life, an age which was shirking the burden of seeking a reason for the faith that was in it, an age of Agnosticism, strengthened the priestly power. He was far too keen a man not to feel the breath of sacerdotalism tainting and enfeebling modern life. He knew that civil and religious liberties were so interwoven that the loss of one was the loss of both, and he prized and practised the right of private judgment. No doubt he was imbued largely with the opinions of Carlyle, and we have equally no doubt that he thought with the Chelsea sage, that "Voltaire's 'Écrasez l'Infâme' had more religious earnestness in it than all the religions of nowadays put together." Not that he went so far as the writer who said that Egypt had given to the world two evils, priests and crocodiles. He was much too many-sided and too genial for that. The friend of Thirlwall and Wilberforce, of Frederick Maurice and Sydney Smith, saw every side of the relation of man to man, but he dreaded the sapping of the liberty gained at the Reformation, and set his face against it.

As a consequence of reading these most amusing volumes, we have once more taken up the volume of Monographs written by Lord Houghton and dedicated by him to George Stovin Venables. They well repay perusal. Perhaps the best of these monographs are those on Sydney Smith, the Misses Berry, and Walter Savage Landor. Something of the rivalry of wits is apparent in Lord Houghton's treatment of Sydney Smith, while nothing can be more tender and appreciative than his tribute to Walpole's fair friends. In his sketch of the Canon of St. Paul's he seems as if he had winced occasionally under a telling retort, or felt conscious of playing second fiddle in the game of repaitee. Clever and ready as Lord Houghton was, we presume he was no match for Sydney Smith.

Whether Lord Houghton was a happy man we do not know. His mind was probably too volatile to permit of that restful view of life which is the product of a deeper nature. There would seem to have been a vein of melancholy in him, a feeling perhaps hardly defined to himself

of the weariness of a life ever in public. It is to his credit that being always in and of the world, he retained so much that was kindly, and that he died sincerely regretted by so many friends.—*Temple Bar*.

SOME TRANSLATIONS OF HEINE, BY THE LATE LADY DUFF GORDON (LUCIE).

IN August, 1833, Heinrich Heine was at Boulogne, and at the table-d'hôte of the hotel sat next to a child of twelve, with long plaits of hair down her back, who spoke German perfectly. The child was my mother, Lucie Austin, and the friendship between the great poet and the little English girl began by his saying that when she went to England she could tell her friends she had seen Heinrich Heine. Whereupon she answered, "And

who is Heinrich Heine?" which amused him.

The poet and the child passed long hours on the pier together, she singing old English ballads to him, he telling her wild tales about the watersprites who brought him greetings from the North Sea, the mermaids and the fish, all quaintly mixed up with an old French fiddler, who had a black poodle and was diligently taking three baths a day.

The poem,

" " Wenn ich an deinem Hause
Des morgens vorüber geh',
So freut's mich, du liebe Kleine,
Wenn ich dich am Fenster seh'.

Mit deinen schwarzbraunen Augen
Siehst du mich forschend an :
Wer bist du, und was fehlt dir,
Du kranker, fremder Mann ? ' "

' Ich bin ein deutscher Dichter,
Bekannt im deutschen Land ;
Nennt man die besten Namen,
So wird auch der meine genannt.

Und was mir fehlt, du Kleine,
Fehlt Manchem im deutschen Land ;
Nennt man die schlimmsten Schmerzen,
So wird auch der meine genannt, ' "

was written for his child-friend, whose magnificent hazel eyes we shall see the poet did not forget.

Eighteen years passed ere they met again. In 1851 M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire lent his apartment in Paris to my parents, and they heard by chance that Heine was living close by, in the Rue Amsterdam ; that he was poor and very ill. Lady Duff Gordon sent to ask if he remembered the little girl to whom he had told fairy tales at Boulogne many years before, and whether he would receive her. He begged she would go directly, and when she entered his room raised his powerless eyelids

with his thin white fingers and said, " Ja, die Lucie hat noch dieselben grosse Augen" (Yes, Lucie has still the same large eyes).

In 1855 my mother was in Paris for two months and went to see the unfortunate poet every other day. He welcomed her as " a beautiful, kindly angel of death," * and evidently enjoyed talking German to her. M. Léon de Wailly had told him that Lady Duff Gordon's admirable translation of his novel " Stella and

* See " Three Generations of English Women," p. 223, *et seqq.*

Vanessa" had called attention to the book, and Heine vehemently pressed her to undertake the translation of all his own works. He offered her the copyright as a gift, gave her *carte-blanc* to cut out what she disliked, and drew up lists of the arrangement he considered best. With boyish eagerness he sent her all his works and wanted her to at once begin a prose translation of his songs. To this she demurred, but to please the dying man did

"Almanzor" into English and read it to him. This only made him more anxious to obtain her promise to translate the rest.

Had my mother's health permitted she might perhaps, out of affection for Heine, have tried to translate more of his untranslatable poems. I have been induced to publish a selection of those she did by Mr. John Addington Symonds, who (no mean judge) thinks they are too good to be lost.

JANET ROSS.

THE CONVERT (ALMANZOR).

In Cordova's great cathedral
There are thirteen hundred pillars,
Thirteen hundred massive pillars
Bear on high the vaulted roof-tree.

And the dome and walls and pillars
Are adorned and written over
With texts taken from the Koran,
Wise and beautifully painted.

For the Moorish kings who built it
Raised the same to Allah's glory;
But so many things have altered
In fate's dark mysterious whirlpool.

From the tower, whence the Muezzin
Daily called to prayer the faithful,
Now is heard the dismal jangling
Of the bells rung by the Christians.

On the platform whence the faithful
Chaunted forth the Prophet's sayings,
Now the shaven priests exhibit
The stale wonders of their masses.

There they twist and bow and curtsey
Low before their painted idols,
Ring and bray and burn their incense
While the silly tapers twinkle.

In Cordova's great cathedral
Stands Almanzor Ben Abdullah,
Gazing sadly on the pillars
While within himself he mutters:

"Oh, ye pillars, strong and massive,
Once adorned for Allah's glory,
Do I see ye now subservient
To this hateful Christian ritual?"

"If you yield to the oppression,
If you bear the yoke with patience,
Shall not I, so much the weaker,
Rather bow my head before it?"

And Almanzor Ben Abdullah
Bows his head, and gayly smiling,
He receives the rite of baptism
In Cordova's great cathedral.

II.

Forth he steps from the cathedral,
Springs upon his fiery charger,
And the dark locks, lately moistened,
Flutter wildly as he gallops.

On the road to Alkolea,
By the banks of Guadalquivir,
Where the tender almond blossom
Mingles with the fragrant orange,

Rides the knight in merry humor,
Whistling, singing, laughing gayly,
While the birds join in, in chorus,
And the rushing of the river.

But in Alkolea's castle
Dwelleth Clara de Alvares ;
Her father in Navarre is fighting,
And she lives with greater freedom.

From afar Almanzor heareth
Drums and trumpets loudly pealing,
And he sees the castle windows
Gleaming brightly through the darkness.

In the halls of Alkolea
Twelve fair ladies lead the dances,
And twelve knights in gorgeous raiment—
The most graceful is Almanzor.

As though led by wanton humor,
'Midst the ladies now he flutters,
And in turn to every fair one
Some sweet flattery addresses.

The lovely hands of Isabella
To his lips in haste he presses,
Then he sits beside Elvira
Gazing boldly on her beauty.

Laughing he asks Eleonora
If to-day he please her fancy,
And displays the golden crosses
Richly worked upon his mantle.

III.

Now in Alkolea's castle
All the sounds of mirth are silenced,
Knights and ladies all have vanished
And the torches are extinguished.

Donna Clara and Almanzor
Now are left alone together,
And the last expiring taper
Sheds its feeble glimmer o'er them.

The lady in her chair is seated,
At her feet the knight reclining
Rests his head with sleep o'erpowered
On the lap of his beloved.

And the lady, sadly musing,
Sprinkles precious oil of roses
On the dark locks of Almanzor ;
But he sighs like one heart-broken.

And the lady, sadly musing,
Softly presses silent kisses
On the dark locks of Almanzor ;
But his brow grows stern and gloomy.

And the lady, sadly musing,
Softly bends, with hot tears streaming
O'er the dark locks of Almanzor ;
But his closed lips fiercely quiver.

And he dreams he still is standing
With his head bent low and dripping
In Cordova's great cathedral,
While mysterious voices murmur.

Yes ! he hears the giant pillars
Muttering in indignation
That they'll bear the shame no longer.
Presently they rock and tremble,

And they wildly burst asunder
O'er the pallid priests and people,
Crashing falls the dome in ruins
On the wailing Christian idols.

NAY, make no vows, but only kiss—
No woman's vows can I believe ;
Thy words sound sweet, but real's the bliss
Of one sweet kiss I now receive ;
The kiss I've had, and 'tis my own
When words and vows away have flown.

Nay, plight me, love, thy faith and troth,
And let me sink upon thy breast,
For I will trust each word and oath
And quite believe that I am blest ;—
For evermore and many a year
Beside, I know thou'lt love me, dear !

SORELY they have teased me
And vexed me early and late,
Some with too much loving,
Others with downright hate.

They poisoned the drink in my cup,
They poisoned the bread I ate,
Some with too much loving,
Others with downright hate.

But she who most has grieved me,
Who saddened and changed my fate,
Alas ! she never loved me,
She did not even hate.

Lyrisches Intermezzo, XLVII.

I NEEDED rest and comfort
And came to seek them with you ;
You hastened away and left me,
You had so much to do !

I swore that my soul was wholly
Devoted to you, my dear ;
You answered with a curtsey
And laughter loud and clear.

You did all you could to vex me,
You went so far as this :
When I took leave you even
Denied me a parting kiss.

Don't fancy I'll blow my brains out,
Howe'er ill things may go ;
All that sort of thing, my beauty,
I once did—long ago.

Heimkehr, LIII.

At first I sank in wild despair
Beneath the grief I feel e'en now ;
That grief at length I've learnt to bear,
But ah ! in pity ask not how.

Buch der Lieder, VIII.

I WEPT in my dream, for I fancied
You lay in the grave so cold.
I woke, and I knew you were living,
But the tears from my eye-lids rolled.

I wept in my dream, for I fancied
That you had forsaken me.
I woke, and all night I lay weeping
Till morning, bitterly.

I wept in my dream, for I fancied
You loved me as before.
I woke, and I still am weeping,
And shall weep, evermore.

Lyrisches Intermezzo, LV.

EACH night in my dreams I behold thee
 With a smile so soft and sweet,
 And I weep aloud, and wildly
 I throw myself at thy feet.

Sadly thou gazest upon me,
 Sadly thine eyes meet mine,
 And down thy soft cheeks slowly
 Steal pearly drops of brine.

Thou giv'st me a wreath of cypress
 With one word, whispered low.
 I wake, and the cypress I find not,
 And the word I do not know.

Lyrisches Intermezzo, LVI.

FEAR not, my sweet, I should betray
 The love I bear thee in my lays,
 Howe'er my lips may overflow
 With thy matchless beauty's praise.

Beneath a thicket all of flowers,
 Hidden from all envious blame,
 Lies, my love, that burning secret,
 Burns, my love, that secret flame.

Fear nought, though some suspicious flash
 Burst wildly forth from time to time :
 The world knows nothing of such fires
 And takes them all for merely rhyme.

Neue Gedichte, xxxv.

FRAGMENTS.

My heart is sad and heavy
 In this merry month of May,
 As I stand beneath the lime-tree
 On the bastion old and gray.

Beneath my feet the water
 Flows gently in the moat,
 A boy sits idly fishing
 And whistling in his boat.

"If all the mountains were of gold
 And all the seas of wine,
 I'd rather have thee than them all,
 Sweet maiden, treasure mine."

"If thou dost love me best of all,
 As I would fain believe,
 Go stand before my father's face
 And ask my father's leave."

"I stood before thy father's face
 And he did say me nay ;
 Take leave then of thyself, sweet maid,
 And come with me away."

I never shall forsake thee, love,
 Until that I be dead ;
 Thou art the daughter of a King,
 A rosebud blushing red."

" If I'm the daughter of a King
 Thou art an Earl so free."
 He led her by the snow-white hand
 Beneath the Linden tree.

He led her from the Linden tree
 Away by the snow-white hand,
 In time she bore the knight a child
 Far in a distant land.

—*Murray's Magazine.*

MOHAMMEDAN WOMEN.

BY MRS. ANNIE REICHARDT.

It is startling to any one who has lived in Mohammedan countries to know that here, in free, Christian, hitherto happy England, the dark shadow of the false prophet is finding a footing. Those who know the private, real, every-day life of the Mohammedan woman know also that her faults grow out of the system to which she belongs, which certainly does not hold up any high and noble aim for her to reach after.

It is a fundamental point of the Mohammedan religion that women should be secluded from and always veiled before strangers, and upon this axis their education turns. It is implanted into them with their mothers' milk.

I have seen many a bright little girl of two years old, riding astride on her mother's shoulder, her little fat rounded limbs in all their brown beauty, clothed only in a pair of anklets, a little sleeveless jacket reaching to the hips, and half a yard of muslin covering her head. One of the first things she is taught is to put up the little dimpled fingers and draw this bit of muslin across her face at the sight of a man, for whatever else a Mohammedan girl does not learn, she certainly does learn very perfectly the lesson that she must cover her face from the gaze of any strange man.

The Koran says, "The women shall be unveiled only before their husbands, fathers, fathers-in-law, children, children of their husbands, brothers, and nephews."

I will relate an instance of this which

took place in Damascus, in a family with which I was well acquainted.

Lateefa Khanoom was the daughter of Z. Pasha. Her father was dead, and had died very soon after her birth, since which time she and her mother had lived in the house of Tewfik Bey. This latter had married Lateefa Khanoom's elder sister, and on the death of his father-in-law had taken the widow and the little Lateefa under his protection, treating them in every way as his own mother and sister. In fact, the little Lateefa was to him, as to her mother and sister, the petted and spoiled darling.

Djevdar Bey, a handsome young Turkish officer stationed at Damascus, wanting a wife, set to work to find out where he could meet with a Turkish girl of good birth, and through the usual means (the women who visit the different harems and report on the charms of the girls who are found there) he made his choice of Lateefa Khanoom. His proposals were accepted by the three persons who alone formed her family, being her mother, sister, and brother-in-law. She was barely twelve! As a matter of form her consent was asked, and having seen from the latticed window the suitor chosen for her, she made no objection but silently assented to become his wife. The ring and other presents sent by the bridegroom as sealing the contract arrived in due course, and with them the command to his bride-elect to veil herself, and keep her person sacred from the eyes of every man, even her

brother-in-law, and never to remain for a single moment in the same room where he was. As a matter of course whenever the poor child was sitting with her mother and sister, and the step of Tewfik Bey was heard entering the house, she would scamper away (I have seen her do it often) and envelop her tiny figure in the voluminous folds of a large veil.

In another house, as I was sitting in the reception room with the two ladies of the family, both of whom were exceedingly refined and courteous in their manners, all at once, to my great astonishment, one of them sprang up, and, throwing herself flat on the floor, pushed herself under the divan where I was sitting, while the other squeezed herself under a large oaken chest which stood in a dark corner and was raised a few inches from the floor.

A slight sound as of some one scraping his throat made me turn my eyes to the door. A very gentlemanly young man entered, salaamed, and, standing a little within the door, made some very courteous and polite speeches, carefully keeping his eyes away from the chest and from the floor near the divan; after which he again salaamed gracefully and left the room.

The two ladies then came out of their hiding-places, and, seeing my looks of surprise and bewilderment, laughingly told me that this young man was a younger brother of both their husbands (they were sisters-in-law), and that this business of hiding was so common to them, on account of the fact that no brother-in-law might look on their faces, that they thought nothing of it.

As there are instances of several brothers being in one family, and all living under one roof, the young wives must sometimes have very hard work to keep hidden.

However, no Moslem will go into any place where women are likely to be without giving some audible sign of his approach, nor enter a house without asking permission. Here again they have the Koran for an authority: "Believers, enter not into the houses of other people unless ye are first permitted; and if ye are told to return, return, for it shall be better for you."

When I lived in Cairo it was a matter of great amusement to me to hear our sakka (water-carrier), as he mounted our

very long staircase (somewhere about a hundred steps), call out at almost every step, "Dastoor!" "Ya satir!" until he reached the top. I asked him once if calling out when he first began to ascend the stairs would not be sufficient. He said, "No, for if by his negligence any woman should omit to veil herself or get out of his way, he might incur the guilt of seeing her without her veil, and it would be a heinous sin."

Both men and women seem to have it ingrained in their nature that the more a woman hides herself so much the more is she worthy of the respect of man, and the more a man loves his wife the more secluded will he keep her.

For this various reasons are given. One man said to me, "If you have a very valuable diamond or other gem of great price, you do not hang it up in the public streets where every passer-by can enjoy it and perhaps rob you of it. You hide it carefully away where even the sun may not look upon it, lest, perchance, its lustre may be dimmed; and that is the reason why we keep our 'hareem' [they never use the word *wife*] carefully secluded."

A more likely reason is the following, also given me by a Moslem: "We are particular in insisting upon the women keeping themselves hidden or veiled, because in doing so they show a becoming respect for, and sensible appreciation of, man's position as being far above their own, and in neglecting to do it not only insult men, but themselves lose all claims to their own self-respect and the respect of men."

Women are taught to believe that the highest term which can be applied to a husband's love is, "He will not permit the sun to look upon her;" and to be proud when the seclusion in which they are placed is more rigid and rigorous than usual.

Woman is considered among the Moslems as solely a "thing" to be married and become the mother of children! "Her husband or her grave" is a common saying, meaning that a woman has no right to live except as a wife—that she can have no interests, no will, no thought, but to give satisfaction to the man who has conferred on her the honor of making her his wife. Thus for a woman to remain unmarried is a thing totally unheard of, she having no right or option in the matter.

Almost as soon as she can toddle about, her parents begin to lay by something toward her "jehaz," or outfit, as the word means, for her marriage, as if that was the one object of her existence, and she grows up even in childhood with that one fact held up before her. She has no happy childhood, no pretty dolls, no merry games, no brightly-colored pictures. If her tender age should, in spite of all restriction, assert itself in some poor attempt at a frolic with a little brother or sister, or she is surprised into a faint semblance of light-hearted laughter or some burst of childish prattle, it is speedily quelled by a knock on the head and a push into a corner with the words, "For shame! a girl should never speak unless spoken to; she should be seen and not heard; her mouth is given her to eat with, but not to talk."

They are very rarely unmarried at sixteen, and I have seen many sad-looking little wives under ten!

A father has entire authority over his daughter, even to the taking away of her life if so it seems to him good, and no one may call his conduct in question! I do not say this from hearsay or from a wish to be sensational, but have myself actually known fearful instances of it.

If her father be dead, her brother is in the same position toward her, and when she is married her husband is her supreme lord and master. After the death of the latter, his son and hers becomes the arbitrator of her fate, thus verifying the saying common among them that a woman is three times a slave.

There are cases where a man may give his daughter in marriage to some one far beneath her in rank and position. This is often done by sultans, pashas, and very wealthy men, for in such instances the positions are reversed, and the wife can, and generally does, play the tyrant at will. Such a marriage is for motives of propriety and convenience, and the husband is made willing to play a very humble part in his wife's apartments. He cannot touch any of her property or sell any of her slaves, or even enter her own private suite of rooms if she is not in the humor to allow of it. But we are now speaking of the generality of Mohammedan women, whose lives are entirely the reverse of this, and what I want to show is that their lives, which I am sure no English woman need

envy, are the natural outcome and fruit of that religion—that Koran—which is already bringing its baneful influences into England.

Four wives are allowed to every man, and as many concubines as he can buy and maintain. Their Koran tells them: "Marry a second, and a third, and a fourth wife, but if ye find that ye cannot be just to more than one, transgress not the bounds of your ability. Of what you can buy, marry as many as you please."

It is said by some that, as a matter of fact, the Moslem does not often marry more than one wife, and that there is much of domestic love, felicity, and peace frequently found in Mohammedan families. I repeat again, *it is said*, but I do not vouch for it, and, indeed, the Mohammedans themselves do not believe it. It is true that I have heard some of them say, "It is much better to keep to one wife than to have the constant 'bother' of the never-ceasing quarrels in the harem when there are more than one," and yet I have known those very men change their minds and bring in a younger and fresher face, notwithstanding the "bother" and the extra expense it puts them to, excusing themselves on the ground that they only follow their apostle's example, and do what he gives them full permission for, in putting no limits to their desires.

The bringing in of a new wife is naturally the precursor to trouble and discord, and the divorce of the first one generally follows, unless the husband can afford more establishments than one. The reason of this is self-evident. The first wife, hitherto, and perhaps for many years, docile, obedient, and uncomplaining, sometimes even affectionate and devoted (I have known such cases), finding herself thrown off, uncared for, and compelled to become the servant and drudge of the new-comer, becomes restive, uncontrollable, and sometimes even fiendish in her disposition, and the husband having to choose between the tried partner of many years, and the fresh novelty, shows what he is made of by divorcing the first!

Thus it is a cruel irony to talk of conjugal love, of marriage felicity, among Moslems, whose very religion casts the poisoned shade of the upas tree on the holiest of all ties.

I have never forgiven myself for persuading a young Moslem maid of mine in

Cairo to go back to her husband and continue to be an obedient, loving wife, notwithstanding previous cruelty and desertion on his part. She was a mere child in years—sixteen or seventeen—hardly more.

Poor Mabrooka! Those who talk and write so glibly of the "laudable Moslem religion" ought to have seen this poor creature, as I told her that my religion taught me that it would be a sin on my part to keep her from her husband, and that she must try to forgive and forget, and go back and live with him.

She had been his wife for a couple or more of years, when he went away and left her with a young child in her arms—both wholly unprovided for! The infant died of starvation, and she was brought to me by the Sheikh El Mukhadameen (the chief of those who procure servants). She was very frightened when she came to me, for she had never spoken to Europeans, or indeed to Christians at all, and cried much the first few days; but it was a case of staying or going back to utter starvation. Good food had its due effect, and the fact that a young child very near the age of her own was to be her chief care soon reconciled her to living with me, child-mother though she was.

She was with me for eleven months. A more simple-hearted, docile, sweet-tempered creature I never had in my house. She was so attached to me and to my children that, as she was an orphan and had no relations, I hoped that I might be able to keep her always; but my wishes were frustrated.

One day a Fellah was announced from Upper Egypt. It was her husband! He said he wanted his wife. Of course he had heard that she had been cared for and was looking well, and also that she had a nice little wardrobe, and a sum of money which in Cairo at that time was considered very substantial, and his fingers itched to have the despoiling of so many good things.

Mabrooka wept bitterly, and throwing herself at my feet begged me to keep her, saying she would be my slave all through life if I would only prevent her going back. We did all we could to persuade her husband to divorce her, promising him all her little possessions and a sum of money besides.

"She is my wife! I want my wife!"

he kept on repeating doggedly, and I was obliged to make her go with him. With choking sobs and eyes filled with tears, she said: "I will go, *ya sitti* (my lady), because you tell me that God and your religion say I must; but, oh! you do not know to what you send me!"

A few months after she came back, but so changed that it was difficult for me to recognize her. Cruelty and starvation had had their effect, and now he had again deserted her on the eve of again becoming a mother!

It may be said by Philo-Mohammedans, and I know it is said by Mohammedans themselves, that such things happen in Christian England. Yes! With grief and shame I grant it, but am thankful to add that the religion of Christian England does *not* abet or permit it, and this, thank God, makes a very wide difference.

One argument often brought forward by Philo-Mohammedans is that the marriage relation remains undissolved much oftener than otherwise. Such may be the case, for among the higher classes divorce is considered somewhat disreputable; not from any higher sense of its sinfulness, or any greater degree of affection on the husband's part, but because men of any position or standing are unwilling that their own particular daughter should have such a slight put upon them—that anything belonging to *them* should be obliged to submit to such a degradation at the bare caprice of another. Thus it happens that we never hear of the daughters of sultans, pashas, or any wealthy or influential people being divorced. I have heard it averred over and over again as a well-substantiated fact that the Sultan has at least one new wife every year besides innumerable concubines. What becomes of the old ones? Surely they must be divorced, for the law of El Islam will not permit of more than four wives, nor can a legally married wife become a concubine. There is therefore the always existing possibility of divorce for no reason at all, save a groundless and capricious whim on the part of the husband.

A Mohammedan girl is brought up with the idea that she has nothing to do with love. It is *ayib* (shame) for her to love her husband. She dares not do it if she would. What he asks and expects of her is to tremble before him and yield him unquestioning obedience. I have seen a

husband look pleased and complacent when his wife looked afraid to lift up her eyes even when visitors were present.

Still, with all this, I have known of cases where the wife, being married young, and treated fairly well, really grew to love her husband, and I am sure it would oftener be the case but for the baneful effect of the example of their prophet and the permission of their Koran to bring in a second wife, or a "white slave," after a decade of years has passed away.

There are some men among them, but I think they are rare, who boast that they marry a new wife every month. "It is so easy," say they, "to divorce a wife when one is tired of her!" And such is the fact! At any unexpected moment the fatal words, "You are divorced," may be uttered, and an utter wrenching of home ties, perhaps of many years' existence, takes place. The wife must veil herself, and never again let her husband see her. She takes with her any property that has been given to her by her husband, parents, or any other person, this being always entirely her own, and not in any way subject to her husband's will, and she leaves her husband's house, and her children.

A woman cannot, of herself, separate from her husband without his consent. If she is clever, however, she will take him by surprise at an unguarded moment, and contrive to do or say something which will make him so angry that before he can exercise sufficient self-control to stop himself, he has uttered the wished-for words.

Aysha, a servant of mine in Cairo, told me she had done it in this way. Her story was this. She was married at the age of nine years and grew up knowing no one and caring for no one but her husband. To see that his clothes were of a snowy whiteness, and his stews and pilauks carefully cooked with the full modicum of rich spices and savory herbs, the rice of a golden color imparted by the saffron, and the meat of an appetizing tenderness, and all ready prepared at the moment of his arrival from the sook, was the sole object of her existence, and she was contented and happy, for he always spoke as if he loved her, and said "he would never marry again, but that she should be the companion of his whole life." She was in

time the mother of three children, who all died in infancy, but her life was bound up in her husband, and as long as she had him she did not care.

One day he came in bringing with him a little girl and said that he had married again!

"Ya Madamtee!" (Oh my misfortune!) screeched Aysha, who was herself barely twenty. "What have I done that you should hate me all at once, and bring this strange woman between us? May your shadow never grow less; may your father find mercy; may you have length of days given you: send her back to her friends, and be not so cruel to me. Or else—why should I be in your way? divorce me since you no longer care for me."

"No," said her husband, "I do not hate you, and will not divorce you. According to our prophet's words (on him be peace) we, the believers, may have more wives than one, and what you ask is impossible."

The days went on, and Aysha found herself become the drudge and servant, and no appeals for divorce were listened to; so one day, just as it was about the usual time for him to come home, she got together all her things and put them behind the door, with her *milayah* (large veil for covering the figure) and *boorka* (nose veil). She then set upon the new wife, beating her, and scratching her, and tearing out her hair at such a rate, that when her husband came in his rage knew no bounds and he screamed out, "Talika bitalata!" (divorced the third time!). She had not been divorced before, but the phrase means divorced without hope of return.

In this way she got free, and catching up her bundle and veil with cat-like agility, she was out of the house before he could touch her.

This is one case out of thousands which are daily occurring, and proves what I said before, that it is the religion of the false prophet, the tenet of the Koran, to which are attributable all the faults of Mohammedan women. And can it be possible that the enlightened daughters of Christian England knowingly and willingly ally themselves to such a system by marriage with Mohammedans?

No amount of education or civilization or public opinion can give the wife of a

Mohammedan any security in the marriage tie.

Much has been said lately about the rights of woman. The gospel of Jesus Christ—the Old and New Covenant which form the basis of the religion of hitherto happy England—has given woman the right to be *queen* and sovereign of the home where she reigns as *wife*. As yet, and long may it remain so, her chief right and glory is to be the safe deposit of her husband's confidence, the guiding star of his existence, one "in whom the heart of her husband doth safely trust, who openeth her mouth with wisdom, whose children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

If things turn out otherwise—and it is sad that the weakness and sinfulness of human nature should often cause it to be so—yet it is not the Christian religion that is to blame.

I feel compelled to give one more example of what the Mohammedan can do, and what his religion sanctions.

It was a sad case which happened while I was at Damascus, and took place among the better class of Mohammedans.

Zeynab R. was married to a very wealthy man who was very much older than her father; but as he was of very high standing in Moslem society, her father congratulated himself on having secured him as a husband for his child. Zeynab was only about ten years old when she was taken to her husband's house, dressed out like a doll in all the finery and jewels which he had, in accordance with Moslem rules, sent with a lavish hand before the wedding.

Years passed away before she again crossed her husband's threshold.

Once behind the "*burdayeh*" or "*starr*" (for both these names are given to the thick heavy curtain which shuts out the women's apartments from the rest of the world) a young girl-wife is literally buried alive, and her horizon is limited by her husband, his wives, and his slaves.

Until she becomes a mother herself she may not even think of seeing her own mother, and if, as in the case of Zeynab, by means of wealth or position her husband stands a little higher than her friends, years may pass away before she crosses her mother's threshold again.

A harem is a world in itself. The husband is the autocrat, and the larger the

amount of his wealth, so much larger his harem. What passes there is never known or commented on in the outer world.

It is contrary to all Moslem ideas and Moslem etiquette for any man to make inquiries about any female that lives in the house of another.

It is but natural to suppose that among the many human beings, wives, concubines, and slaves, who compose a harem—with the head eunuch, who ostentatiously keeps them in order, but is really a little king among them—there are strong wills and fierce passions, commanding intellects and unwearied energies, which, could they be rightly guided, might be of benefit to the world; but, being wholly without vent save among themselves, turn their little world into a perfect pandemonium.

I will not harrow the feelings of the reader by relating the cruelties perpetrated in the utter oblivion of the harem between themselves, as described to me by one of their own number, for they know that no law can reach them.

"Oh! it is only women among themselves—who can expect women to be reasonable? It is best to turn a deaf ear to what goes on in the women's apartments," say the men with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulder.

The husband and autocrat, caring but for his own self-indulgence, one day lavishes caresses and loads with presents some, for the time, favored one, and the next gives her up to all that the fury and jealousy of those who are less favored can invent.

Zeynab became, in the course of time, the mother of two sons, but unkindness and cruelty had pulled down her constitution. Her mind seemed to give way at the hopelessness of her life. Worn to a shadow and mad with despair, she at last succeeded one day in eluding discovery by putting on the dress of a slave, and, slipping past the great *burdayeh* and the guardian *bowab* (the gate-keeper), fled to her father's house.

Her father had not seen her since she had left his house on her wedding day! True, rumors were whispered about, and had been brought to him by elderly women who frequent the harems as peddlers and hawkers, but he had shrugged his shoulders and merely said "it would not be seemly to quarrel with a man of such standing as his son-in-law for the sake of

a woman." Now that he saw the change in her he was startled and shocked as she threw herself at his feet and begged him to put an end to her life if he would, but not to send her back.

The father's heart was awakened, and she was tenderly cared for, but a long and severe illness followed, in which all hope of life was given up by the doctors.

Her father took into consultation men learned in Moslem law, and sent deputation after deputation to his son-in-law entreating him to divorce her, and saying how utterly incapable she was of returning to be his wife. The unhappy father offered not only to remit her dowry and give up all claims to any property which she had left in the harem, but to pay any sum of money demanded within reason.

Again and again the same answer came back, "I will not divorce her; she is my wife and must come back." Cadis and moollahs were sent to expostulate with him, but he laughed at all they said. "He wanted her back, sick or well, and he would have her; not because he loved her, but to show her the consequences of trying to escape him. He was a Moslem, and would brook no interference between himself and the inmates of his harem. Mashalla! They would laugh at his beard if they could get off so easily."

His fiendish looks as he said this frightened even those hardened men, and they advised her father to keep her carefully hidden, lest she should fall a victim to her husband's cruelty.

Shall I—dare I—put on paper what his next message was? I did not see it done myself. I was told—yes, I was told on good authority and in bated whispers—what it was. He took her two sons, who were also his sons—those little darling boys—he took them, wrung their necks, and sent their dead bodies still palpitating to show her what he had in store for her!

The young mother, not yet twenty, never raised her head after the one wild shriek she gave, and in a few days she too died, the victim of despair.

This is no exaggerated tale, no piece of sensational fiction. If I dared give names and dates, I am not sure but what now at the present moment there are some in England who could corroborate my statement. But what need have I of witnesses? Every Moslem knows that his religion gives him supreme control in his

harem, and that neither law nor public opinion can touch him there. I have known English women married to Moslems who, having in their own persons experienced the reality of such a life, have made it the one object of their lives to get their daughters out of the clutches of that religion, so baneful to women, before they reached the age considered marriageable among Moslems. I could call witnesses to the bitter tears and restless, sleepless anxiety with which an English mother watched the innocent gambols of her infant daughter, although her own husband was a man of education, of great wealth, and of a most influential position. He had been often in England and France, and spoke the languages of both those countries with ease. He was as good a husband as his religion would allow him to be, and after years of continued tears and entreaty on the part of his wife he actually was bold enough to wink at the mother's fleeing with the child to a place of refuge. For this amount of kindness he was called to account by the ulemas and learned men of his religion, on the plea that it was a heinous sin against the Koran to keep his daughter where she could not be married to a Moslem. He was ordered to command her return, but her mother hid her and changed her own name. This was some years ago, and I do not know what the sequel has been.

Having given an instance of a husband's cruelty as shielded by the Koran and the Mohammedan religion, I will now proceed to show how a naturally amiable and good hearted man is bid to look upon his wife by the light of that same Koran.

On an Austrian steamer I met an Egyptian Effendi who seemed a man of intelligence and wealth. He had his wife with him, and had secured the ladies' cabin for her. There she remained with her three little children and a black slave, never coming out once for a breath of fresh air during the whole voyage.

The Effendi spoke of her in a very patronizing, good-natured sort of way. He told me that he was just returning from Europe, and that, having been obliged to go there on business, he had taken his wife with him, to have an operation performed on her eyes for cataract, she being perfectly blind through that disease.

On my showing some surprise at his incurring so much trouble and expense for

a wife, this being an uncommon thing for a Moslem to do, he said, "It is *sowab* (a meritorious action) that she should be enabled to look upon her children. It is *sowab* with God. To see a blind dog who cannot look upon her puppies is a painful sight. How much more a human being! for *after all a woman is a human being*. But now that she can see them she has nothing more to wish for and is very grateful to me."

All this and much more of the like nature was said with an air of great benevolence and condescension, and although he looked and spoke as if he knew that he had done a very praiseworthy and humane action, which showed the goodness of his nature, I was bound to give him his due. It was indeed, especially thirty years ago, a wonderful thing for a Moslem husband to do. Perhaps the fact that the three children were all boys had something to do with it, for most Moslems are very fond and proud of their sons.

It is said the Koran enjoins the kind treatment of the wife, and so it does after a fashion which yet clearly gives full license to the way the Moslems treat their wives. It says, "Treat them kindly; and if ye would leave them, may God order it for the best." "If ye would change your wives for others, take not aught back from what ye had given them."

This law demands no reason from the husband for divorcing his wife; nor does it give her any claim or legal power by which she may oppose his wishes in this respect; and it is in the selfishness of human nature that the strong shall triumph over the weak, and consider any and every exercise of power, however subtle or cruel it may be, as only the natural right and due given to man by God.

Man's will, capricious and fickle and totally unreasonable though it be, being made, therefore, the pivot on which these marriages rest, surely we know enough to be sure, in spite of all that Philo-Moslems may say, that the life of a Mohammedan woman is by no means to be envied.

Much has been written about "woman's rights," and "women of to-day," but the old words uttered thousands of years ago by our Saviour Himself, "What, therefore, God hath joined together let not man put asunder," have given woman her real status in this world. That she takes her place as a *helpmeet* to man she owes to the Christian religion, and never in the Moslem's Koran will she find such courage and strength as in the beautiful words, written by an inspired Apostle, "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave Himself for it."—*Nineteenth Century*.

BULGARS AND SERBS.*

BY A. HULME-BEAMAN.

* My first residence in Sofia was the Hotel Imperial in the Rakovska Ulitza, historically the principal street of the capital. At the top right-hand corner stands the Russian Legation, a solid, square-looking pile in gray stone looking out over the Balkans to the north, and Mount Vitosh to the south. Since the withdrawal of the Imperial Commissioner and military

instructors, it has remained untenanted except by the cavasses and Russian settlers. Its shuttered windows and closed iron gates mark the continued protest of the White Czar against the powers that now be in Sofia. Walking past one afternoon with M. Stamboloff, he glanced at the building and, struck with a sudden recollection, remarked—

"It was on just such a day that the battle of Slivnitza was fought—a glorious sun, not a breath of wind, and the roar of the cannon sounding as close as if they were not a kilometre distant. I had driven in from the field in the morning with Major H—, and we both thought the Serbs must have made some flank movement, and be approaching from the opposite

* It would perhaps be more correct to style the following pages extracts from a casual note-book, since I have not trusted to memory for the details of conversations, all of which were jotted down at the time, and may be taken as almost verbatim reports. Rather than change the speakers' words, I have preferred simply to reproduce them, which will explain and excuse their frequent bluntness of style.

direction to that by which we expected them. It was, I suppose, some peculiar echo from the Vitosh. After seeing M. Tsanoff (Minister for Foreign Affairs), I sent him to the Russian Agency for advice, and then returned myself to the battle. Tsanoff was badly received, and all he got was a shrug of the shoulders, and a curt rejoinder—"Even if the Serbs were already at the gates, as they will be soon, I will undertake to send them back if your Ministry will depose Prince Alexander." This was not to be thought of, and he left at once in a rage. At five o'clock he received my telegram announcing our complete victory. He jumped into a carriage, and, with my message in his hand, went straight to the Legation. There he found M. Koyander, with all his staff, and several ladies, taking their afternoon tea in the drawing-room. "Congratulate us," he cried, as he entered, "we have won the day." "Impossible! What a shame!" was Koyander's reply. That was all the sympathy we had from our Russian protectors."

The next house to the Russian Legation is that of Madame Teneff, once Madame Panitza. It was the scene of the theatrical arrest of the Major by the Prime Minister himself in the dead of night. The danger of the partially revealed plot was imminent and of unknown proportions, and Panitza's violent character made the question of his seizure a difficult one. There was no time to lose, and rather than trust to subordinate officials who might be either in league with the culprit or cowed by his bluster, M. Stamboloff decided to act himself. Unarmed and alone he entered the bedroom, and bade Panitza follow him as his prisoner. A loaded revolver was lying on a table beside the bed, but the desperado never thought of resisting the cool command of a courage superior to his own. It would be hard to find a better instance of the power of moral prestige. A friend of Panitza's afterward asked his wife why she at least had not seized the opportunity and "shot down the ruffian," adding that it would have been quite legitimate, since Stamboloff's presence was burglarious. But the same supreme disregard of personal danger which had paralyzed the man had also subdued the woman. Then comes the Hotel Vitosh, once kept by Arnaudoff, who, convicted of participation in the

conspiracy, was expelled. It was a well-known rendezvous for revolutionaries, and is now closed awaiting better times. When the Russian Legation takes down its shutters, the Hotel Vitosh may follow suit. Going on, we have the Octroi Station on the left, and the house of M. Grékoff, Minister for Foreign Affairs, on the right. Lower down, the new club house of the "Slavianska Beséda," where a Bohemian opera troupe performs on such nights as the great hall is not engaged for public balls, and on the right the Union Club, of more modest appearance, the daily resort of most of the diplomatic corps and resident foreigners, with an equal contingent of leading Bulgarians. Next door lives M. Guesshoff, ex-Minister of Finance and a brilliant scholar, and we pass the Italian Legation with its familiar tame eagle in the courtyard, to come to the Central Post and Telegraph Station. Nearly opposite is the Uchastuk, or guard-house, where Panitza was confined after his attempt to bribe the jailers of the Black Mosque. It was here that by special favor I had an interview with him before the trial commenced, in order to obtain denial or confirmation of the stories that were being circulated of his maltreatment. These he denied totally, and seemed in good health, with that confidence in his own salvation which prisoners in his case so often display. Lastly, at the right-hand bottom corner of the street proper, before it winds away to lose itself in the fields, lies the house of the Prime Minister himself.

It is a small unpretentious whitewashed villa with green venetians and nothing to mark it from a hundred similar ones except the presence of the sentries who patrol the two sides open to the road. The visitor hands his card to one of these, who rings and passes it through the door opened just half-an-inch wide. In a minute comes the answer, either "cannot receive" or "walk in." The short halt on the doorstep represents the usual half hour or more cut to waste in a *Salle des Pas perdus*, and the guest enters forthwith. If somebody is already engaged with the master of the house, he is shown into a side room with a table and a couple of chairs, looking out into the back garden, where a peasant girl is hanging out the clothes on the bushes to dry. There is never long to wait, though, before the

communicating door opens and a cheery voice invites him to pass. After the usual handshake M. Stamboloff subsides into a rocking chair, and if in a happy mood, talks and rocks indefinitely till disturbed by a fresh call. The study where he receives is the cosy room of a worker. One angle is crossed by the writing table under which a magnificent bearskin carpets the floor, and a repeating rifle leans against the wall ready to hand. The plain deal boards on trestles which take up another side of the room are littered with maps and plans for the ports of Varna and Bourgas, and various municipal schemes, together with a heterogeneous pile of the day's letters and telegrams, which arrive every few moments. A huge cupboard full of State papers and surmounted by a stuffed owl completes the furniture. In personal appearance M. Stamboloff is short and thick-set, with a rapidly growing tendency to stoutness. He was once very thin: "before he married," as he remarks with a twinkle in his eyes; but marriage and the quiet of home, in exchange for the somewhat riotous living of his youth, have marvellously agreed with him. His hair is thinning over his capacious forehead and is clipped close on his cheeks, leaving a small imperial, and mustache not thick enough to hide the mouth. His eyes are small and set deep under heavy brows, while he has a habit of half closing them, which makes them look smaller still. It is only when angered that they open fully and blaze like flame. His voice is low but clear, and his usual delivery rapid. In ordinary talk, he seldom raises his monotone, but in public speaking, or when animated, his organ is flexible, and, aided by look and gesture, very expressive.

Such is a rough sketch of the outer man on whose energy and self-control the fate of the Balkan Peninsula has really depended for several years past. Any swerving from the policy he has upheld would quickly embroil Bulgaria with her neighbors; any false step toward the Powers might bring about a general war. It requires inexhaustible patience to deal with provocations from Bulgaria's equals among the nations, and no common firmness to resist alike threats and promises from her superiors. These qualities M. Stamboloff possesses to an extraordinary degree, all the more extraordinary when

we consider that the earlier years of his life were passed as an artisan and an exile, and that they were called into requisition and put to the supremest tests before he had reached the age when most of our European statesmen had only begun their training. Even now he is only five-and-thirty, having already been in possession of almost dictatorial powers for three years.

For M. Stamboloff's policy and manner of carrying it out, I cannot do better than quote his own words from my note-book, where I find him saying on March 1st, 1890:—

"The story of our trying to dissemble Russian participation in the Panitz plot is most ridiculous. Indeed I do not know what we could do that we have not done, and that we are not doing, to show our contempt for Russia, and our resolve not to be bullied by her. We are a little State, but we form an impenetrable barrier, so long as we subsist, to Russian advance. My own idea was, long before I came to power, and will be to the end, though I may never see its realization, a Confederation of the Balkan States. Singly, it seems to me, they must inevitably fall, and when they are out of the way Russia can do what she likes with Constantinople. And just as we are necessary to Constantinople, so are the Turks necessary to us. Another power at Stamboul, Russia, England, Germany—any other,—would mean the end of Balkan nationalities. We are anxious to keep up the bond with Turkey if she will only for once shake off her lethargy and indecision and help us. We want no material help, but merely the moral support of her recognition of our *status*. It has cost us enough to arrive at what we are, and it has cost Turkey nothing. I am urged to declare the independence at once, but I may tell you that we have appealed to the Porte lately, within the last fortnight, to recognize the Prince. We have no answer; I do not suppose we shall get one. It is the eternal shilly shally of Stamboul which ruins them and us. If, however, the Porte refuses, I do not say that we shall not be forced to declare ourselves free. How would it be done? Not openly at first, but merely by omitting to pay the tribute. This would open the door to official explanations, and we could, and should, say that if the parent threw off the child, the child would decline any longer

to recognize the parent. I do not know what the result would be at first, but I am sure that all Bulgaria would be with us. The present situation is so intolerable that it cannot last. Leaving the Government out of the question, the strain on the Prince is prodigious. It is not fair to him to have to run all the risks and bear all the burdens of Prince of Bulgaria without being recognized as such. There are very few men who would do it. I may frankly say that I doubt if I would myself, but he has determined never to leave, and you may be quite sure that he will die at Sofia, whether as recognized Prince or uncrowned ruler. And why, in Heaven's name, should not the Powers agree to his recognition? It is merely the timidity of Turkey and the rage of Russia, both hypocritically backing themselves up by the Berlin Treaty. It has been infringed often enough for us not to have any very delicate scruples about the letter of it. The spirit of the infraction—as far at least as Bulgaria is concerned—was recognized years ago. The fact is, that Russia has been mistaken all through about Bulgaria. Her first idea was to get hold of Serbia, but failing there, she hoped to get a tool in a new State, which she created for no other purpose, quite forgetting that when once endowed with political shape and form and material strength, Bulgaria had brains to see that salvation lay, not with Russia, but rather with Turkey. Russia has never yet been able to swallow this pill, but with idiotic obstinacy continues to attempt to blindfold and gag us, and to persuade all Europe that we ought to be nothing else than an advanced guard for her."

At this time things were wearing rather a dispiriting aspect, and from the preceding conversation it will be seen that the mind of the Premier was already more than half made up concerning the despatch of the final note some months later demanding the appointment of the Macedonian bishops and the recognition of the Prince, of which more anon. He has often been blamed for precipitancy in the election of Prince Ferdinand against Russia's expressed disapproval, and on this head I find him saying: "We had immense difficulties in the past under the Regency, before electing a prince. All the foreign diplomatic agents tried to dissuade me from the step. But my argu-

ment was that a regency represented essentially, by its very nature, a temporary and provisional rule, and it was not under a regency that Bulgaria could ever hope to be free. We must have a prince, with a prospect of a dynasty, and it was not easy to find one. At first we wanted King Charles of Roumania. We offered him the throne, but he refused. At one time we would even have taken King Milan, not knowing his character, but after the Servian war it was impossible to put the king of the vanquished over us the victors, and we were lucky to have been saved from him." And again, on another occasion—"As far as Bulgaria internally is concerned everybody recognizes the Prince, who was duly elected by ourselves in National Assembly. The only reason, in fact, I want him recognized by the Porte, is to be able to shake the people's belief in the prestige of Russia. They have been accustomed to look on the power of Russia as next, and nearly equal, to that of God. Russia has said that Prince Ferdinand shall not be recognized, and I wish to show that Russia's word is not infallible nor her will omnipotent."

A few days after the despatch of the first spring note M. Stamboloff said, "When M. Vulkovitch handed my letter to the Grand Vizier he was probably somewhat disturbed, and communicated his feelings to the ambassadors. It was thus that it reached Berlin. Up till now no notice has been taken of our request. I remain entirely of the same opinions which I have already expressed. Some Ministers merely retain their portfolios for the glory of sitting in the seat of office, but one who undertakes the duties with the will and determination of doing his best for the country, does not shrink from responsibility. I have never shrunk from mine, and never will, and I repeat that unless the Porte makes concessions, we will declare our independence. It promised three years ago to recognize the prince we should elect, and it has never done so. I do not fear the consequences of declaring independence so much as those of inaction. If his Majesty the Sultan were to write to me three hundred times that he would declare war, I should not believe it. Because what could he gain? Merely, at the very uttermost, the re-establishment of the *status quo*—of the Treaty of

Berlin—viz., a discontented Eastern Roumelia, which would inevitably wait and watch for the day when it could once more unite with us in a Bulgaria which would never again be content to remain as it began first. In other words, the Porte would re-enter into the enjoyment of its tribute of three millions (which would be paid much more regularly if it recognized the Prince), and which, in any case, are of no personal value to the Sultan, since they go direct to the pockets of foreign bondholders. Putting aside, for argument's sake, the easy alternative of recognition, and supposing the case of our throwing off the suzerainty, would it be worth while for the Porte to make war for its miserable three millions, which are all that it would lose, and to really advance Russia to a hundred kilometres of Constantinople? And would the other Powers permit her to declare war for such an object? I will even allow, if you like, that the Powers will be furious with us, and leave us to fight it out with Turkey. There are precedents which show that tens of thousands have beaten hundreds of thousands. Take Shahin Pasha, with his ten thousand men at Adrianople, who utterly routed the hundred thousand opposed to him, and pursued them to Philippopolis. Still I do not say that we should beat the Turks, but our army would give them a great deal of trouble, and we should fight it out to the bitter end if it came to an invasion. And if we were conquered we should not be worse off than before—that is, we should immediately find ourselves in the predicament we are now struggling to avoid: a Russian occupation, for that is what would ensue very quickly if the Turks attacked us. I need not go on with this side of the question. The *pros* and *cons* are as plain to you as to me. In imagining the possibility of a war with Turkey, I am stretching my fancy a long way, for I do not believe it could ever happen. We are destined to be friends, and I am confident that we shall become so." And later, on the same subject. "*Cæteris paribus*, Bulgaria will prefer the risk of war to the risk of a Russian occupation, the more so as the latter is approaching within measurable distance, and I am not at all sure that the proclamation of independence would bring about war. At least not with Turkey. With Servia! Yes. I am tolerably sure that as soon as

we proclaimed we should be attacked by Servia, urged on by Russia, *unless*, and it is a big *unless*, Austria threatened Belgrade. You can understand that Austria could hardly look on with indifference at a Russian Servia conquering Bulgaria. I believe Passitch is now arranging for some such eventuality at St. Petersburg. We shall at any rate not make any decisive move without being well prepared. As for Passitch, I have a great contempt for him. I expelled him once from Bulgaria as a vagabond, and last summer he came here without any official character, not then being even President of the Skupshtina, as he is now. He called on me, and proposed to me to act with Servia in seizing Macedonia, and dividing it between us. I replied that before dividing other countries, it behooved us to look to our own, that at present neither did Servia belong to the Serbs, nor Bulgaria to the Bulgars. At this he stared open-mouthed. I added that it might be pleasant enough to make an excursion into Macedonia, but simultaneously Russia might make her appearance at Varna, and Austria at Belgrade, and therefore for the present, instead of tearing each other's crests like fighting cocks, for the amusement of the Great Powers, or making bootless filibustering expeditions, we had better take more care at home. For the rest I bade him note that whereas I was a minister he was nobody, and I declined to discuss the field of general politics with him. He then asked what message he was to take back to General Griuteh, and I replied to give him my best wishes and advice above all things to restrain his ardor. That sort of unaccredited, irresponsible agent is a very dangerous instrument to meddle with. I remember when Kaulbars was here that he sent me a message that I was to receive a certain Bogdanoff, and make future arrangements with him. At that time I was lodged at the telegraph office from morning till night, and I answered that not only would I not treat with him, but I refused to have any intercourse with such a scoundrel, and I gave strict orders he should not be allowed inside the office."

Again during the progress of the Panitzza trial, which was a most anxious time for the Government, M. Stamboloff, referring to the machinations of Russia and the masterly inaction of the Powers, who

seemed to take it all as a matter of course, put forth his reasons for decisive action as follows :—

"I have been waiting for the great European war for five years now, knowing that it will settle once and for all the Eastern Question. Ever since 1876 we have been told that it is imminent, and I have been holding on, but I do not really see that it is much nearer now than then. There are no tangible signs given by the Great Powers of anything but an immense desire for peace at any price—the price to be paid by the small fry! They can afford to wait and sacrifice us while they are getting ready; but our point of view is different. It is for this reason that I foresee that if nobody will help us we shall be forced to make a bid for our independence, for we cannot continue the game of patience much longer, with our hands tied, while Russia is actively undermining the roots of our national liberty. . . . I shall not tell anybody exactly when I shall take the step. It will not be this year, except under unbearable pressure. We can resist for three years longer, perhaps even for five, without recognition of the Prince or independence, but it would be a perpetual struggle and watch. You must understand that it is not for the Prince, nor the Government, nor the people that I must declare. It is for the army. Prince Alexander fell through shutting his eyes to the possibility of treason. Two months before his abdication I was with him at Tirnovo, and he expressed his fears of a revolt among the population of Eastern Roumelia. 'Sire,' I answered, 'there neither is, nor ever will be, danger from the *people*. It is from the army that you may look for it.' He turned his back upon me in anger, declaring 'his children' would never be false to him. He was always repeating his faith in his 'children.' Afterward, when we two were seated in the victoria which was conveying him on his last journey out of Bulgaria, I reminded him of our talk. He hid his face in his hands, and muttered: 'Ah! yes, you were right, and knew them better than I did; but I could never have believed it.'"

Continuing from my notes I find him saying, in discussing the evidence brought to light at the Panitza trial: "The first thing I heard on my return from Philippopolis was that a letter from Zankoff had

been found among the papers of the old man Kissimoff, Chancellor of the Red Cross Society. It is curious how he could keep such a compromising document, after the arrest of his son only four or five days previously. It reminds me of the time when I was an exile in Roumania, and I knew a notorious bandit who had committed numberless murders. He always carried about him, in a back pocket, a dagger with which he had killed fourteen people. I once asked him what was the good of doing so, as it might serve as evidence against him some day. He answered that truly it was no good to him, but it brought him good luck. Just so, also, the other day we found a heap of Russian correspondence, neatly tied up and docketed, at Ozunoff's. When interrogated how he could be such a fool, he explained that he had thought perhaps the Russians might come some day, and they would prove how he had served them. Talking of Roumania brings back to me a comical scene which I once had in the Café Salis, at Bucharest. I was, with many other Bulgarians at that time, a political refugee, and one of the local papers published an article saying that all of us were either fugitives from motives of cowardice, or else traitors working against our country. This was exactly the opposite of the truth, as we had come there in order to work the better, as the result proved. At any rate, I demanded from the editor the name of the writer of the article in question, and he said he would give it me that evening at seven o'clock in the café. When he came though he refused to tell me, so I said: 'Then you are responsible, and as I know if I challenged you to a duel you would not accept, I will force you to challenge me,' and struck him several times, ending up by spitting in his face. The orchestra stopped playing, and there was a great hubbub in the café, but I never heard any more from my editor. There are some affairs which need quicker reparation than any tribunals can give. I myself have four times challenged men to a duel, and each time publicly chastised them on their refusal."

With two more characteristic little speeches I will leave M. Stamboloff. The first was at the close of the Court Martial :—

"I am vexed at the result of the Court

Martial. I myself went over all the papers, and know the *dossier* by heart, better than any of the lawyers or members of the court. "If the men had done nothing I should not have sent them for trial. And then the Procureur coolly gets up and withdraws the charges against half of the prisoners. It is not his business to withdraw charges, forsooth! He has an indictment given to him by the War Minister, and he has to support it. He has no authority to withdraw accusations his Minister has made. And then the court, having before them a crew who openly avow that they intended to betray their oath and dethrone their Prince, condemn only one to death, and recommend a commutation of his sentence. They allow themselves to be moved to pity by the thought of Panitzza's wife and children, and past services. But I, too, have services, and a wife and children! Am I for that reason to attempt to assassinate my superiors, to violate my oath, to risk throwing my country into a state of civil war, or into the arms of a foreign Power, and then, when I am found out just in time to stop me, to get up in public and say that 'I think I was right, but that if you want to punish me you must remember my family'?"

And the second was the day after Sir W. White passed through Sofia on leave of absence, and it was not deemed judicious for M. Stamboloff to meet him and travel in the same train:—

"So your Ambassador is not allowed to speak to me. It is only another mark of the pariah brand Europe has set upon us. But it is about time to finish the play. I, for one, have had enough, and have just sent off our last Note to Turkey. She can do what she likes, but if she refuses to fulfil her duties toward us she will never see a penny of the next instalment of tribute. It is ridiculous that Russia's veto should be able to frighten all the Powers out of their senses, and prevent the recognition of our rights. At any rate I am not afraid—I never have been yet in my life—to do what I thought I had a right to do. I am certain the Porte will never move actively against us. It would be very foolish if she did. She might suppress our first attempt at independence, but she could only do so at the alternative cost of throwing the country either more under the influence of the

Prince, or of Russia, probably the latter, and what would she gain by that?"

It was this Note, despatched in the middle of June, against the strong remonstrances of most of the foreign diplomatic agents, and under a temporary impulse of anger, which has brought about the vastly improved relations which now exist with the Ottoman Porte. M. Stamboloff had always insisted on the expediency of some such quasi-ultimatum, but he had been held back by the counsels of the Powers, who feared the consequences of forcing Turkey's hand. It was only when he decided to act upon his own initiative that he proved how rightly he had judged the situation. As all the world knows, the Note was followed by the granting of Berats to the Bulgarian Bishops in Macedonia, and an immense increase, not easily calculated, of Bulgarian prestige, not only in that province but throughout the Balkans. Since that triumph all opposition to M. Stamboloff and his policy has practically ceased, and with the exception of occasional fretful Notes from Russia the political affairs of the Principality have progressed with excellent smoothness. As long as Bulgaria retains her remarkable Premier there is little fear for her future, but a larger measure of support from friendly Powers in the just, and truly Homeric, combat he sustains would render his task lighter, and go far toward postponing the prophesied Armageddon.

Two other well-known figures in Sofia are those of M. Isanoff and Dr. Strausky, both ex-Ministers of Foreign Affairs. I have already mentioned the former's visit to the Russian Legation on the day of the battle of Slivnitsa. He has himself confirmed to me the story, and added that the perturbation which reigned that day was indescribable. There was some interruption in the telegraph service and no news had come in since noon. The Minister climbed the tower which stood by the office, and anxiously watched the cannon smoke rolling thickly over the plain. "At last," he said, "I could stand it no longer, and called the chief clerk, telling him that if he failed to get me news in a quarter of an hour he would be dismissed and punished. The fault was really not his, but he saw I was in no humor to be answered. Ten minutes later, however, came the message of victory from M. Stamboloff, and my clerk got a present

instead of punishment." Talking on another occasion of Prince Alexander's devotion to his army, M. Isanoff remarked, "It was always the Prince's weak point to trust too wholly those whom he believed to be his friends. Just before the Servian War I used to hold long conversations with him through the telegraph, and I was continually warning him of Servian preparations. His invariable reply was that it was all a '*blague*' and that '*son cher ami*' Milan could never be thinking of attacking him." M. Isanoff lives a quiet retired life, as in fact do all the ex-Ministers in Bulgaria, in this respect differing considerably from their fellows of other countries, who as soon as they are out of office generally devote their energies to attempting to regain it. Dr. Strausky, who resigned last year, was for some time Agent at Belgrade, and for three years all but a day or two held the Foreign Affairs portfolio, thus being, at the time of his retirement, the Minister who had longest kept his seat in this country of changes and revolutions. He is a man of taciturn disposition, but a close acquaintance with him always dispelled the unfavorable impression he was wont to create at first, and I believe everybody was sorry when he exchanged the cares of State for his favorite pursuit of horticulture, and his ministerial chair for the corner in the Café Panachoff where he is to be regularly seen at noon. One of his *bon-mots* will long be remembered at Sofia. It was when a Foreign Agent complained to him of the want of politeness of the Bulgarian Palace officials who had not returned his visit. Dr. Strausky pondered for an instant, stroking his long whiskers before replying, "*Que voulez-vous, monsieur! ce sont des Français!*" In this connection I may remark, *en passant*, that the progress of years has brought no improvement, and that the household of Prince Ferdinand, who presumably exist for no other purpose than to be courteous and to teach the refinements of civilized society to the new Court, and through it to the people, are the most flagrant transgressors against the elementary usages of society. I refer principally to their almost invariable rule of neglecting to return visits, which is a small thing in itself, but which has gone very far to raise ill-feeling and damage the reputation of the Palace. Probably the Prince is unaware

of their shortcomings, which contrast so unfavorably with the punctiliousness of Bucharest, and should these lines lead to a reformation, they will have rendered a signal service to His Royal Highness.

Turning now from Sofia to Belgrade, I may also begin my recollections with the street in which I lived. It leads from the Prince Michael street down to the Save, and is designated by position for one of the principal thoroughfares. It is, however, so abominably paved and so feebly lighted that few who are not forced to take that route ever enter upon its perils. As an instance of what its inhabitants were exposed to, I may relate the following anecdote. I had been passing the evening with some friends, among others being the Belgian Attaché. About midnight we were returning when we heard shots fired in the distance, but thought little of the fact. Ten minutes after I had entered, M. B. rushed into my room crying that murder was being committed outside, and related that as he had turned the corner he had heard a hue and cry, and had commenced to run in the darkness. A bullet soon whistled past him, but he managed to gain our door, which luckily happened to be open. We both went into the front room overlooking the street, and saw a small knot of men standing round the opposite doorway. One of the doors was open inward. After a short consultation, they knocked at the window, and an old woman handed them out a candle. One of the men then held the candle behind the door while a second coolly thrust the muzzle of his rifle in and fired. The shot was followed by a groan, and then a body was dragged out, heels first, and deposited with ribald jests in the road. It proved to be that of an Austrian subject, a harmless, inoffensive individual who was drunk, and had lain down to sleep in the first shelter he had found. There is very little doubt that had M. B. found our door shut and hidden himself as he first intended behind the opposite door, he would have met the same fate. No satisfaction was ever given, and in spite of our combined testimony and that of other eye-witnesses, the local papers appeared with an account of the capture of a desperate brigand who had been killed while defending himself against the police, whose courage and vigilance were highly extolled. Such were the delights

of residence in the Balkanska Ulitza, a predestined lair for cut-throats and excuse for murder. The principal personages in Serbia, apart from the royal family, are of necessity the Regents and Ministers. The first Regent, M. Lovan Ristitch, has a great reputation for statesmanship and is commonly known as the Little Bismarck. At least he possesses what most of his colleagues and subordinates lack, namely, a certain amount of experience. He had already directed the destinies of Serbia for thirteen years as Regent during King Milan's minority, and as his Prime Minister, before being again called to the Regency. On the whole he directed them well, and the lesson he seems to have learned best is that of keeping himself as much as possible in the background, except on great emergencies. Being in receipt of what for Serbia is an enormous salary, and endowed with a thrifty not to say avaricious temperament, he is scarcely likely to endanger a comfortable position by any too vigorous initiative.

General Belimarkovitch has held ministerial portfolios before with varying degrees of credit and otherwise, having once been impeached before the Skupshtina for malversation as Minister of War. He is a *bon vivant*, and fond of such inferior public amusements as Belgrade affords, so that anybody who can face the stifling atmosphere of a café where a strolling company may happen to be performing, is tolerably sure of finding the Regent, with a pot of beer before him, enjoying the play and ogling the players. His amorous propensities have occasionally given rise to public scandals, but the populace of Belgrade are indulgent to vice in high places, and such incidents create only fleeting impressions which are quickly forgotten.

The third Regent, General Protitch, is best known through his wife, to whose fascinations, and his own easy and accommodating temper, rumor ascribes his rapid advancement in rank and his present position. Of the Ministers I might write much, having been in frequent contact with most of the Cabinet, but refrain from saying more than that they are on the whole well-meaning and honest, but with a general want of experience and tact which reacts unfavorably on their relations with the outside world, and which leaves them too open to move on sudden impulses, either self-born or implanted by

interested third parties. They have little dignity or sense of responsibility, and allow themselves to be swayed by the mob in a way which was neatly put to me once by a diplomatist who knows them well. I was searching for an article in the Constitution when he came up and laughingly cried, "My dear fellow, do not trouble your head about it: it is very simple. There are only three articles. Article I. The Regents do what the Ministers please; Article II. The Ministers do what the Skupshtina pleases; and Article III. The Skupshtina does what it pleases. There you have the whole Law and the Prophets." And since the abdication of King Milan the above represents the fashion in which Serbia is governed accurately enough.

In common with the Bulgars, the Serbs have a rooted mistrust, generally amounting to dislike, of foreigners. But while in the case of the former it arises rather from a shyness of displaying inferiority, with the latter it springs from a defiant spirit of at least equality. I have heard a learned and cultured Bulgar modestly say, "We are not so intelligent and quick-witted as the Serbs, but we reflect more, and we are always ready to listen and learn." I have never heard even the most ignorant Serb confess his inferiority to any man living. It will naturally be understood that I am speaking of the masses of middle class society. In the higher classes, both at Sofia and Belgrade, foreigners are made welcome, and will often find their hosts better informed than themselves. It is in the houses of these leaders of progress that a stranger will experience the freest and pleasantest hospitality, a mixture of the desert welcome of the Bedouin with the comfort and refinement of Europe. The pity is that there are so few of them. The majority of the population of Belgrade appear to pass their lives in the innumerable cafés which line the streets, going from one to the other at stated times, and with such regularity that it is much surer to seek an individual at his favorite haunt than at his office or his home. As a logical consequence it may be imagined that the vice of drunkenness is very rife. In Bulgaria no one is allowed to intoxicate himself till entering upon old age, and any young man who should transgress this tradition would be seriously disgraced. As a mat-

ter of fact it is only once a week, after market, that one may find a few old peasants incapable on the high roads, whereas the streets of Belgrade resound with shouts and brawling every evening up till midnight; and as long as the offenders are Serbs, and not foreigners, the police are extremely indulgent. For the latter, however, no pity is shown if he is in the wrong, and scant sympathy if he has cause of complaint. Indeed, it is scarcely advisable for him to go abroad alone at night, or to resort to any place of public amusement except in company of friends. Should he attempt it, the exuberant patri-

otism of the Serbs would be tolerably sure to find vent in insulting epithets, if not in more active aggression.

Time, however, and a little more friction with the rest of the world will smooth down many of the angularities of these young nations which are apt to strike a visitor with unpleasant and, perhaps, undue force. On the whole, if the reader never carries away more disagreeable recollections from the places of his sojourn than does the writer from the Balkans, he may be congratulated on his good fortune. —*Fortnightly Review*.

TSAR v. JEW.

BY THE COUNTESS OF DESART.

"Now there arose a new king over Egypt which knew not Joseph; and he said to his people, Behold the people of the children of Israel are too many and too mighty for us: come let us deal wisely with them, lest they multiply, and it come to pass that, when there falleth out any war they also join themselves unto our enemies. . . . And the Egyptians made the children of Israel to serve them with rigor." So said Pharaoh in the first chapter of Exodus, and so quotes an anti-Semitic writer as one of the reasons for the improvement of the Jews off the face of Russia; a second reason being that though a large number of Slavs try their utmost to avoid fulfilling their soldiering duties, twenty-three out of twenty-eight per cent. of those who shirk the conscription are Jews.

It is useless to try and discuss any proposition with such a logician; but the two points above mentioned are half-a-dozen pages apart, and the casual reader may easily miss their curious connection, and be carried away by the plausible arguments in between to imagine that the essayist has proved his case against the race he sweepingly condemns. But the question of the Russian Jew, not as connected with Lord Mayor's meetings, past or present, but as concerning the pauper immigration into the East End of London, has become one of such burning interest to millions of human beings that it is well worth careful sifting and elucidation, and

is no longer one between the Tsar and his Semitic subjects only.

The Jewish question is emphatically not a religious question. Except in Spain and, to a slighter extent, in Italy, it never has been a religious question. The Inquisition persecuted the Jew, as it persecuted the Mussulman and the Protestant—as the "Ingoldsby Legend" has it:—

Turks, heretics, infidels, jumpers and Jews.

No one else ever did in the narrow sense of the word. The Romans tolerated him; Charlemagne and his successors placed him under a spiritual ban and left him severely alone, and we find no traces of persecution in the early centuries of the Christian era.

And why? The reason is not very recedite or far to seek.

If Front de Bœuf had been placed in the Palace of Truth instead of the Castle of Torquilstone, would he have suggested heretical doctrines as the reason for making Isaac of York acquainted with the gridiron in his dungeon?

Did King John draw the teeth of his Semitic subjects because they had not submitted to the rites of baptism?

It took some time after the lawless period that followed the disintegration of the Roman Empire for wealth once more to accumulate in the hands of individuals; and the knights and soldiers of fortune acquired it quicker than the slow-working and much-harassed trader. But unpleas-

ant consequences might have followed had John's and Front de Bœuf's victims been christened Norman or Saxon. He whom the Church had placed outside the pale of justice and charity had alone no defenders.

It was power trading on the superstition of its neighbors. Have motives so very much altered since those days? Human nature is unfortunately the same all the world over, whether Saxon or Gael, Teuton or Celt, Slav or Semite. When a crowd of ill-fed, ill-housed, uneducated and moneyless folk see a minority in their midst possessed of luxuries they yearn for yet cannot obtain, it takes little eloquence to persuade them that, as that minority is outside the pale of spiritual welfare, it ought also to be placed outside that of temporal welfare and its goods given over to those whom Providence and the executive Government consider more deserving. "Heaven helps those that help themselves" is a proverb liable to more than one interpretation.

The Gordon riots were not accepted in England as a reason for turning all the Roman Catholics out of Great Britain; yet it is now seriously argued that the anti-Semitic risings justify the removal of the Jews from Russia.

As far as I can make out, the Russians object to the Jews:—

1. Because they increase rapidly and their infant mortality is a tenth smaller than that of the Christian Russians.
2. Because they do not amalgamate with and become lost in the Slav races.
3. Because they are not agriculturists and show no desire to till the soil.
4. Because they are principally middlemen, and belong to no guild.
5. Because they shirk soldiering.
6. Because they evade the laws made against them.

Reason Number 1 may surely be left to take care of itself; or perchance many curates of the Anglican Church with small salaries and large families may explain.

Number 2 is essentially a religious, or rather sectarian, complaint up to a certain point; and beyond that point only proves the condition artificially produced by one of those laws which the Russians declare are simply maintained for self-defence. That is to say, a Jewish parent naturally prefers to see his children marry into Jewish families, just as the Roman Catholic

prefers to mate with the Roman Catholic and the Protestant with the Protestant. Therefore, the Jewish community remains dogmatically the Jewish community all the world over, though its numbers increase. But in Russia only is it also linguistically a Jewish community. The Russian Jew is a legacy from the partition of Poland, and, like the rest of the country, knew not Russian when he was forcibly annexed. The wealthy Jew can of course easily learn the language; but how is the poor one to do so when the native holds aloof from him save for the necessities of business; and the law steps in to forbid the attendance of more than a certain percentage of Jewish children in the national schools, a percentage calculated, not on the number of *Jewish*, but of *Christian* children.

When equal facilities of education are given to both in Russia, the Jew and the *moujik* will talk the same tongue, and "Yiddish" (the Polish dialect of Hebrew*) will disappear from that country as it is disappearing from Whitechapel or the Ghettos of Frankfort and Rome.

3. Why are the Jews not agriculturists? The Russians say because they are physically and intellectually incapable of the pursuit. If so, whose fault is that? They were not created so. In the Old Testament there is much description of certain kingdoms of Judah and Israel whose exports consisted almost exclusively of corn and wine, and whose towns were few and far between. But the conqueror overwhelmed and dispersed them to the four corners of the earth: and the Jews perforce turned to other means of livelihood.

It would indeed have been marvellous had the agricultural instinct remained in the Jew during the seventeen and a half centuries in which, whatever privileges were given to or withheld from him, all nations alike were agreed as to this—that the Jew, as a Jew, could not and should not hold land. It is curious that most of the Judophobes in this country should belong to the party that asserts that an Irish tenant, notwithstanding fixity of tenure and compensation for disturbance, cannot possibly succeed in the struggle

* "Yiddish" is merely the phonetic spelling of the German word "Jüdisch," as pronounced by the German Polish Jew.

for life unless he is given the fee simple of the acres he farms; and at the same time agrees with the Russian that the Jew is unfit to be a landowner because, when he was not even allowed to become the leaseholder of the house he dwelt in, he did not devote his energies to tilling the soil in which he was by law forbidden to hold the slightest interest. Till the beginning of this century such a law existed all over Europe. It remained the law of Austria till after 1848; it is to this day the law in Russia.

It surely does not require any deep scientific knowledge in this century to recognize that heredity is a fact to be reckoned with. We acknowledge it in cows, in horses, in dogs; why, or rather how, deny it in man? Does the Russian believe that the Orloff trotter is a creature radically different from the common horse; or does he admit that the speed and form of that valuable breed are the result of careful selection and training through many generations? Are not the Barzois—those marvellous hounds of which any two will master the fiercest wolf—carefully mated according to quality and ferocity as well as strength and color? Yet he insists that, after seventeen hundred years of forcible divorce from land, fifty years should have sufficed to reintroduce into the Jewish nature the old love of vineyard and cornfield which, since A.D. 70, Roman and Teuton, Celt and Slav, have so determinedly and impartially striven to wean him from.

4. But it was not only from the possession of land that the Jew was everywhere excluded in the good old days, and is now excluded in Russia. The guilds were not in the habit of opening their portals to the Hebrew dogs; nor do they do so now in Russia. What would the patron saint have said to the confraternity that brought so vile an outcast under his sacred banner? Yet most of the trades allowed no one to practise their particular craft unless that person was possessed of the freedom of the guilds. Wherefore it is evident that Jews could not follow those trades. They might be workmen; they could never be master joiners or builders, turners or carpenters, tailors or boot-makers, armorers or upholsterers; or in fact become independent professors of any handicraft that had grown lucrative

enough and powerful enough to form itself into a monopoly.

What remained, then, for the Jew to do? He might be a jeweller, since such a trade required no shop-front to reveal the profession to the casual passer-by, in spite of guild or livery, if he had capital. But if he had no capital? There was evidently nothing left but "trade" in its original and simplest form; the which is still exemplified in the present day by the clothes merchant and the *bric-à-brac* seller—that "trade" which begins and is developed by the middleman.

When the full development of a country has made such progress that the market is brought virtually to every man's door it is possible to do without the middleman, and to save the pocket of the purchaser while giving more to the producer, as Lord Dunraven and his committee have been trying to prove in England. But in an immense empire, sparsely populated, and not as yet well provided with railways and other means of locomotion, I fail to see how the producer and purchaser are to get on without an intermediary to bring them together. How is the small farmer, trader, or even workman, to sell his commodities where the expenses of transit are enormous, unless the middleman is ready to take the commodities and the expenses together off his hands? If the middleman gives as little and asks as much as he can, he is only acting on what Adam Smith has laid down as one of the bases of sound political economy—buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market; and it is surely better for the petty producer to sell for a very tiny profit than not to sell at all.

But, argues the anti-Semite, we do not want the Jew for that: the Slav *koulak* will do as well, and him no one minds. Now *koulak* does not mean middleman at all, but usurer; and though we know that in all languages usurer and Jew are looked upon as convertible terms, it does not follow that middleman and usurer are synonymous. Nor are they really so in Russia; for the first quality the anti-Semitic critic ascribes to the *koulak* is that he never moves from the village he is born in, and does not, like the Jew, carry his disagreeable calling from place to place. So, unless the Russian peasant, the *moujik*, conducts his business on lines similar to

those of Messrs. Dillon and Sheehy in the late Sligo election—who, while residing under the same roof, communicated with each other through the London newspapers—it is hard to see how the *koulak* can act as middleman.

The usurer has no reason or motive for wandering. Probably he begins by lending his stray pennies at interest to his school or playfellows; and his neighbors are the clients nature has supplied him with. He has no need to look further afield; and his business increases or decreases according to the circumstances of those about him. Neither is usury necessarily his only occupation; it is but a comfortable little extra way of adding to his income. When the *moujik* has successfully sold his small crop of grain to the middleman, he no longer requires the help of the *koulak* to pay his score at the publican's. The *koulak*, who was at first simply the *moujik* who had the half-crown ready to help the poor debtor to whom the publican threatened to supply no more vodka till the score was wiped out, once more becomes the *moujik*.

There are, however, heavier debts than the bill for vodka to be met, whether convenient or not; and the saving and thrifty neighbor round the corner has not enough spare cash for the rates and taxes of his friend as well as his own. So the Jewish middleman is appealed to, who is presumably richer, the essence of whose trade is to wander among small and poor communities and purchase the fruits of their labor for larger and richer ones. Thus circumstances lead to the middleman becoming usurer as well: though to those familiar with the ways of the usurer of the Western world, I would recommend the perusal of the article headed "Russian *versus* Jew" in *Vanity Fair* of the 14th of April. Would they view with equal horror the usurer who demands "ten per cent"?

Still the fact remains that in Russia the middleman generally is also a money-lender, and that in the other countries of Europe the Jewish trader has largely developed into nothing but a money-lender. In Russia now, and elsewhere in the Middle Ages, laws were enacted as a means of increasing the government treasury; any one who had the money could buy immunity from them, and they were only enforced against the poor to show the rich

that they must buy themselves off. This principle was allowed to influence all officials, and was invariably put in force against the hated and despised Jew, to whom wealth meant home and protection for wife and children, and poverty misery without hope or redress. What wonder, then, that the whole mental energy of the race should be turned toward solving the one pressing question of existence—how to get rich quickest? What wonder that, after the lapse of centuries, none should be so proficient in that particular branch of human industry?

Another fact made much of is that the *moujiks* have often risen in riot against the Jews, but never against the *koulaks*. Naturally. Even the most illiterate peasant will think twice before he is persuaded to run the risk of being hanged or transported for the sake of saving his neighbor from being distrained upon for a few kopecks. But the temptation is very different when the neighbor pleads: "If you will help me to rid myself of my debt to my Jewish creditor by joining in an attack on the Jews, you will be amply repaid for your trouble by what you can plunder from their houses during the riot, and you know that no punishment to speak of will follow even if we should be individually found out." The Jew who can be robbed in a pardonable anti-Semitic riot is a less dangerous victim than the Russian creditor who can have the righteously indignant borrower and rioter sent to jail.

Finally, let those who believe the absence of the Jew trader will so vastly benefit the Russian farmer examine the last reports of the tax-gatherers for the winter quarter just gone by, and those of the Nijni-Novgorod Fair of 1890, when, for the first time, no Jew was allowed to attend.

5. The Jew is by law ordered to be a soldier; yet three-quarters of the recruits who shirk their term of service are Jews. A little observation of what goes on in the Russian army may account for this fact without necessarily implying that the Jew objects to soldiering *quâ* soldiering. The attractions of the Russian army for the Jews are, for example, that their Christian comrades shun their companionship, and are allowed to heap abuse and indignity on them unrebuked. Then, no matter what his conduct, his gallantry,

his talent, his merit, *the Jew cannot rise from the ranks.*

In the second of two articles that have appeared in *Vanity Fair* on the 4th and 11th of last April respectively on this subject—articles written by a hand very easy to recognize—this very important grievance is met by the airy remark, “The Russian must also serve and is very seldom promoted!” I should like to know what the inventor of the conscription would have said to this sentiment, and how it would have tallied with his justification of the system—that a marshal’s baton is hid in every recruit’s knapsack. But then the misogynist of Austerlitz would not have admitted “O. K.’s,” right to argue on any subject.

Nor is this law against the possible rise of the Jewish conscript one of those where the exception proves the rule. There is no possibility of exception, and the Jew is fully aware of this. I myself happen to know of a curious illustration of what a Jew may expect in the army of the Tsar. My authority for it is the late Chancellor, the famous Prince Gortchacow, who told it to prove that his Government was helpless to relax the law.

In the Russian army, during the Turco-Russian war, was a young Jew who distinguished himself to such an extent that his General actually petitioned the Tsar to grant him a commission. The Tsar did so, and the commission arrived. Thereupon all the officers in the regiment to which the young man was appointed resigned in a body: although they had been eye-witnesses of the exploits that had led to the promotion, and knew all the circumstances. The commission was cancelled. Comment is needless.

In the rest of Europe, since the embargo was removed—and the Western nations were at least logical in holding that the man who could not be an officer could not be a soldier either—there are plenty of Jewish soldiers. There are few, perhaps, in England; but a goodly number in France and Germany, where the conscription has given the young Jew the taste for soldiering, which he not unnaturally had lost during centuries in which the necessity for self-preservation created the hereditary instinct for the avoiding of physical danger.

6. Finally, the Russian Jew is reproached with a constant and systematic evasion of

the law. For example, many houses ostensibly owned by Christians belong to Jews; they live in places outside the Pale of Settlement; they cause themselves to be registered as clerks of certain merchants simply to obtain the right of living in certain towns, when they are not, and never intend to be, clerks to those merchants. This simply means that the Pale of Settlement, large enough in the time of its founder, the Empress Catherine the Second, became too small for its population as the generations increased; and, when the Jews found that it was easy to obtain all sorts of concessions by paying for them, it was natural they should put their earnings to such a use. They are perpetually being blamed for only pursuing one profession, and outnumbering the Orthodox population in the towns where they reside; yet when they try, by the only means in their power, to practise other trades, or disseminate themselves more widely, they are at once denounced as law breakers.

As to the crime of holding land and houses in other names than their own, this accusation turns, boomerang-like, on the accusers: for to deny to solvent citizens the rights of citizenship is in itself a proof of “something rotten” in the State: while the fact that good Orthodox Russians aid and abet the very transparent and much-winked-at fraud shows the feeling of the country on the subject.

“The Jew must be got rid of at any price—as one would get rid of microbes,” cries Prince Metchersky.

“He must be shown,” says Mr. Skalkoffsky, “that his halcyon days in Russia have gone by.”

Therefore the penal laws against him are enforced, say they; and these laws the Jew can easily avoid by leaving the country.

This sounds very reasonable and plausible; but let the reader take a map of Russia and look out on it the south-west provinces and the fifteen governments that comprise the “Pale of Settlement.” Perhaps it may astonish him to find that its boundaries do not at any one point “march” with the confines of the empire, but are well inland—one of the laws being that no Jew may settle within a certain number of miles of the frontier. Therefore, the first step the Russian Government takes for enabling the Jew to rid

the country of his presence is to send him well inland!

Now it also happens that not only is emigration strictly forbidden in Russia, but that no one may leave the country, even for a short time, from the Grand Dukes downward, without special permission from the Government. Of course this means a passport and the spending of money. Are any facilities given to the Jews to obtain their passports? Far from it. To any one of them the cost is much greater than to any Christian; and, when the document is obtained, there are still all the frontier officials to be met and propitiated—no easy task. What is the result? The rich Jew buys his passport from the minister in Petersburg, paves his way with gold, and settles in other countries where he is looked upon as a fellow-creature, and his tenets are not inquired into. The "middle-class" Jew spends his savings in wandering off to freer regions; the small trader and publican realizes what he can as best he can, and comes penniless to England, ignorant of the language, ignorant of any handicraft, inured to all sorts of misery and hardship, to swell the already overgrown number of the unskilled unemployed: having spent his little all in getting out of the country where he was born and could earn a competency, if a modest one. The only Jews who remain in Russia are the very poor, the weak and helpless in mind or body. These the Russian Government, which is so anxious to get rid of the Jews, compels to stay; and not only compels to stay, but herds together forcibly in such numbers that not only do they prevent each other from earning what they earned before, but they are bound by every law that modern hygiene has discovered to generate every kind of loathsome and contagious disease.

And the rest of the civilized world is to look on at this, and not to raise a word of protest, but to shrug its shoulders and echo the parrot-cry of the writer I have before quoted:—"the Russian Jew is like no other Jew." If the native of the gloomiest slum of Bethnal Green were pointed out to the world as the type of John Bull, would any one accept it? Let "O. K." build a high wall round a certain portion of Whitechapel; let her be enabled to enforce that no Jew in the home counties shall be allowed to reside

anywhere but within that wall; that no Jew shall follow any trade or any profession requiring a legal apprenticeship; that only a percentage of the children shall be taught in the schools, the rest depending on any training their toiling parents can find time to give them, and I will undertake in twenty years' time to turn out from within that limit as perfect a specimen of the Russian Jew as can be found at the present day in the Pale of Settlement.

Let the Russian authorities say to the Jews, "We do not want you; we will give you so much time in which to realize your assets, and shake the dust of our country off your feet: here are your passports; whoever remains beyond the stipulated period, or ever returns, does so at his peril." *Provided the given time be ample*, though people may differ as to the wisdom of the step, no one will be able to blame the Government that chooses to think it will prosper more without a certain fragment of its population, or find fault with it for acting up to its lights.

But as long as a Government heaps cruelty and outrage on a helpless crowd of people, and only lets them go in such guise as to force other nations either in genuine self-defence to shut them out, or else allow them to flood their markets—as they have done those of England—with masses of unskilled labor and absolute poverty which reduce the rate of wages and increase the misery of the poor native population, it becomes not only the right but the duty of those other nations to lift up their voices in indignant protest; to try and shame authorities that call themselves civilized from pursuing the path of barbarism they have marked out for themselves; to bring to the knowledge of the Tsar laments that, for humanity's sake if for no other, the Englishman trusts can never have reached that august ear before.

It has been said that England should abolish the opium trade and put an end to the trading companies of Africa before remonstrating about the treatment of Russian Jews. What similarity is there between the cases? Because no English ministry has brought in or passed a law to prevent the growing or selling of opium, but says "no one but the Government shall grow it,"* can England be likened

* * Since this was written the House of Com-

to a country which proclaims "A certain number of Jews own distilleries, and the country is flooded with poisoned spirits—therefore we will exterminate all the Jews"? Or, because England does not prevent any trading company from exploring and settling Africa, and since in all companies there are certain numbers of men who do not know how to manage uncivilized natures without ill-treating, is she to have no right to remonstrate against a Government that commands its subordinates to treat a section of its subjects with as much cruelty as can be found by oppressive ingenuity within the four corners of a cruel and unjust law?

In the name of civilization and justice

I claim the right—a right shared by all honest men and women—to appeal to public opinion on behalf of the victims of a relentless persecution, alien alike to Christian precept and modern morality. England, that ruined the slave trade, sheltered the Huguenots, and raved at Bulgarian atrocities—remembering her Disraelis, Jessels, Montefiores, Herschells, and many others—surely has some claim to make the voice of her citizens heard in protest against a revival of mediæval barbarism directed against the more helpless members of a race which has given her many worthy and useful sons.—*Nineteenth Century*.

A GLANCE AT THE HISTORY OF GAMBLING.

BY ERNEST BOWEN-ROWLANDS.

At the present time the subject of gambling is receiving much attention from the religious as well as from the severely Utilitarian sections of Society.

It has been debated with astonishing vigor and still more astonishing unanimity of opinion by clergy and ministers of different denominations, assembled in their respective congresses; and it has been discussed, now coldly, now enthusiastically, by those who, taking *salus populi* as their motto, do not concern themselves with questions of conscience, or intuitive moral principles. This general interest in the subject justifies us in presenting the following sketch of its main features. Indeed, with the scanty materials available, it is impossible for us to do more than briefly exhibit the outlines of the subject, and even to do that is no easy matter, as the authorities are few and far between, and often unsatisfactory. With the single exception of Rome, all information must be sought in poems and biographies, and, consequently, detailed historical statements are not forthcoming.

Before commencing to deal with the question, we must point out that in this essay the only object aimed at is a true, though necessarily incomplete, account of

the history of gambling; the moral and politico-economic aspect of the question must be left to be dealt with on a future occasion, as also must the description of how the practice of gambling is regarded by the law of England. But although it is not within the province of this Article to urge or decry legislative restrictions on betting and games of chance, still, in so far as reason founded on fact is able to influence the human mind, it may be hoped that the following sketch will assist the perplexed to arrive at a proper judgment on the question.

The first point to be considered is, "What is gambling?" Is playing "snap" *en famille* on Christmas Eve for nuts, gambling? Is buying with a penny the millionth chance of obtaining a gilt threepenny piece in a prize packet, gambling? Is diving for half-crowns gambling? With due respect for those who differ from us, we say, it is not. But, it is retorted, the element of chance enters into all operations. That is so, but chance is a very wide term, and means, popularly, a variety of things. If you crush in at the pit door, you take the risk of obtaining a seat; and, especially, if many have preceded you, you, in popular language, put down your money and take your "chance," which, after all, means that you will see what happens, hoping the event will be favorable to you.

mons has passed a resolution vindicating its own virtue in the matter of opium at the expense (should the resolution pass into anything more important) of the Indian taxpayer.

Again, your friend calls on you, he explains, "It was chance that directed me to your house;" there he means that for his coming there is an absence of assignable cause. Again it means an opportunity. "This is my chance," and again, a something which may be termed "luck," the "Fortuna" to which weak mankind clings. To condemn a game or action as a "gambling transaction" because it rests on chance, is as foolish as to say that Mr. Micawber, who was always waiting for something to turn up, was an inveterate gambler.

No; gambling means something more than staking on chance, and this fact Dr. Johnson partially grasped when he defined it as "playing extravagantly for money," partially, because something is omitted, and that is, that the money stake is the one end desired. With this addition the definition would be correct, but it would not, unless words were violently strained, include "betting," which is now the most important mode of gambling. From the earliest times down to the present day, the essence of gambling has been considered to be the playing for a stake, the acquisition of which is the sole end of play. If the game is indulged in to promote health, acquire honor, or obtain pleasure, no matter whether the stake is there or not, it is not "gambling;" the one aim, the sole inducement, must consist of money, or things the only value of which is their monetary worth.

In ancient times people frequently played for trinkets, dress, and even eatables; this was true gambling, provided that the players desired the possession of the things as valuable property, *i.e.*, property having a money value and considered in that light only. It was said recently that running for a prize is "gambling." Well, if it is thought to be so in 1890, it will be for the first time in the world's history; the aim of running is the promotion of health, physical activity, and, although there may be some who run for the purpose of winning money, can any one, with a trustworthy dictionary before him, say that they gamble, or that even in such a case the one end of running the race is money? The athlete who was crowned with the Olympian laurel, the Nemean parsley chaplet, the Isthmian wreath of pine, or the Pythian palm, had fought for glory, which was the direct object,

and manly vigor the indirect. Was this, we wonder, gambling? To put down races on account of the tendency of mankind to bet on them is one thing; because they are themselves of the nature of "gambling transactions" is another and a totally different thing.

The following definition brings out the foregoing points. "Gaming" is the playing for a money stake, a game completely or almost completely dependent on accident; betting is the staking of money against the money of another or others on the happening or non happening of an uncertain event; in both cases, the sole aim, end, and object of the game, or staking, being the acquisition of money belonging to another, no other inducement entering either directly or indirectly into consideration. This, as will be seen, excludes contests of endurance or of powers in which so called professional runners take part. Betting, which is included, appears to be a product of latter-day civilization, as one hears nothing of it until very recent times, but gaming is probably contemporaneous with written history.

The origin of "gambling" is peculiar; an account of it, as credible as it is probable, has been given by Dr. Tyler in his work on *Primitive Culture*. Dr. Tyler writes, "To a modern educated man, drawing lots or throwing up a coin is an appeal to chance, that is to ignorance; it is committing the decision of a question to a mechanical process, itself in no way unnatural or even extraordinary, but merely so difficult to follow that no one can say beforehand what will come of it. But we also know that this scientific doctrine of chance is not that of early civilization, which has little in common with the mathematician's theory of probabilities, but much in common with such sacred divination as the choice of Matthias by lot as a twelfth apostle." Thus, the origin of gaming and betting was religious. It can clearly be referred to the appeal to the friendly deity to aid the appellant through the medium in the first instance of the "lot" enclosed in the Chief's helmet.

In national affairs we first see an example of this. Homer, in *Iliad*, vii. 171, tells how the Greeks pray with uplifted hands, when the heroes cast lots in the cap of Agamemnon to ascertain who is appointed by the gods to war with Trojan Hector.

Ἦς ἔβαθ' οἱ δὲ κλῆρον ἐσημύναντο ἕκαστοι
 Ἐν δ' ἔβαλον κυνέη' Ἀγαμέμνονος Ἀτρεΐδαο
 Λαοὶ δ' ἤρῃσαντο, θεοῖσι δὲ χεῖρας ἀνέσχον
 Ὡδὲ δὲ τις εἶπεσκεν, ἰδὼν εἰς κρᾶνον εὐρύν
 Ζεὺς πάτερ, ἦ Ἀλάντα λαχεῖν, ἦ Τυδείδης υἱόν,
 Ἢ αὐτὸν βασιλῆα πολυχρύσοιο Μυκῆνης.

The ordeal of the Saxons is another case in point, and endless instances could be given of this appeal to the deity to speak favorably, and direct Chance. Naturally, we find the gods being invoked in private matters, and the especial deity asked to assist his or her humble votary in his trifling with the unknown. Then we perceive springing up an idea that one particular goddess patronized the invokers of the dice or lottery box, and to her all eyes are turned. Fortuna, by the Romans, and Tyche by the Greeks, were thus honored, and save in that they belonged to the nation, they represented the "luck" of the modern gambler. By this time the truly religious stage had been passed (Fortuna was invoked, but only to assist the gambler, he wished money; before, the object was the decision of the gods); and then the history of gambling proper begins; the desire of gain became the important factor, and has been ever since.

Nowadays, gambling is supposed by many to be in direct contravention of the will of God, and indeed Jeremy Taylor went so far as to say that it was an invention of the "Evil One." The transition is remarkable, but not surprising. The ancients regarded the hazard of the lottery as an excellent medium through which a beneficent deity could act; Jeremy Taylor looked at the evil the dice brought in their train. The points of view were different, the views were consequently different. Although even at the present day a large number of people hold the advanced puritanical view that gambling is sin, yet it may be said that, generally speaking, opposition to gambling proceeds on other grounds. What these are it is not my purpose now to discuss. Wherever we go we find that this process of evolution has been undergone by gambling.

First, descended from its immediate ancestor, the religious ceremony, gambling is closely connected with religion; then religion is transformed into superstition, and the Evil One is its patron, its overseer; finally, science, with its "doctrine of chances" and more or less "infallible

systems," swoops down, and begins a fight with the latter which it has not as yet concluded. Betting appears later on the scene, and so for a short time we shall speak of gaming only. "Gaming" has ever been a most fashionable form of dissipation, and it seems also to have been the subject of the censure of every wise and moral man. Even the sober Jews, whose amusements were for the most part song and music, occasionally threw the dice, and brought on themselves the denunciations of the Talmudic Doctors. We have seen it stated that a Jew who was convicted of dicing was not allowed to give evidence (which implied great degradation), but we have not been able to find any passage bearing the statement out either in the Pentateuch or Talmud, therefore we give it for what it is worth. Games of chance were prohibited by Mahomet, and in the Koran were placed as sins in the same category as wine-drinking. Herodotus tells us that the Egyptians were dicers, but whether they were gamblers is not stated. Their favorite game was one played with draughtsmen, and there is good evidence to believe that this is, if not the most ancient game, at least one of the most ancient. Dice were introduced perhaps in much later times by the Romans. To the Greeks belong the credit or discredit of being the inventors of dice. Tradition has it that Palamedes, who lived at the time of the Trojan war, introduced them into Greece, and it is certain that the Greeks imported into Rome the three most popular games. As the authorities on gaming at Rome are numerous and satisfactory, and as the Greek and Roman games of chance were identical, we shall deal with the subject at length when we come to touch on Rome. Suffice it to say that the *κύβος* and *ἀσπράγгалος* were the exact prototypes of and similar to the tessera and talus. The rules of the game were the same, but the Greeks never used more than three dice. The highest throw, "Venus," of the Romans, was the *Ἀφροδίτη* of the Greeks; *canis*, the *κύων* of the Greeks. As in Rome, the game depended on combinations, but when numbers only were desired, the Greeks termed it *πλειστοβολίνδα*, as did the Romans, who adopted Greek terms—compare *écarté*, *rouge et noir*. The mixed game of chance and skill resembling our backgammon was played in both countries, but

the Greek name for it is not clear; the *tabula lusoria*, and the *πλινθιον* were names for the same ruled board, which answers in some degree to our backgammon board.

Whether the laws prohibited gaming is, unfortunately, not clear; but it is tolerably certain that habitual gaming was looked on with disfavor. That there were gaming houses, we know by the existence of the word *κυβευτήριον*, but little more can be ascertained on the point. One can, however, imagine the æsthetic Athenians, in spite of Draco and Solon, tolerating the game, and, indeed, the "superb Corinthians" also; but it would require a stretch of imagination to regard the patriotic, austere, and gloomy Spartans as triflers with the *πῦργος* (or dice box). One thing only is certain, and that is the fact that the Greeks were addicted to gaming.

When we come to Rome, we stand on firmer ground; we are face to face with an abundance of evidence on the point. The games of chance most in vogue with the Romans were those which were played with dice, and of these the two principal games differed according to the form of the dice employed. In one, the tessera was used, in the other the talus; and first as to the former. The tessera, *tesella*, or *tesserula*, was a six-sided solid square of ivory or bone, or close-grained wood (*e g.*, privet "*ligustra tesseris utilissima*," Pliny), and every side bore a number. The six numbers were styled, *unio*, *binio*, *trio*, *quaternio*, *quinio*, *senio*. Three tesserae were used, and in later times, two only. The mode of playing was as follows: The tesserae were put into a box termed *Fritillus-Pyrgus Turris*; *Turricula*, *Phimus*, and shaken up and thrown on to a table, and the player who threw the highest won the stake. Any number of players might take part. The highest throw possible was three sixes, which was called *Jactus Venerius*; *Venus*; *Basilicus* (since the "*arbiter bibendi*" of a symposium was he who threw first the maximum). The lowest throw was three aces, *Jactus pessimus*; *Jactus damnosus*; *Canis*; *Canicula*; *Vulturius*; *Unio*; thus giving rise to the phrase "*Ἡ τρίς ἐξ, ἡ τρεῖς κύβοι*" ("everything or nothing").

The scoring generally seems to have depended on "combinations," and, as in the *alea* played with the talus, there were

thirty-five different combinations, when the tessera was used there must have been considerably more. But as has been stated, sometimes the game was to throw the highest numbers only. The talus was an oblong die, differing from the tessera, in that two of its six sides were slightly curved. Four sides only were numbered, thus on one side *unio*, on the opposite *senio*; on one side *ternio* or *trio*, on the opposite *quatrio*. The mode of playing was the same as when the tessera was used, but when the talus fell on the curved side it was said "*cadere rectus*" or *assistere*, and the throw was repeated. It could therefore either fall "*rectus*" or "*pronus*." Four *tali* were always used. The highest throw was when the four *tali* turned up with different numbers uppermost, the sum not exceeding fourteen, and the lowest, when four aces were turned up. There was another favorite game, which was played with dice and "*latrunculi*" or draughtsmen, in which a board divided by twelve straight lines was used. This board was variously termed "*Tabula lusoria*," *Alveus*; *Alveolus*; *Abacus*. The game was popular, as it combined chance with skill; but it is very doubtful if it could be termed a "gambling game." It seems to have been very similar to our backgammon. The game itself was known as "*duodecim scripta*." With these few remarks on the nature of the games themselves, we proceed to instance the main points of interest in connection with them.

Gambling was universally indulged in by the Roman people; the earliest form of action at law we know of was the action by wager, *Legis actio sacramenti*. In that we see how disputants about property settled their dispute; one challenged the other to stake so much money that he was in the right, the other did so; the *Prætor*, the representative of the law, noted the proceeding, and finally decided the question on its merits. The stake originally went to the victor but afterward to the State. This cannot be properly denominated gambling, but it shows how prone early society was to stake money on chance. Indeed, in this case the transaction might almost be termed a betting one. Sir Henry Maine has said that "gambling" is instinctive in the human breast, and, taken subject to the foregoing explanation as to the origin of

games of chance, it seems to be a correct opinion.

The Romans were great gamblers in the proper sense of the word, and being a nation of soldiers and road makers, whose ability lay in the direction of overcoming physical rather than mental difficulties, it is in the highest degree likely that they generally whiled away their leisure time at the gaming table. But, although generally indulged in, "gaming" was held to be a vice, and restrained both by popular opinion and laws, and this would seem odd, if it were not for the fact that it plainly appears that the gambling prohibited by opinion and law was public gaming. The public gamester was a nuisance, distracting people from their work; a trifter, and by the energetic Romans disliked. Still, gaming was a common vice, a national fault. Even before the time of Sulla, statutes had prohibited it. Sulla by a *lex Cornelia* had struck at it, and a *senatus consultum* and *Prætorian edict* had condemned it. But all these restrictions seem to have only aimed at suppressing public gaming, whether in the forum or in the common gaming house—*aleatorium*—kept by a *susceptor*. What the penalty was cannot be definitely stated, but Cicero in the *Philippics* says: "*Licinium Denticulum, de alea condemnatum collusorem sum restituit . . . hominem vero omnium nequissimum non dubitaret vel in foro ludere alea lege quæ est de alea condemnatum qui integrum restituit.*"

This proves that during the republic there was at all events one prohibitive "lex," and that a man convicted of gaming—public, we presume—suffered a "*capitis deminutio*"—but whether it was of the first, second, or third degree is not stated by Cicero. However, if it were only "*capitis minutio minima*," it was a severe blow, but there is good reason for believing that the "minor" class was meant, and that, therefore, a man thus convicted could neither vote at the elections nor offer himself as a candidate for civil honors. It is clear that one convicted of gaming became "*famosus*"—that is, he suffered "*infamia*"—in our words, became a "marked man," and labored under many civil disadvantages. The *Ædile* was the officer who punished gaming, and this fact is a support to my

view that only public gaming was prohibited. Martial says:

"Et blando male proditus fritillo
Arcana modo raptus e popina,
Ædilem rogat udus aleator."

However, during the *Saturnalia*, which occurred in December, gaming was permitted, and in the universal topsy-turvydom of that season, when masters waited upon their slaves, every one could play as he liked, and do pretty much as he desired. As an instance of the disrepute in which habitual gamesters were held in Rome, Cicero may be quoted when, in denouncing Catiline, he draws attention to his comrades, and says of them, "In his gregibus, omnes aleatores, omnes adulteri, omnes impuri, impudicique versantur." Thus, gaming in Republican Rome. Under the Second Empire it was more restrained, and the *Digest* tells us of the efforts of Paul and Ulpian, etc., etc., to put it down. Horace speaks, "*sive malis vetita legibus alea*," but, although prohibited even in the early time of the Empire, the Emperors themselves complacently and persistently broke the law.

Suetonius dealing with Augustus, "*alea rumorem nullo modo expavit, lusitque simpliciter et palam, oblectamenti causa etiam senex, ac præterquam Decembri mensi, aliis quoque festis profestis diebus.*" But, although he played "for pleasure," Augustus invariably had a good stake on the event, and the "pleasure" was the excitement which attends the thought of probable victory. The same author says of Claudius, "*Aleam studiosissime lusit, de cujus arte librum quoque emisit, solibus etiam in gestatione ludere, ita essedo alveoque adaptatis ne lusus confunderetur.*" Again, of Domitian, "*Quoties otium esset, alea se oblectabat, etiam profestis diebus, matutinisque horis.*"

That gaming had obtained the position of a science, we find recorded in Martial and other writers. Books were written on the subject, and chances were nicely calculated. Old men were allowed to dice for money, on account of their physical infirmities, which rendered it impossible for them to take part in martial exercise. Besides, the old must have some privileges! When Justinian became Emperor, he attempted to stop it altogether, and in his *Digest* of A.D. 523 forbade gaming,

but the penalty is not mentioned. He was especially hard—following the edict of Ulpian, we believe—on the gaming housekeeper, and practically put him without the pale of the law, so far as he and his property were concerned. He did not legalize his murder, and that is about all that he refrained from doing.

The Code prohibited gaming both public and private, but with this exception, which is noteworthy:—"In convivio vescendi causa ponitur in eam rem familia ludere permittitur," and he allowed the man who had lost money in gaming to recover it back by the aid of the law. Of course, Justinian did not make it illegal to run, box, jump, hurl the quoit, and engage in other physical exercises for a money prize. He struck at what was then and is now understood as gaming.

To sum up. Public gaming was always regarded with disfavor at Rome, and in the latter days of the Republic punished by law. In Imperial Rome, although it was forbidden, it was practised openly by even the Emperors themselves, until Justinian reigned, and, acting on the principle established by former subordinate magistrates, made it an offence to game either in public or in private.

We will now glance briefly at the practice of gaming in the Middle Ages and modern times; but before doing so, we shall, for a moment, consider gambling from another point of view—viz., the magnitude of its power. In what, it may be asked, lies the potent attraction of gambling? The origin has already been stated, but it remains to attempt to define the causes which have made the staking of money on chance so irresistibly pleasing to intellectual and highly civilized beings. What effected the change of the old Grecian game played by indolent women and unschooled children and known as *oi πεντέλιθοι* (which consisted in throwing bones or stones of an oblong shape into the air and catching them on the back of the hand), into the money game played with dice? what transferred the scientific game of "draughts" of the Egyptians into the game of the abacus and tabula lusoria, in which money was generally staked? And to come to more recent times. Wherein lies the charm of roulette, baccarat, écarté, poker? Why are chess and cribbage voted slow? Why does the most righteous—save the follow-

ers of the New Methodist movement—desire to play for something more than "fun"? Why? The answer which is invariably given is, "To give the players an interest in the game." "To make it exciting." True, but that answer is a mere *petitio principii*, for unless selfishness, using the term in its proper meaning, were at the bottom, no change would have been brought about. That is a truism, and needs no arguments in support of it. The point is, why money or money's worth should be necessary, speaking generally, to make a game of chance exciting.

The reason, although not complimentary to the virtuous man, is evident, and consists of the all fascinating and universal desire, be the subject poor or rich, to obtain something which belongs to another, to get the better of another, and to walk away with the result in your pockets. The richest man will play night after night at games in which there is no element of skill, and is happy if he wins a few pounds from A., who cannot afford to lose it, and whose object in playing is gain, and is sad and bitterly querulous about his "luck" if he loses what he cannot possibly need, and so on. Should gambling be condemned then? If so, let us be consistent and abolish every trade and profession except that of the religious recluse, and let us think well before we allow that to be an exception. It is asserted that gambling never does good, but always does harm, inasmuch as it brings along with it a host of evil passions. We shall not examine that assertion now, but hope to do so in another article on the question.

We may, however, say now, that it is since the introduction of Christianity that that idea has grown up.

But "gaming" was never approved by ante-Christian era philosophers and statesmen, and a gamester was generally disliked, and not we think because gaming was in itself bad, but because he was a nuisance, a ne'er-do-weel; a man who sells sarsaparilla or other soothing mixture at the street corner in a crowded thoroughfare, is not what the Romans would term a "vir improbus," or we, a "scoundrel," but nevertheless he is "moved on," and frequently obduracy leads to the Police Court. This gives an idea of the old world notion that a public gamester was a nuisance, a burden to the com-

munity, a useless lounge; and that this was the ground of the popular dislike of gaming, philosophic condemnation and finally legislative restriction, seems to be a tenable deduction from the history of the Past.

The first ruler that acknowledged that gaming was bad in itself was the Christian Justinian, who lived in the sixth century A.D.; and at the present day we have a small body of people who have advanced on the "old immoral idea," and boldly maintain that to game is to steal, and therefore directly forbidden by the word of God. The power of the Church was ever exerted to suppress gambling, and canons and decrees of Councils innumerable have attacked the vicious pastime. To give an example: the Council of Eliberis, A.D. 305, forbade any of the faithful to play "at dice" for money, under penalty of excommunication. But in all these cases, the reason was the attendant evils of gambling. It was immoral, and therefore opposed to the unwritten law of God, and the Utilitarian would have added, as his more exact antitype does now, "It is bad, because it affects prejudicially the temporal weal of the people," the tendency of the aleator to become *vir nequissimus* of the *κυβερτής* to develop into the *φληγής*, the joueur into the "chevalier d'industrie," the gamester into the cheat, are sufficient grounds on which to base legislative interference. To examine critically these so-called "grounds" would be outside the limits of this essay, but it is necessary to state them for the proper understanding of the subject.

During the Middle Ages, gaming became a more and more fashionable form of amusement, and we find in the records that the vice (*sic*) was greatly indulged in by the clergy. Not only that, but in the fifteenth century we read of an abbess being tried by the ecclesiastical authorities for having systematically "gamed" in her convent; she pleaded—it is curious to note—guilty to the fact, but demurred that neither the law nor the rules of the sisterhood obliged her to abstain from her favorite pleasure. She was, however, only acquitted on giving a promise that she would game no more. In England, we find that in the fourteenth century, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress gave two dicing entertainments, when they, in their high official capacity, held the tables

against all comers. The latter-day holders of those offices will not improbably be surprised to hear this. Gaming was more extensively carried on in that early period in England, France, and Italy, and the dice were in constant requisition. In the fourteenth century a great fillip was given to gaming by the introduction into Europe of playing-cards. The exact date of the importation is not known, but the earliest unquestionable evidence of their European existence is to be found in the "Diary of Accounts of Charbot Poupart," who was the treasurer of the household of Charles VI of France. The diary is for 1392 or 1393, and the entry runs as follows:—"Donne a Jacquemin Gringonneur, peintre pour trois jeux de cartes, à or et à diverses couleurs, ornés de plusieurs devises, pour porter devers de Seigneur Roi, pour son ébatement, cinquante six sols parisis." This refers to painting, or as it is termed, "illuminating" cards, and not to their introduction.

Cards came into general use in England and Europe at the end of the fourteenth century, and there is fairly satisfactory evidence to warrant the belief that they were brought from Arabia into Viterbo in 1379; the date of their invention is not even approximately known, but Indians, French, Germans, and Chinese have *inter alios* been credited as the inventors. The English have never attained that distinction. Whatever their origin, cards became speedily very popular in Europe, and the demand for them was so great that card-making became established as an important trade in France and the Netherlands. We also find that in the reign of Edward IV. a law was enacted forbidding the importation into England of playing-cards, on the ground of the decay of the card-making trade in this country. This was protection with a vengeance, but it failed to accomplish its object, as cards kept coming in in thicker shoals every year.

But France is the home of "cards;" the French have always been gamblers, and are the proud inventors of many games, whose only merit is the absence of the element of skill. What we think may be rightly termed the national game is "écarté." Here, indeed, we are face to face with a game which only "Frenchmen can play." "It is a game of skill." "Englishmen never know when to 'pro-

pose." This is what is said; but it seems to us that an infant could turn up the "king" and score one out of the five points required, and a tyro in card-gaming, provided he knew the value of the pips, could count his chances of defeating his opponent as well in "écarté" as in Napoleon, euchre, baccarat, and poker, all of which are "unlawful" games. The English have the one game in which cards count little and skill everything. Whist is a thoroughly intellectual game, in which proficiency demands something more than guesswork and physical action. It is in every respect an English game, whether we know it as triumph, trumps, ruff and honors, whisk (which name was given it in the seventeenth century) or whist, it is a home-grown product. Although money stakes are played for, and those stakes are somewhat large at times, it cannot properly be styled a "gaming medium." Minerva and not Fortuna is its patron goddess. It is a game of chance, of course, speaking strictly, but in the popular acceptance of the words it would be correct to call it a science, and, finally, it should be said that it is a game which has never found favor with gamblers. The other pre-eminent game of skill, and skill only, is chess, which is the most ancient game known—save draughts, out of which it appears to have grown—being of Egyptian origin. Backgammon, another ancient game, was probably derived from the Greek game played with the *αστραγάλος* and the *πλίνθιον*.

In modern Europe gaming has lost its once high position, and is being rapidly supplanted by "betting." In ancient times, the Middle Ages, and the modern world, gaming was scouted by practical statesmen, philosophers, politico-economists, moralists, and finally by the religious on account of its intrinsic badness; and now we have arrived at a time when in France, Germany, and, we believe, Italy, and certainly in England, public gaming is a penal offence; when in all probability private gaming will be soon a crime, and when the brains of many are at work to secure the suppression of betting. Gambling is now not only a vice but a sin. Whether human nature will give up gambling is problematical, but assuredly in the halcyon days of the Socialist paradise on earth, people will abolish a form of amusement which might by chance—to say the

least of it—temporarily annoy a fellow-creature.

Monte Carlo is the last refuge of public gaming, but it is likely that it will, with the other European gaming resorts now defunct, be able to date its extinction in the nineteenth century. Germany, whose natives have never been heavy gamblers, has started on its "Horse-racing," and consequently "betting" career, and it will be interesting to note how the phlegmatic and steady-going Germans will endure this assault on their moral nature. They have resisted the gaming table with its allurements. Systems are not sufficiently infallible for the German, who is either practical to a fault or transcendental to the last degree; they have spent their force and in vain. We wonder how the Fatherland will fare with the Bookmakers! In Russia the "higher class" is addicted to gaming, but the mass of the people know nothing of it.

Until recently, gambling in England was almost exclusively the sport of the wealthy, but now it has, through the instrumentality of horse-racing, become a popular passion. Whatever may be said to the contrary, we maintain that the people of this country look upon gambling with no aversion. There are, it is true, a large section of the community who detest it, and ask the aid of the legislature to put it down entirely, but they are in a large minority. Gamblers increase their numbers daily, and are a large and vigorous body; they are not composed of the members of one particular class, but include the richest and the poorest. It has been said that no Londoner is so poor as to be unable to pay for admission to a theatre, and it may with even more truth be stated that no man is too poor to bet. This fact has served the economist as a text for a long time, and in another article we hope to be able to examine the arguments on which he relies to prove the case for "Legislative Interference." We have now to state the facts, and not to discuss the bearing of these facts on the inner life of the people.

We are told by competent authorities that "heavy betting," by which is meant the staking of large sums of money against the money of another on an uncertain event, generally the result of a horse race, is a thing of the past, but also, that with the quality of the transaction the quantity

has changed. Thousands of small bets take the place of the large wager of fifty years ago.

It would be interesting to know how many people paid or received money over a race like the Derby or Cesarewitch. Perhaps some day the National Vigilance Society will apply for a Royal Commission to inquire into the matter, and then we shall know something more of the exact state of things. In the meantime we must be content to obtain our knowledge from any trustworthy authority, and in consequence obtain but little. One fact only is certain, and that is, that gambling is largely on the increase.

A word on the English law affecting gambling. In the reign of Henry VIII. an Act of Parliament was passed which subjected to penalties any one keeping, and any one resorting to, a house at which unlawful games are played. Another clause forbids laborers, artificers, *et hoc genus omne*, to play at unlawful games anywhere. Among the games prohibited are tennis and bowls. This was the most important statute, which practically consolidated preceding statutes. In this Act is found in plain colors a mention of the distinction which Parliament has ever made in dealing with this subject between rich and poor. The object of the statute was not the elevation and conservation of public morality, but the "maintenance of archery." Soldiers must be obtained, the duty of the poor is to learn to fight. The rich can do what they wish, provided that they do not indulge in practices which amount to a public nuisance. It was not until the time of the Georges that the public health was advanced as the reason for the prohibition of gambling. On this ground "common betting houses" are denounced and threatened with "the law,"

but clubs such as Tattersalls proudly repose under the protection of legislative enactment. Again, this is the reason why the boy who plays pitch-and-toss in the street is treated as a rogue and imprisoned, but the layer of the odds "to a thousand" is respected and held harmless.

Very lately, an attempt has been made without success to suppress the gaming saloons of the wealthy and powerful; but the law has been invoked only to discover that it is at present totally unable to cope with the situation. This will suffice to give a general idea of the genius of our law affecting gamblers. The New Morality (which has been termed by a well-known minister who so unfortunately therein betrayed his ignorance of the history of morals "the old morality also") movement is approaching the gambler, and sooner or later a desperate battle will be waged; which party will emerge from the contest victorious is not for any one man to suggest without adducing valid reasons, but we may remind the apostles of that movement, that in order to accomplish their desired end, namely, the extinction of gambling, they will be compelled to make horse-racing a penal offence, gaming a heavily punished felony, and also will be bound to turn their attention to the Stock Exchange.

Horse-racing without betting is impossible, for if betting is not the *causa causans* of horse-racing, it undoubtedly is, the *causa sine qua non*, and if it be sought to suppress betting, leaving horse-racing untouched, England will be unable to supply the numerous spies and informers necessary, and the limited extent of land which is called the "United Kingdom," will groan beneath the weight of prisons.—*Westminster Review*.

MOLTKE AS A MAN OF LETTERS.

BY HAROLD A. PERRY.

THE life and labors of Count Moltke will provide themes for writers of many nationalities for a long time to come. Characters of such various excellence are rare indeed. In him met the patriot, the soldier, the traveller, the omnivorous reader, the untiring student, the master

of literary style, the devoted husband, the simple and high-minded gentleman. The peculiar circumstances of his country have naturally brought his military genius into a prominence greater than that vouchsafed to his other qualities. Yet every side of his character contributed its own share to

the singular completeness of his public services. To have shattered the bullying militarism of France was to Moltke no mere strategical triumph. It was the end of German servitude, the end of divided counsels, the end of a situation in which one German prince made mean bargains with the common enemy, while another was consumed with patriotic shame. Englishmen above all, despite the lessons of five hundred years' war with France, need to be reminded of these facts. The silver streak of the Channel, as yet unbridged and untunnelled, has, no doubt, proved a safer defence than the Rhine. Yet throughout the world, from Newfoundland to the Pacific, England is beset by French "claims" which generally derive peculiar acidity from their connection with some ancient French defeat. To Moltke, who was born in the days of Germany's shame, her emancipation was a high and holy work. The native of a country which centuries of French aggression had covered with ruins, and whose people long subjection to the will of France had largely denationalized, could have but small occasion to think of himself more highly than he ought to think. Here lies perhaps the secret both of Moltke's modesty and of his silent concentration on the task before him. It is true that recent French commentators see in this side of his character little beyond "the ferocity of a pietist who looks on war as a divine institution." * We see in it rather a recognition that the highest human gifts, the rarest professional skill, were but the means of securing the emancipation of Germany from a yoke as unnatural as it was ancient and strong. A mind so disciplined would regard success as matter not for offensive jubilation but for heartfelt gratitude. And so we learn without surprise that when the white flag appeared on the walls of Sedan, Moltke exclaimed that now perhaps the Reichstag would vote adequate supplies for the national defence. It would argue small knowledge of French ways of thought to marvel at the writer in the *République Française* who censures Moltke's "ignorance of the poetry of war." Had a French marshal had the chance of standing under similar conditions before Mainz or Ehrenbreitstein his comments would, no

doubt, have been of a highly poetical nature.

Moltke's military work and his general labors in the cause of German unity will, we repeat, be amply dealt with by soldiers and politicians. At the date of his death half a dozen accounts of his life were already in existence. In time to come the history of his campaigns will long form a subject for elaborate technical comment. His own laborious methods are open to every soldier, though in other hands they may compass but a modest share of his practical success. His political work, again, is likely to retain an enduring interest for the patriots of every country. His deep study of the national needs, his untiring advocacy of every measure, however unpopular, which tended to the strength and independence of Germany, the humble devotion of his great genius to the public service—these are examples for imitation by Englishmen as well as Germans. In these few pages neither the soldier nor the statesman will be discussed, but the man as he showed himself in days of comparative obscurity to the readers of his inimitable letters from foreign countries. These writings are insufficiently known in England, owing as well to the lateness of their appearance in an English dress as to the concentration of public interest on his triumphs in the field. We find in them the same combination of serious matter with humorous comment which delights us in the pages of *Eothen*. His power of seizing the features of a new city or country, or of explaining the circumstances of a people by a rapid mental retrospect of their history, is supplemented by a power of expression which is no less remarkable. His private letters, like his military treatises, abound with descriptive paragraphs which present the results of study and experience in a form lucid, concentrated, and clear-cut as a cameo. Be the subject grave or gay, lively or severe, the reader is left under the double charm of matter and manner. Moltke's personal character stands out from every page of these confidential utterances. Here are displayed his unchanging love for friends and relations, his sympathy with distress, his worship of duty, his contempt of ostentation, his deep consciousness of the painful inequalities of human life. Here also we recognize the militant side of a character which, with

* *République Française*, April 26th, 1891.

just a tinge of insular prejudice, we have set up as peculiarly English. Moltke appears as the quick determined man of action, full of resource in difficulty, and alive to the ridiculous side even of a loss or failure.

The German officer, with all his undeniable bravery, self-control, and industry, is not a popular person in this country. The ordinary British civilian knows him, or rather imagines him, as a stiff, narrow pedant, filled with a belated feudal arrogance and with contempt for the humbler classes of his own and every other country. Notions such as these may perhaps be modified by study of the mind of one who was for a whole generation greatest among these decried warriors. "It is impossible," said *The Times*, when commenting on Moltke's death, "that a mind and a character of this kind should have been so long dominant in the German army, and so long respected among the German people, without leaving a deep mark on the rising generation."

Moltke's Letters from foreign countries belong to three periods of time. His *Letters from Turkey* were written during the years 1835 to 1839 to his sister, Mrs. Burt. In the last of these years he joined the staff of the Turkish army opposed to the forces of Mehemet Ali the rebel Viceroy of Egypt, and his valiant son Ibrahim Pasha. Second in order come his *Wanderings about Rome*, which he wrote while holding the position of Adjutant to Prince Henry of Prussia from 1845 to 1846. On the Prince's death in 1846 he paid a flying visit to Spain and wrote his *Spanish Diary*, which records the disgust inspired in him by the only bull-fight that he ever witnessed. The third division of his Letters belongs to the year 1856, the year of the Peace of Paris. In the month of August he attended Prince Frederick William of Prussia (the late Emperor Frederick III.) to the Coronation of the Czar Alexander II. at St. Petersburg. The *Letters from Russia* which described his experiences, were addressed to his English wife, Mrs. Burt's step-daughter, to whom he had been married since 1842. He next visited England with the Prince, who was, two years later, to become our Queen's son-in-law. In 1858 and 1861 he was again in England. No student of Moltke's works can have failed to observe the frequency of

his references to the history and political and social conditions of our country. In Asiatic Turkey he praises Colonel Chesney for his "glorious failure" to establish steam-communication with India by the Euphrates Valley, and he announces to his wife that his own surveys now form a continuation of those made by that illustrious officer. In discussing the Turkish views of Western dress he quotes Morier's *Hajji Baba*. From Malatiah, which possessed no carriage, he writes that the most wretched vehicle would be here "like Queen Victoria's coronation coach." In Russia, the architecture of English manor-houses, the dome of St. Paul's, the drawing-rooms at St. James's Palace, the "natural velvet of the Windsor turf," the origin and national position of the English nobility, the wages of English laborers, are among the parallels which he employs in the relation of the motley sights and circumstances surrounding him.

From England he accompanied his Prince to Paris, where he spent ten days. Brief as are the comments of his *Letters from Paris* on a sojourn mainly occupied in pleasure, it is abundantly clear that he doubted the stability of the Second Empire. "You must read between the lines of my letters," he tells his correspondent. "Matters here are not in a normal condition. But it would be difficult to specify anything that needs amendment in the actual circumstances. Nobody can be his own grandson, and the position of the founder of a new dynasty differs much from that of the heir of an array of legitimate predecessors. One has only to keep to the old course; the other has to open out new paths, and infinitely more depends on his personality." Such are the sources whence we propose to draw our illustrations of some points in Moltke's mind and character. His own words, though in an English dress, will best attest his humor, his good feeling, his powers of perception and description, and his large share of that knowledge of the Asiatic character with which Englishmen have achieved such marvels throughout the East.

Here is a description of the Roman Campagna in 1846:—"This waste Campagna has an indescribable charm of its own. It is the home of contrasts, of a past filled with the richest life, and of a present buried in the deepest silence.

The castle of the Gaetani cleaves to Metella's grave, and the dome of Michael Angelo rises above Nero's Circus. The graves of Christian martyrs lie side by side with heathen columbaria, and modern high-roads pass through the arches of ancient aqueducts. The thunder-stricken oak of Tasso looks down from yonder hills where Pyrrhus encamped. Steamers cut the flood of yellow Tiber, and soon railway trains will rush through the fields which once bore triumphal cars." In the same year Moltke visited La Carolina, near Cordova, where he found a German colony which aroused in him some bitter reflections. "It was like passing suddenly into a different country, for the people had fair hair and honest square German faces. This is a colony of Swabians which Olivarez, the best of Spanish statesmen, settled here last century to increase the population of the Sierra Morena. Not a soul of them had retained a word of German, for our people are everywhere the best of settlers, the quietest of subjects, the most industrious of laborers, but they cease to be Germans. They are Frenchmen in Alsace, Russians in Courland, Americans on the Mississippi, and Spaniards in the Sierra Morena. Yes! they are ashamed of their own dismembered and impotent country!"

Moltke's Russian visit gave ample scope to his powers of description. Here is a portrait of Alexander II., then the centre of a gorgeous ceremonial, and whose mangled remains Moltke was to see committed to the grave in 1881. "The Czar made a very pleasant impression on me. He possesses neither the classic beauty nor the marble severity of his father, Nicholas, but he is a singularly handsome man with a majestic bearing. He looks somewhat worn, and one is tempted to believe that events have marked his noble features with that gravity which conflicts with the benevolent expression of his great eyes. . . . Upon his accession he found Europe in arms against him, and within his own boundless empire he has yet to carry out reforms which need the firmest of hands. Could he then meet his mighty task otherwise than seriously?"

In a few lines he sketches the history of the growth of St. Petersburg:—"Two centuries ago no inhabitant of Europe had ever heard of the Neva. The river had flowed for thousands of years through un-

trodden forests. It bore no vessel on its back, the Finnish hunters alone ranged now and then along its banks. Now, the Neva is famous throughout the world, it is one of the main arteries of the Russian empire, it bears fleets of merchantmen, and provides half a million of human beings with their daily drinking water. It yields the only available clear water, that of all the wells is brown and unfit to drink. It is true that the river also constitutes a permanent danger to the city. The Gulf of Finland narrows like a funnel in the direction of St. Petersburg. A strong west wind drives the sea violently into this gut, the river water is forced back and the course of the Neva is reversed. If this happens when the ice is in motion the danger is increased. The islands are flooded first of all, then the water pours over the breastwork of the walled embankments and everything is submerged, as the highest point of the city is only fifteen feet above sea-level. In 1824 the floods reached the second stories of the houses. Many people were drowned, and the epidemics, caused by a dampness which nothing could remove, raged for a very long time. No town with a historical development would have been built in so defenceless a position. But the iron-willed Czar wished it to be there, and so succeeding generations had to bear the consequences."

With still fewer touches Moscow is thus brought before us. "When from the lofty terrace of the Kremlin I survey this enormous city, the white houses with roofs of bright green, and surrounded by dark trees, the high towers and innumerable churches with gilded domes, I think of the views of Prague from the Hradschin, of Pesth from Buda, or of Palermo from Monte Reale. Yet here everything is different, and as for the Kremlin, the centre of all this world, there is nothing with which you could compare it. These white battlemented walls, fifty or sixty feet high, the huge towered gates, the mighty palace of the old Czars, the palace of the Patriarch, the bell-tower of Ivan Veliki, and the many quaint churches—these form a whole which cannot be found elsewhere in the world."

Here again is a dip into the past days of Russian subjection to the Tartars:—"In the evening I drove to Petroskoi. . . . This fortress, painted red and white, with its lights falling through lofty win-

dows on the dark forest below, is like some fabulous structure in the *Arabian Nights*. In this country every monastery and castle is fortified. They constituted the only points which could be held when the Golden Horde came rushing on with its twenty or thirty thousand horsemen and devastated all the flat country. Long after their yoke had been broken, the Tartars in their Khanate of the Crimea were terrible enemies. The watchmen gazed unceasingly from the summit of the Kremlin toward the wide plain to the south, and when the dust-clouds arose there and the great bell of Ivan Veliki sounded the alarm, then every human being fled behind the walls of the Kremlin or of the monasteries, against which the fury of the mounted hordes dashed fruitlessly and broke. In the monasteries the Christianity, the learning, and the civilization of Russia found safety, and from them in later times proceeded her liberation from the rule of Mongols and Poles."

Nothing in Russia impressed Moltke more strongly than the devoted submissiveness of the people, whether soldiers or civilians. "The Russian," he writes, "must positively have a master; if he has none, he sets himself to find one. Each community chooses its *Starost*, or elder, from its white-haired men, else it would be like a swarm of bees without a queen. 'Our land is good, but we have nobody over us. Come and rule us.' Thus ran the message of the Russian commons to Rurik the Varangian. . . . And so it is with the Russian soldier. Without his captain he would be in deadly perplexity. Who would think for him, lead him, or punish him? His captain may possibly defraud him of his due or ill-treat him in anger, but nevertheless he loves him better than he would a German officer whose punishments are just and well-considered. If a European soldier were to see his non-commissioned officer drunk, discipline would become impossible; but the Russian puts him to bed, wipes him clean, and obeys him as faithfully as ever on the morrow when his fit is over."

The following extract deals with a humble personage whose lot remained unaffected by the glories of his Czar's coronation. On entering the army he had ceased to be a serf and so lost forever the right to be maintained by his owner. He had now been discharged without a pen-

sion:—"To-day a discharged soldier, crippled at Sebastopol, asked me for alms. . . . Here was a man who, but a few months back, had bled for his country, and was now begging—begging in full sight of the Kremlin, the heart of this empire which owes its very existence to its faithful, God-fearing, brave, and patient soldiers. Surely these devoted sufferers must be heirs of Paradise. The newly-made freeman with his long gray cloak and humbly bared head went off into the wide world of Holy Russia, and we—drove in the Czar's carriage to a magnificent dinner." A similar passage occurs in Moltke's description of the Kurdish campaign of 1838:—"At the gate of the captured fort I met a Kurd who was carrying his wounded brother. The poor fellow had been shot in the leg, and his bearer told me that his agony had already lasted a week. I sent for the surgeon, who said, 'Why, the man is only a Kurd!' He repeated this remark several times and with a raised voice, as though to say, 'Don't you see that your request is mere folly?' Now it is simply disgraceful to send 3,000 men into the field attended by one ignorant barber. One of our gunners was run over eight days ago, and even to-day not a soul knows whether his leg is broken or merely contused. Meanwhile the man lies helpless in his tent. This condition of the surgical service will, I hope, make Hafiz Pasha apply to the Seraskier. . . . Before the Turks have instituted their botanical garden and their high school at Galata Serai they will have lost hundreds of their best and most willing soldiers."

Most of the subsequent passages illustrate Moltke's singular appreciation of a humorous speech or situation:—"The common Turk cannot imagine why his Sultan should take the trouble to turn himself into a Giaour, and still cherishes the belief that the Elchis, or foreign ambassadors, have only come to beg the Padishah to confer a crown on their kings. 'Why,' said a mollah in the meeting at Biredjik, 'should not ten thousand Osmanlis mount their horses to-day and ride to Moscow with a firm trust in Allah and their sharp swords?' 'Why not, indeed?' answered a Turkish officer, 'so long as their passports are countersigned at the Russian Embassy.' This officer was Reshid Bey, who was educated in

Europe, but he spoke in French—a language in which he could say anything, for not a soul understood him.”

Moltke was terribly hampered in one of his journeys by the slowness and indolence of the Turkish official who accompanied him. “Without your champagne,” he writes, “I should never have towed my fat Effendi so fast from Samsun to Karput. I always held out to him the prospect of a *Gumushbashi*, or ‘Silver-Head,’ if he rode well and we reached our quarters for the night. On a starry night,” he continues, “I was standing on the ruins of the old Roman fortress of Zeugma. Deep down in a rocky ravine below me glittered the Euphrates, and the sound of its waters filled the peaceful evening. There did I see Cyrus and Alexander, Xenophon, Cæsar, and Julian pass by me in the moonlight; from this very point had they seen the empire of Chosroes’ dynasty across the river, and seen it exactly as I saw it, for here nature is of stone and unchangeable. So I determined to sacrifice to the memory of the great Roman people those golden grapes which they first introduced into Gaul, and which I had carried from the western to the eastern frontier of their broad empire. I hurled down the bottle which dived, danced, and slipped down the stream toward the Indian Ocean. You will be right, however, in surmising that I had first—emptied it. . . . That bottle had only one fault—it was the last I had.”

The following conversation will remind many of the interview between Kinglake’s British traveller and the Pasha:—“ . . . The next night I slept in the tent of a Turcoman chief. . . . After I had made myself as comfortable as I could, the chief, Osman Bey, came in and gave me a friendly greeting. When the influence of coffee and pipes had dispelled the silence in which such visits always begin, he asked for news from my Cimmerian home, much as we should question an inhabitant of the moon were he to fall like an aerolite on our planet. ‘Had we got the sea with us?’ ‘Yes, and we take walks on it in the winter.’ ‘Did we grow much tobacco?’ ‘We fetched most of it from the New World.’ ‘Was it true that we cut off the ears and tails of our horses?’ ‘No, we only cut their tails.’ ‘Had we springs of flowing water?’ ‘Yes, except during a frost.’

‘Had we any camels?’ ‘Yes, but they were only shown for money.’ ‘Did we grow lemons?’ ‘No.’ ‘Had we many buffaloes?’ ‘No.’ He was nearly asking me whether the sun shone with us or whether we had nothing but gas. Meanwhile, and with a muttered ‘Allah! Allah!’ he suppressed the remark that my country must have been originally meant for polar bears.”

At Nevsher, on the Kizil-Irmak, a personage named Kara Jehenna, or Black Hell, who had taken a leading part in the massacre of the Janissaries in 1826, refused either to receive Moltke or to give him horses. “I settled matters by walking straight up into his room, where his Hellish Majesty and I met like two men who are equally anxious to surrender no part of their dignity. . . . I took no notice of his presence, had my heavy boots pulled off by my servants, and then, covered as I was with every variety of soil, I marched up to the best seat in the room. It was only then that I saluted my host who, in order to give me a taste of his European manners, answered ‘Addio!’ . . . ‘What have you heard about me?’ said he. ‘That you are a good gunner and are called Black Hell.’ It is not every one who would have taken this infernal sobriquet as a compliment, but it won my friend’s heart. Breakfast and coffee were at once provided, and, in addition, most excellent horses, to the great delight of my Tartar.” At Constantinople Moltke overheard some Turkish ladies criticising a party of Jewesses sitting near them in the Valley of Sweet Waters. “ . . . The ladies were much shocked by the indecent exposure permitted by the Jewish veils, which actually showed the face from the eyebrows to the upper lip, and also by the fact that the she-infidels were drinking brandy. ‘Is that propriety?’ asked a broad dame. ‘Any decent woman would confine herself to a cup of coffee, a pipe of tobacco, *et voilà tout!*’ I mention this for the information of ladies at home.”

There were comic points even in the magnificent ceremonials of the Russian coronation:—“ . . . After the Great bell of Ivan had recorded the hour, two richly-dressed heralds, with golden staves, tabards and helmets, issued from the Gate of the Redeemer . . . it was a great pity that one of them wore spectacles on his

nose." Again at a service in the Chapel of Peterhof :—"The choir chanted a piece of the most impressive kind with a skill that was matchless. Composition and execution were alike unsurpassable. To my abject despair, a venerable Excellency behind me joined in the singing and was always out of tune, *sotto voce* it is true, but quite loud enough for my ears." A little later :—"We drove to the beautiful Smolnoi Church . . . near it are several palatial buildings for the reception of spinsters of noble birth. As, however, the youngest of them is, and indeed must be, forty years we did not stay there very long. . . ." Again :—"The fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul is said to contain the huge cash reserves which form the security for the paper money in circulation. . . . But I did not count them."

It is difficult to part from Moltke's Letters without citing the passage which he devotes to the Mosque of St. Sophia, and with which I shall conclude. Here again Kinglake's immortal description of the Sphinx presents a singular parallel in spirit and dignity :—"Memories cluster thick-

est about the temple which Constantine erected to the Divine Wisdom, and which still raises its limestone walls and leaden domes high above the last hill between the Propontis and the Golden Horn. There she still stands, the ancient Sophia. Like a venerable dame in a white robe and with her gray head resting on her mighty crutches, she gazes over the crowds that throng about her in the present, away to the land and sea in the distance. Deserted by her champions and her children, this Christian of a thousand years was forcibly converted to Islam. But she turns away from the grave of the Prophet and looks to the east at the face of the rising sun, to the south toward Ephesus, Antioch, Alexandria, Corinth, and the Redeemer's Grave, to the west which deserted her, and to the north whence she expects her deliverance. Fire and siege, riot, civil war and fanatical destruction, earthquakes, storms, and tempests have broken their strength against these walls which have received Christian, Heathen, and Moham-medan emperors beneath their arches." —*Macmillan's Magazine*.

JENNY LIND.*

BY REV. H. R. HAWEIS.

A LIFE of more ideal completeness than that of Jenny Lind it is hardly possible to imagine. All its aims were worthy ; all were achieved ; rise, development, progress, culmination, immense gifts, numerous opportunities, a great example of honest work and spotless integrity, and a splendid legacy of benefactions innumerable, in the shape of hospitals, schools, and institutes, founded by her own unaided efforts, in addition to unknown and unnumbered private bounties ;—such is the record of Jenny Lind's life, and it has assuredly not been written in vain.

The phases of this unique career seem to follow each other with an almost dramatic propriety and scenic completeness. She appears to us on her way attended by the clamor, and heat, and vociferous applause of the surging multitude. But she moves like one all robed in white—a

saintly presence, inspired, somnambulist, and unconscious of the lower world—with eyes raised heavenward, absorbed only in her most perfect and all-purifying work ; passing through a troubled and polluted world of chicanery and lust—as a beam of sunlight passes into the depths of foul and noisome caverns, yet without contracting any stain. She seems to me at once the most real and the most ideal creature ever born. I can see the little plain girl of nine years old, with her sensitive face and spare figure—shrinking, suspicious, not kindly treated at home, but ever singing to herself and her cat "with the blue ribbon," both seated in the deep window niche. The passers-by stop to listen ; the good Herr Crælius, Court singing-master, is attracted, will have her officially trained. Behold, the incredulous and severe Herr Puke, who will hardly consent to listen to the little girl, and then bursts out crying at the exquisite pathos of the child's voice. What a gift of tears, what

* An excerpt from the original article, the unessential portions having been omitted by the editor of THE ECLECTIC.

larmes dans le gosier she had! How many more were to cry at that voice in the coming years.

Little Jenny is at last installed as pupil at the Court Theatre, to be taught "piano, religion, French, history, geography, writing, arithmetic, and drawing," and so trained for the stage. She meets with kind people—specially her maternal grandmother, who impresses her sensitive, eager heart with that steady moral principle and those deep religious feelings which, as the years lengthened, became her most striking characteristics. At first Jenny seemed destined for the spoken drama; she was by nature a consummate actress—such abandon and spontaneity! But her extraordinary voice asserted itself irresistibly. It was said by a great critic, "If she had not been the greatest singer, she would still have been the greatest actress of the age." She was destined to be both. At eighteen, her singing-mistress listened to her in silence one day; Jenny had been doing her very best to please her, and felt disappointed at no least word of approval. "Am I then so stupid?" she said, with a little pout. "My child," said her mistress, while the tears coursed down her own cheeks, "I have nothing to teach you; do as Nature tells you!"

A crisis came early in her young life. She had much praise at Stockholm. The theatre directors already felt themselves repaid; they engaged her at a modest salary; the whole town was soon talking about her, but she was diffident—suspicious of herself. "On the 7th of May," she says, "I got up one creature, I went to bed another;" that night she had found her power, it was as "Agatha" in Weber's "Freyschütz" that she placed her foot firmly on the rung of that ladder of European fame she was about so laboriously but so triumphantly to scale. She now plunged into the full swing of an operatic career, appearing frequently in the "Vestalin," a part she considered her best—but which in England at least was discarded for "Sonnambula" and the "Daughter of the Regiment." "Zauberflöte," "Robert le Diable," "Lucia," "Norma," and almost all the other popular operas of that day afforded her opportunities for a succession of unique triumphs at the Court Theatre, Stockholm, where, by June 19th, 1841, she had appeared 447 times. All were enraptured; she alone

was dissatisfied—she alone *knew*. *She knew she could not sing*. She knew that no one in Stockholm could teach her what she wanted to learn. She could captivate, she could act, but no raptures could blind her to her own defects, nor for a moment dim the right ideal of artistic excellence which she had divined for herself.

Jenny Lind must go to Paris. Firm, patient, little toiler with the plain face, whose smile Dean Stanley likened to Dr. Pusey's, whose eyes seemed lighted with the stars, whose laugh rang out like the merry notes of woodland birds. Face, with the magic of the heart in it, full of soul-beauty which had but to show itself, and all other stage beauties disappeared, and people cried and laughed, and went mad for joy, and waited for hours, and sat up all night, to get a fleeting glimpse of it. Brave little figure, already rounded with glowing, budding womanhood, no longer so *maigre*, beautiful in every movement, transfused with the flowing grace, the poetry of motion, which is of the soul—the soul ever shining through. What was the secret of that undulating, unconscious grace that riveted all eyes whenever she appeared? What was the magnetism of those movements, so chaste, so dignified, so ideally dowered with "the eternal feminine"? No one could tell, all could feel, but none could analyze. And such an one thought it needful, being what she was, with nobles at her feet, courts thrown open to her, mobs surrounding her in the street, this little plain Stockholm girl thought it worth while, knew it to be her duty, to toil and amass a little travelling capital, to leave all her home triumphs, and go far away to Paris, and pay 20 francs an hour for lessons, and live unknown and even unappreciated, if by any means she could get Garcia, the greatest singing-master in the world, to teach her *how to sing*. That was Jenny Lind all over, obstinately indifferent to every one's opinion in high art matters but her own, utterly unmoved by praise though sensitive to blame, only bent on the highest; for her it was ever this, and only this, "we needs must love the highest when we see it."

So to Paris she came, a lonely unknown wanderer, with only the faint murmurs of her Swedish reputation behind her. What was that to a world intoxicated with Persiani, Malibran, Sontag, Grisi, and Cata-

lani? Little did Signor Garcia, when at last he consented to hear her, and she broke down in an aria from "Der Freyschütz," dream that this plain, trembling girl was destined to outshine all these stars. She came to Paris tired. She had oversung herself in her money-getting tour. She had a bad method; her voice was worn, and some notes very seriously injured.

"Mademoiselle," said the terrible Garcia, "it is useless for me to teach you; you have no voice left,"—not as is currently reported, "*vous n'avez pas de voix*," but "*vous n'avez plus de voix*."

But Jenny knew. She went back to Garcia again and again. He was moved by her earnestness. She became a docile slave. She learned to submit. She consented to rest absolutely, to study a new method, then to unlearn all the singing she knew. She filled reams of copybooks, followed out all Garcia's mandates to the letter, and thus he consented to do for her what he could.

She was satisfied. More than ever now she felt her defects, but she learned how to remove them. Not a touch of jealousy in her nature meanwhile. Inferior but better taught women took the lead of her. She admitted their right, rejoiced especially in the success of one such—"a sweet girl." She said, "I can learn all she knows, but she can never learn what I know." That again was Jenny all over: absolute consciousness of inborn power. "No one acts as I act," she said quite unaffectedly to an intimate friend. Of Garcia, after nine months of incessant work and personal obscurity, she says, "By Garcia alone have I been taught a few important things," but she added, "I sing after no one's method—the greater part of what I can do in my art I have myself acquired by incredible labor in spite of astonishing difficulties." In acting she neither sought nor required any instruction. Her acting was a kind of inspired second nature to her—*no one acts as I act*—and the age quite agreed with her.

Was Paris a disappointment to Jenny? Perhaps—yes and no? The fact that she was heard privately by Meyerbeer and one or two others on the grand Paris stage without appearing to be quite adequate, and that her occasional private singing in that spoiled capital does not at this period seem to have excited much enthusiasm,

would certainly have justified some disappointment; but the Paris atmosphere stifled her, the moral tone displeased her. "What is wanted here is *admirers*," she writes home with a sort of chaste scorn; "there I say *stop!*" "The sacrifice of honor and reputation" was too great a price to pay for operatic success in Paris, and Jenny turned away sickened from the spectacle of frivolity, greed, and corruption, and longed to get home. How she bore herself in Paris is tenderly recorded with admiration by Madame Ruffiaques, with whom she lodged. "I could scarcely have believed," said that lady with evident emotion, "such dignity of conduct possible in a young person coming to Paris alone." But a change was at hand. Jenny was now pressed to go back and accept an engagement at the Royal Theatre, Stockholm—a modest engagement of only £150 a year. But the management who had trained her from childhood had already made proof of her surprising gifts, and expected a quick return, and they got it. She gave herself joyfully, ungrudgingly, gratefully—besides, was not Stockholm her home, and was not "Home, Home, Sweet Home!"—throughout life to be to her the most sacred of all words. "Land of my birth," she exclaimed; "oh! that I could one day show how dear thou art to me." According to a custom not uncommon in Sweden, she now assumed the position of a young girl acting on her own responsibility, and adopted a state guardian in the person of that excellent counsellor, Herr Munthe, who advised her wisely as long as he lived, and kept all her precious letters, which were found in a packet after his death, labelled "The Mirror of a Noble Soul."

After a steady round of operas at Stockholm, which served to settle her style, and fully proved the extent of her obligations to Garcia, who had helped her to add to the high priesthood of Nature the high priesthood of Art, Jenny made a triumphant tour through Denmark—meeting among other celebrities Hans Andersen and Geiger, the poet, who continually urged her to seek a wider field—"he kicked me out into the world," she used to say laughingly. She listened ever with reluctance to the voices beyond the sea, but was at last persuaded to go to Berlin. The offers made her were splendid. Meyerbeer was her enthusiastic sponsor. She

accordingly went off straight to Dresden with her aunt to study German, and prepare herself for the great ordeal in the Prussian capital. As the time approached she grew desperately nervous and restless—a profound diffidence and astonishing distrust of self alternated oddly enough in her, or rather seemed to co-exist, with a deep-seated consciousness of inborn superiority. Indeed something like despair and the most profound depression seemed to seize upon her before each of her greatest triumphs at Berlin, Vienna, and London. What if her artistic reputation, so undisputed in Sweden, where she had reigned without a rival, should wither in a moment in the air still laden with the incense offered to Sontag and Malibran. A few days set the matter at rest. She did not appear at first in the part of Vielka (“Camp in Silesia”), destined for her by Meyerbeer, as she found it had been promised to some one else as well—but her appearance in “Norma,” although it gave rise to endless controversies, and directly traversed Grisi’s canonized conception of the rôle—was a veritable triumph. The sequel is almost historical, and it certainly forms one of the most singular episodes in the history of musical art. I can but glance at the oft-told tale; how one night the excitement in the Berlin opera-house reached to a frantic pitch—how the British ambassador received the young prima between the acts in his box, where, surrounded by members of the Berlin aristocracy, she found herself suddenly face to face with Mr. Bunn, the Drury Lane manager, whose overtures she had persistently declined—how under immediate pressure from Lord Westmoreland, our diplomatic representative, she was induced then and there to put her name to a contract with Bunn, in which she undertook to sing at Drury Lane—and then all the infinite annoyance and vexations which followed on her inability or unwillingness to fulfil the contract—and how she subsequently two years afterward sang in London, not at Drury Lane for Mr. Bunn, but at Her Majesty’s for Mr. Lumley—into all this tangled story I have no mind to enter here—it is fully gone into, chapter and verse, in vol. ii., from which it plainly appears that there was no *mala fides* on the part of Jenny Lind, and that if she erred, it was from inexperience at first and generosity afterward.

Bunn offered her £50 a night, which seemed to her a great deal then; but as he had paid Malibran £125 a night *in advance*, and had given her £5200 for forty nights in 1833, Bunn’s proposal to Jenny Lind, whose attraction proved to be greater than Malibran’s, was far from liberal, although she did not decline it on that account, but simply because she had a rooted objection to London, and found it impossible to learn English in the time.

In 1845 Jenny Lind first met our Queen and Prince Albert at the Bonn Beethoven Festival. The Queen was instantly struck with her supreme talent, and expressed a wish to see her in England. Jenny’s progress through Germany was everywhere accompanied by the most singular demonstrations. People hung about the streets in crowds to catch a sight of her. Wherever she sang the prices went up, her hotels were besieged, the horses were taken out of her carriage, and she was constantly being dragged in state. The police, and even the cavalry, had to be called out. On one occasion, she had to stay nearly all night at the theatre, because the crowds waiting outside to see her come out rendered the streets dangerous, and nothing short of brute force would induce them to disperse. What was soon known throughout Europe as the “Jenny Lind mania,” seemed to seize upon the whole population of a town when she entered it, and all this time, Jenny herself was devoured by the intense longing to hide away:—“*Moi qui veut toujours être la dernière*,” as she said to Mrs. Grote. There was never any change in this extraordinary girl, she remained absolutely unaffected, simple and unspoiled in the midst of this frantic and unparalleled homage. What is more extraordinary still is that on approaching Vienna she was overcome with her old stage nervousness, and profound sense of unfitness to appear in so large a theatre. There was no affectation about this; Mendelssohn foresaw it, and wrote to Hauser, afterward Director of the Munich Conservatoire, to stand by her with sound advice and encouragement.

Down to the last she dreaded new publics, and she was, as far back as 1844, bent upon retiring from the operatic stage altogether. She had a passionate love of dramatic art, a lofty conception of the powers and possibilities of the stage—she

even broke off her engagement with a young man whose family prejudices seemed to her to cast a slur upon her profession as an actress—but the actual environments of the theatre, the low moral tone, the intrigue, the jealousies of stage life, were profoundly distasteful to her, and the downright exhaustion from excitement, late hours, stifling atmosphere, and long rehearsals tried her abnormally sensitive nervous system severely. She did not like crowds, she did not care for applause; she loved woods and water, and the quiet peace of country life. To wander among the hills, hand in hand with some friend—that was her paradise. She dreamed of a home of her own, too, sometimes. She called her stage life “roofless and lonely.” She was domestic and simple in her real tastes, ate and drank sparingly, took no wine, and at one time neither tea nor coffee. She had her own definite ideas about her future. She would get together a little money, enough to keep herself and her mother in comfort at Stockholm, and then enjoy the luxury of singing for charities, and helping the suffering and forlorn for the rest of her life. Her genius she fully recognized as a sacred trust—something that had been given her by God, to be used for His glory and the good of man. But to London she would not go, on that she was determined. She was sure they would not like her, and she did not want a new sphere even if they did. It was in 1846 that, after being besieged in vain by Lumley, of Her Majesty’s Theatre, and promised even higher terms than Grisi, Mendelssohn, who had been adored in England, and who brought out his “Elijah” there at the Birmingham (1846) Festival, succeeded in overcoming Jenny’s scruples. “I am going to London,” she writes, “and Mendelssohn alone was able to induce me to do so.”

Everything combined to make Jenny Lind’s appearance in London truly sensational, without the least effort on her part. For ten years Sweden and Germany had been singing her praises, and the galaxy of operatic stars—Grisi, Tamburini, Sontag, Lablache, and Gardoni, who had for some time ruled managers with a rod of iron—had not prevented the fame of the Swedish nightingale from reaching our shores. Even the Bunn controversy had raised expectation to the highest pitch.

At the same time, the fortunes of Her Majesty’s, Covent Garden, were down. All the stars except Lablache had quarrelled with Lumley and gone over to Drury Lane. Lumley was on the brink of ruin. Where was the counterpoise to balance the attractions of Grisi, Mario, Alboni, and Tamburini? Lumley believed that the incomparable Jenny alone was equal to the task. At last, after endless delays and hesitations—weeks of mental agony to poor Lumley, who was organizing performances to empty houses—at last she was coming. It is useless to try and picture her in words as she appeared to the critics of the period; to say she was “rather above the middle height, slender, but peculiarly graceful in figure and action; very fair, with a profusion of beautiful auburn tresses; the expression of the eyes, etc.”—all this sort of talk is futile. Her own description of herself as “broad-nosed, ugly, and *gauche*” is scarcely more helpful. When we look at her early portraits the problem seems to grow no clearer. Besides a remarkable daguerreotype in the possession of Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, there are only two portraits—one by Magnus of Berlin, in 1846, and another by Södermark of Stockholm, in 1861—which make the Jenny Lind who was just then turning all the world crazy in the least intelligible. The quiet, intelligent eyes seem, indeed, capable of a world of meaning; the very sweet and delicately pencilled mouth is of extreme beauty; nothing can make the nose good, nor is the forehead high, though the head is finely moulded. The arms and neck are well rounded, the pose exceedingly graceful, and every line of the body, as far as it can be defined, is harmonious; but all that is not Jenny Lind.

To characterize her voice is equally impossible. Mendelssohn, who had heard everybody, said she was the greatest artist he had ever known. Sontag, whose voice was said to be naturally rounder and fuller, praised her to the skies. Lablache thought her incomparable. In listening to one of her wonderful cadenzas on a certain occasion, the open-mouthed band were so electrified that they forgot to come in, and Mendelssohn, who was wielding the bâton, instead of getting into a rage, burst out laughing. The hardened old maestro, Guhr, at the close of a scene in “Sonnambula,” threw away

his stick and burst into tears, and tears were often seen streaming down Balfe's face when he conducted the "Figlia del Regimento" at Covent Garden. Her shake held people breathless; her *voix voilée* seemed to carry them up to the stars. I remember her singing Sullivan's setting of George Herbert's "Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright." The dream-like echoes of the notes still linger in my ear; it was something unearthly—far away; like the cry of a wild bird lost in the sunset. To say that she had a soprano *dramatico* and soprano *sfogato* in one—that her compass extended from B below to G on fourth line above, may be very true, but Queen Victoria said the best thing when she declared that the "charm" of Jenny's voice was "quite indescribable," and so we had better leave it alone.

On the 16th of April 1847 (the year of his death), Mendelssohn was walking up and down the western side of Belgrave Square one afternoon, watching the house of Mr. Grote in Eccleston Street. At last a four-wheeled cab drove up, and a plainly dressed, tired-looking girl alighted with her maid; but she brightened up at the sight of Mendelssohn. Mrs. Grote thought she looked scared and tired; but that very night she accompanied her hostess to Her Majesty's Theatre. Presently Mr. Lumley came into the box on the grand tier; very soon all the house knew that Jenny Lind was there. Lablache was singing in the "Puritani," but few people present that night attended to anything but the retiring figure who sat a little in the shade, and whispered to Mrs. Grote as she watched the efforts of the prima donna, "I think I can do as well as that and perhaps a little better." But days went on and the fortunes of Lumley and Her Majesty's kept very low, and still Jenny would not attend a rehearsal. Strange, inscrutable temperament. She had come over at an enormous salary on purpose to appear, and now she only craved to be let off. She said she was frightened of Lablache, who afterward became her staunch adviser and friend. "He is a father to us all," she once said. She was alarmed at the size of the house, alarmed at the public, terrified at Bunn, who threatened to prosecute her, afraid of herself. When at last she learned that Lumley was on the point of ruin, she yielded to the combined press-

ure of Mendelssohn, Mr. Grote, Lablache, and Balfe, and consented to attend a rehearsal. From that moment she threw herself utterly into the work, was always first to come to the practices and last to leave. She electrified the band, and electrified everybody, down to the call-boys and stage carpenters, who were wild about her. Her long delay and vacillation was perhaps the finest, though quite the most unpremeditated, advertisement she could have contrived. The public curiosity was now up to fever pitch. On the night of her appearance every approach to the theatre was thronged from an early hour by a constantly increasing crowd, which soon impeded the traffic. By the time the doors were open the file of carriages seemed interminable, and then an ugly rush took place. Strong men were carried off their legs, and women were mercilessly bruised and trampled upon. In a few minutes there was not standing room in the house. The Queen, the Prince Consort, and the Duchess of Kent were in the Royal box, Mendelssohn sat in the stalls, with his friend, Mr. Grote, the historian, and all the rank and fashion in town were there that memorable night. Jenny Lind sang her favorite part of Alice in "Robert the Devil." From the first moment of her appearance the excitement went on increasing. Such art, such nature, such interest, such dignity combined, had never been seen on that stage before. The exclamations which fell from the lips of the Queen were: "What a beautiful singer!" "What an actress!" "How charming!" "I had never seen Her Majesty moved to such enthusiasm," writes Mr. Lumley; "indeed, when Jenny Lind was summoned before the curtain, the Queen with her own hands cast at the feet of the young prima donna a superb bouquet of flowers, which lay before her in the Royal box." Lablache speaking to Her Majesty afterward, observed: "I must say that I never heard anything like it before." From this moment the triumph of Jenny in England was assured. Of course Jenny Lind after her London triumph had to visit the provinces. Nothing like her progress had ever been known. Her portrait as the Vivandière in the "Daughter of the Regiment" was in every shop window, and cuts of Jenny as the Sonnambula were in every ale-house. Even cottages in remote country places boasted of litho-

graphs of Jenny Lind, in the low-neck dress and deep lace "Bertha" of the period. The artisans turned out in crowds to catch a glimpse of her, though they knew they could never hear her voice. Her route was telegraphed all along the lines, and crowds waited for her at the stations, as they have waited since for Garibaldi or Mr. Gladstone.

The famous Norwich episode has been immortalized by the pen of Arthur Stanley, late Dean of Westminster, who was then a youth. Stanley, his father, was the Bishop of Norwich, and had invited Jenny to stay at the Palace,—in those days an unprecedented and even risky compliment for a prelate to pay to an actress.

On the day of her arrival Mrs. Stanley writes: "The bells were rung, and the whole town was in an uproar. After her arrival at the Palace, I went to her room and found a poor creature in the last stage of exhaustion, looking ready to sink into the earth with fatigue; and no wonder—she had sung at Edinburgh till 3, then got into the train and travelled all night." The excitement at St. Andrew's Hall next day is thus described: "She looked very nervous at first, but I never saw anything so beautiful as her manner in coming forward on the orchestra, and receiving the thunders of welcome—a mixture of modesty, dignity, grateful feeling, yet perfectly unruffled—her voice was more wonderful than ever, like the warbling of birds. 'Was she always received with such transports?' I ventured to ask. 'Ah, Madame,—je suis gaté,' she replied. Her face at times wore an expression of deep thought and melancholy, yet she says, how happy she is, what a 'carrière' God has enabled her to go through. I alluded to the good effects of her example on others. '*Voilà ce que j'espère!*' she said simply." I should like to extract the whole of Mrs. Stanley's charming letter. Still more graphic, if possible, is that of A. P. Stanley, who was completely smitten with the Lind fever, and dwells on "the grace, the dignity, the joyousness and touching pathos of her entrance on the platform—the manner of a Princess, the simplicity of a child, and the goodness of an angel." "Coming back from the concert," writes Stanley, "I rode on the outside of the second carriage, in which sat the wonderful creature

herself—the crowd rushing after with enthusiastic cheers." I cannot omit adding the touch of anticlinax which is quite in Stanley's best manner. He called it, "*Her opinion of me!*" Stanley was notoriously insensible to the attractions of music, which made his idolatry of the Lind all the more remarkable. "On the last day I told her that there was '*quelque chose d'extraordinaire dans sa voix,*' but that otherwise her singing in itself produced no impression whatever upon me. This she said was by far the most amusing thing she had heard and that she should never forget it!"

And now the rest must be very briefly told.

After a season of unparalleled success (1847) she left England in response to the imperious calls of Germany. Her dislike of stage life seemed to grow steadily upon her, and she was firmly resolved to retire, though only twenty-seven years old. We know how her resolution broke down for the last time when, on her return to England, she found her generous friend and admirer Mr. Lumley again on the brink of ruin, and consented to re-establish his fortune by a farewell series of performances. But these were positively her last appearances on the stage, and no bribes or entreaties ever shook her resolution again. How Mr. Barnum then stepped in, and induced her to visit America; how Otto Goldschmidt—most graceful of pianists, and a perfect accompanist, whom she had known and respected for some years—played for her throughout her Transatlantic tour, and had the good fortune to woo and to win her for his own; how she took the whole of America by storm—as much as £130 being given for a single ticket at Richmond; and how she devoted the whole of her American gains, £30,000, to the institutions and charities of her native land; how, on her return, she devoted herself in like manner to English charities on a colossal scale, built a hospital at Liverpool, a new wing to the Brompton Hospital, an infirmary at Norwich, and so forth; all these things have now become parts of nineteenth-century history which can never be forgotten, on account of their deep spiritual significance as well as their material splendor.

Her dramatic success as an oratorio singer was equal to her supremacy on the

boards. Some of us will never forget the celestial quality of her voice in "He shall give his angels charge over thee," and in the "Holy, holy" of the "Elijah." Nothing in the least like it has been heard since. She seemed to become divinely impersonal, the one angelic presence in the orchestra. No saintly aureole could have added any glory to her head: when she sang, the heavens were opened: her companions felt awed yet inspired.

In her retirement at South Kensington she continued to take a vivid interest in the singing schools of the Royal College of Music, and taught the pupils herself. She was also a constant working member in the Bach Choir. Never will a chorister of mine who was at a rehearsal there forget how on one occasion, not many years before her death, the soprano who was to have taken Mendelssohn's "O for the wings of a dove" failing to appear, Madame Lind-Goldschmidt at once volunteered—and the breathless wonder of the chorus in listening thus unexpectedly once more to her incomparable rendering of that

sublime burst of melody which Mendelssohn wrote especially for her voice. But such occasions were rare indeed. Rare as when I was privileged to hear her sing "The three Ravens," which made one see ghosts, and "Sweet day so cool, so calm, so bright," which made one feel in heaven. This was at Moscheles' last concert in London.

From first to last Jenny Lind was a being apart, she was most truly in the world but not of the world. Her life was not as other lives. She had no regrets, no sad retrospects, no bitterness at retirement or loss of power. She used her unrivalled gifts as long as she could—but not for herself—she was simply the handmaid of the Lord. She had no disappointments; no craving for this world's applause. She retired willingly, even eagerly, from the blaze of publicity, but she never left off working for the good of others. She was happy in the love of her husband and children, and she was at peace with God.—*Contemporary Review*.

WHAT THE BAG CONTAINED.

AN INCIDENT OF 'NINETY-EIGHT.

A SHORT mile from this hospitable roof, under which it has often before been my good lot to stay, in the middle of a stony road, the passer-by finds himself confronted by a couple of entrance gates. Entrance gates are usually very characteristic objects in Ireland. The history of their owners—more often, perhaps, of their former owners—is apt to be written large upon them, in characters so distinct that he that runs may read. Who that knows that country, even casually, does not know the formidable castellated gateway, with its frowning portcullis, its towers with windows only adapted for the convenience of archers, its crenellated copings, the whole surmounting an apparently impassable barrier of iron, enough to strike terror into the heart of any harmless passer-by, unless he knows—as he probably does—that only three steps away he will come to a hedge, through the gaps in which the cows are wont to saunter out so as to enjoy an illicit mouthful now and then upon the Queen's highroad.

Again, who does not know the elaborately decorated gingerbread style of entrance, all twisted shamrocks and gilding—tarnished gilding, as a rule. The entrance flanked with the enormous architectural lodge, large enough to accommodate any reasonable family, and giving rise to wild anticipations as to the sort of palace we are about to approach, anticipations which only fade away when we learn that but one wing, or portion perhaps of one wing, of the intended palace was all that the owner was able to accomplish before "bad times" or other hindrances supervened, and that therefore this solitary wing, rising forlorn in its grandeur, is all we are destined now to find above ground.

The two entrances of which I was about to speak do not come under any of these categories. One of the two is simply a large, plain, well-kept gateway, supported by a large, plain, well-kept lodge, leading up to a large, plain, well-kept house, that for anything specially characteristic about it might as well be in Norfolk or York-

shire as Ireland. The other is different and is highly characteristic, but its characteristicness is not due to anything specially erratic in its architecture or pretensions in its intention, but simply to the depth of decay, a decay long-continued and melancholy even for Ireland, which has overtaken it, and to an even greater extent the house up to which it leads : a house which we approach along an avenue greener than many grass fields, green with that peculiarly clinging vegetation which grows upon deserted roadways, and where in spring-time certain delicate flowering weeds, otherwise rare in the district, may be found by the curious in such matters.

Sir Thomas and Lady Barrington are at present the occupants of the larger and more prosperous of these two houses, but they have nothing to say to my story. The Barringtons are, in fact, quite newcomers into the county of C—, Ballybrophy House having been only bought by Sir Thomas's father at the death of the late Lord Ballybrophy, who died here a bachelor, and at whose death the title accordingly became extinct.

Mount Kennedy, the other and dilapidated house, belongs also to Sir Thomas Barrington, and it has often been a matter of wonder, especially to strangers, why he should like to keep anything so forlorn and eye-afflicting in its ruinousness so close to his own, rather noticeably spick-and-span abode. Probably the explanation is to be found in the fact that, being uninhabited for nearly a century, it had long before his time reached a stage of dilapidation which rendered any hope of letting or otherwise disposing of it hopeless ; while, on the other hand, there is a well-understood reluctance, strongly felt in Ireland, against pulling down and so utterly abolishing and rooting out the memory of those who have once lived and "reigned" on any given spot, a reluctance naturally increased by the peculiar circumstances under which this house of Mount Kennedy passed out of the hands of its former owner.

A small but delightful little stream, rapid, babbling, confidential, ending in a dancing, tossing imp of a waterfall, is only to be reached down this green approach and through a portion of the neglected shrubberies which cover this part of the Barrington property, and this circumstance has several times lately brought me

within sight of the derelict house. Last time it did so I was alone, and curiosity induced me to approach nearer to it than I had ever hitherto done. On doing so I discovered that a piece of one side of the once solid entrance-porch had, apparently recently, fallen in, doubtless from the sudden rotting of some of the timbers beneath, and that though the front door still remained rigidly bolted and barred, one could now easily peep in, and little by little distinguish nearly the whole of the entrance hall, from one of the mouldering walls of which a couple of huge elks' horns still branched colossally ; while beyond, through a half-open door, I could see a corner of what had evidently been one of the living rooms, with part of an enormous fireplace, black, or rather greenish gray, with that insidious mouldiness which in this climate inevitably overtakes and makes its own everything that has been submitted to it. There was something, I thought, peculiarly piteous in the suggestion thus called up of what had doubtless once been a warm hearth, lit as Irish hearths in this neighborhood are wont to be, by a mountain of red glowing turf, warmed, too, as I could not doubt, with other cheering elements, such as friendship, hospitality, family love and jollity, now forever blackened and extinguished, given over to darkness, emptiness, and the gloom of a long dead, nay, almost forgotten and abolished past. Where I stood the air was warm and comforting ; the trees, just beginning to change color, were soft with greenish yellows and dusky reds ; an old disused graveyard a little way below the house sent up its quota of appropriate melancholy to the scene, and I lingered a little while, supping, half-luxuriously as one sometimes does, upon that sense of all-pervading decay which, when it does not come home too pressingly to one's self and is not too intrusive in its moralizing, is rarely without charm. That there were deeper chords than such mild moralizings to be touched in connection with this scene I was, however, aware, though my impressions as to what those chords were had grown not a little vague and blurred ; and this sense of an exceptional gloom and tragedy was naturally deepened by the tale told at my request in ampler detail than I had before heard it, by my hosts the same evening over the dinner table. I will take it up for

the reader's benefit at what may be called its most dramatic moment, thereby sparing him those preliminaries which are apt to be the bore of such recitals.

Lord Ballybrophy was dreadfully disturbed! He was standing beside the sundial which formed a central ornament of his deer-park, looking down a long bracken glade, on one side of which lay a small triangular-shaped wood, across which the sun was just then shaking its last rays. He had dined, for it was already seven o'clock, and four was the fashionable dinner-hour a century ago in Ireland. He had dined liberally, with that leisurely discrimination so important for digestion, and had strolled forth to enjoy an hour's saunter over the grass previous to settling down for the night to cards. All this was customary and as it ought to be, and yet his mind was most unaccustomably disturbed, and the cause of that disturbance is what you are about to be informed.

It was a year when a good many minds in Ireland were disturbed—the still unforgotten year of 'Ninety-eight. For months the whole country had been ringing, first with alarms, then with the actual details of Rebellion in all its horrors. It was not that any pains had been spared by the Executive of the day to hinder the misguided island from rushing upon its destruction. For months past an indefatigable soldiery had been allowed full discretion, and in their zeal for the cause of loyalty had spared no means, however painful to their own feelings, to coerce recusants into the paths of order. The Commander-in-Chief was a man known to entertain the largest and most liberal ideas in this respect, and as such to be fully worthy of the confidence reposed in him by his superiors in England. At the time of which this story treats, the first scenes of the rising were already over, but the fire still in places burned fiercely, and that same system of energetic and not always too fantastically discriminating discipline was still held to be absolutely indispensable.

These larger public matters were not what at that moment were chiefly disturbing Lord Ballybrophy's mind. It was a smaller and more personal one. Throughout his youth and early manhood his most intimate friend and ally had been

Eustace Kennedy, son and heir of the owner of the neighboring property of Mount Kennedy, whose entrance gate stood, as we know, nearly opposite to the Ballybrophy one. The two young men had been at College together; had stood by one another in not a few duels; had seen together the bottom of more bowls of punch than it would be possible at this hour to enumerate; and when upon his father's death Lord Ballybrophy had succeeded to the family estates, it had been an added satisfaction in the lot to which a kind Providence had called him that his friend Eustace, whose father was also dead, would be his nearest neighbor, and would be able no doubt to support him in carrying out not a few local reforms upon which his own energetic mind was already actively engaged.

But alas for these anticipations! "Constancy lives in realms above, and life is thorny, and youth is vain," and before many years had gone over their heads, the two men had quarrelled bitterly, and the cause of this quarrel had been no other than that wretched little piece of triangular-shaped woodland, at which Lord Ballybrophy was at this moment gazing!

To begin with, it was a "Naboth's vineyard," a fragment of the smaller property which had got enclosed as happens sometimes, in Ireland as elsewhere, in the larger one. Lord Ballybrophy would willingly have purchased it at many times its value. Eustace Kennedy, who was always more or less in want of money, would probably as willingly have sold it. Unfortunately it was impossible. A strict entail barred him from doing so, added to which at the farther end of the wood, and actually touching it, lay a graveyard, still used by the Kennedy family, and as such inalienable.

It was not the mere fact of the existence of this Naboth's vineyard so much as certain circumstances which arose out of its ownership which had caused the breach. Lord Ballybrophy, as already hinted, was a man of strict principles; a disciplinarian; one to whom the belief in a natural hierarchy was almost a matter of religion; an intense believer in the inherent difference between—let us say pewter and silver—and the duty, nay, obligation of the latter in all things to direct, control, and if necessary coerce the former. Now upon all these points Eustace Kennedy was de-

plorably lax ; "lax"—as his friend had more than once told him in the measured language of the day—"to the verge of licentiousness." He was emphatically what we call "easy going." No doubt he had always been so, but it was only when he became a neighboring proprietor that the trait revealed itself to Lord Ballybrophy in all its heinousness. Not being a game preserver, for instance, he did not sufficiently concern himself with the game rights of others. In this and in all respects he allowed the Mount Kennedy property to drift along in a comfortable, happy go-lucky time-immemorial fashion. His tenants did as they liked ; their rents were never raised ; their wives might rear as many chickens and pigs as they chose ; their children were allowed to pick sticks through all the Kennedy woods, and if a stout *gossoon* knocked over a hare or a rabbit, and carried it home under his rags to his mother's pot, Eustace Kennedy was quite capable of winking hard, and declining to prosecute the offender, even if the deed was brought home to him in the clearest and the most unmistakable light.

Now all this was acutely painful to his friend, the rather that—owing to the position of the two properties, especially owing to the position of that unlucky little Naboth's vineyard—the Kennedy belongings, their wives, children, chickens, pigs and families generally, were continually trespassing upon the Ballybrophy property. No matter what leg-breaking man-traps, no matter what hand, knee or foot-destroying fences were put up, under, over, or round those fences, the Kennedy "tinints" would manage to crawl or otherwise get. Walking across his fields, or strolling in his woods, Lord Ballybrophy would continually come upon a hundred traces of recent depredations ; the marks of bare feet upon the poached mud of a gap would stare him in the face ; broken twigs from his young plantations would litter the ground ; worse still, there had been yet darker suspicions, in the form of rabbits or hares believed to have been trapped, and always, as his gamekeepers were ready to take oath, by "thim owdacious devils" from the other side of the fence !

At last the fire, long smouldering, burst into open flame. A boy was caught red-handed with a rabbit in his possession

which he was taking home to his grandmother. He was not actually captured upon the Ballybrophy estate, but upon the limit of that wood and graveyard which, as already explained, broke like a splinter through the centre of it and grievously marred its symmetry. This being the case, it was clear as the sun in the sky that the rabbit in question was a Ballybrophy rabbit, and as such Lord Ballybrophy was only within his rights in demanding, nay peremptorily insisting, that his friend Eustace Kennedy should prosecute the offender.

This Eustace Kennedy equally peremptorily declined to do. As it happened, the boy was the grandson of an old pensioner and former servant of the Kennedy's, one Thaddeus or Thady O'Roon, a privileged old being, united to his master by one of those odd ties, half-feudal, half-personal, of which our more advanced civilization has well-nigh forgotten the existence. With that disproportionate vehemence which was one of his failings, Eustace Kennedy swore, and swore moreover before witnesses, that rather than break old Thady's heart by sending his grandson to jail, possibly to the gallows—for the game laws were no joke in those days—every rabbit in the county of C—— might, for aught he cared, be killed and eaten.

Lord Ballybrophy's patience, long tried, fairly broke down under this unexpectedly unneighborly conduct. Mr. Kennedy, he retorted with that formality which characterized him in moments of displeasure, must choose between the O'Roon family and himself. If his regard for those interesting persons was of so excessively tender a nature that he preferred it to his duties as a landlord and the ordinary courtesies of a neighbor and a gentleman, Lord Ballybrophy regretted the circumstances, but could not, in duty to himself, continue to hold further friendly relations with one whose views of the becoming stood in such painful and diametrical contrast to his own. He repeated that he regretted the matter, but at the same time that his decision was irrevocable.

The quarrel, thus handsomely inaugurated, grew and deepened as it is the custom of quarrels to do. Eustace Kennedy made one or two efforts at a reconciliation, but since nothing would induce him to yield in the main point, his efforts

made matters rather worse than better. The close propinquity of the once friends, now foes, added fuel to the fire. Perceiving how matters stood, the underlings on both sides naturally made haste to pour oil upon the flames; in short, it was as pretty a quarrel as the county of C—— had enjoyed for many a year past.

So matters had gone on nearly up to the time at which this little history is laid. In the interval both gentlemen had married, but neither of those events had produced the slightest relaxation in their mutual attitude. The ladies, consequently, were all but strangers to one another, and no intercourse of any sort was kept up between the two houses, although so near were they that the graveyard belonging to the Kennedy family actually constituted an inconveniently conspicuous object from the windows of the "Great House," as Lord Ballybrophy's ugly but commanding residence was called in the neighborhood.

If private affairs were stationary, public ones meanwhile had been moving rapidly, and the unhappy country had been drifting nearer and nearer to that vortex of rebellion into which it was the destiny of a large part of it to plunge. Then it was that that laxity of principles so long and painfully obvious to his neighbor and quondam friend began to be generally observed in Eustace Kennedy. It was not that he shared in those revolutionary sentiments with which so many of his countrymen were at that time saturated; far less that he took any personal part in the rising. It was that as a magistrate and a local magnate he was again deplorably "lax," and it was this laxity which proved his ruin. Even the fierce heat of a religious and social panic could not turn the too mild milk of his nature to anything resembling gall. He even, contrary to his customary indolence, went the length of remonstrating with some of the local military authorities against what seemed to him their excess of zeal, especially as to their mode of extracting evidence, which he went so far as to assert was contrary to the dictates of ordinary humanity. That these uncalled-for observations produced no result beyond causing him to be regarded as a firebrand and a probable favorer of rebels goes without saying. Human nature, it has been observed, being so constituted that only one violent sentiment can, as a rule, be con-

veniently contained in it at a given time. Nor had Mr. Kennedy the prudence, when he discovered the impression produced, to at once change his tactics, and distinguish himself by a greater degree of zeal than his neighbors. On the contrary, when every other gentleman in the county either fled from home, or implored to have troops sent into his house for protection, he did neither, declaring that he felt no fears upon his own account, and with regard to the troops in question repeating those uncomplimentary remarks as to their character and discipline which had already produced so strong and natural a feeling of resentment against himself.

Had he stated publicly that His Majesty King George III. had no right to the throne upon which he then sat, it would have been a less hazardous proceeding at the moment! Not only every soldier but every official in Ireland was in arms against him. He became a marked man, and it was openly declared in all official circles that Mr. Kennedy of Mount Kennedy either already was a rebel, or would shortly be proved to be one.

Nor, as events turned out, had the prophets long to wait. The Rebellion broke out; its leaders being by this time mostly in prison, the command fell into any hands willing to take it up. A thousand wild schemes were suggested and acted on, and among others it came into the heads of a portion of the rebel force that nothing would be easier or more satisfactory than to make a sudden descent upon the neighboring county town of T—— and take it by storm. No sooner proposed than carried into execution! The original plan, so far as there was any plan at all, had been to divide the forces into four detachments, and for each detachment to march separately upon T——, arriving there at the same moment. As might have been expected, some other and still more delectable idea had meantime suggested itself, and the result was that only one of those four detachments did actually appear upon the scene.

The military had meanwhile concentrated themselves in and about T——, being fully informed of these proceedings. At Ballybrophy House there was also a strong detachment, as in most of the other important houses in the neighborhood. There being no military at Mount Kennedy, it and the lawn in front of it was

naturally selected by the rebels as their camping-ground. The owner's leave was not asked, so that his participation in the arrangement was a purely negative one. Next morning the unwelcome visitors departed, smashing fences and out-houses, breaking down gates, and generally destroying everything on which they could lay hands, but giving—so it was subsequently sworn at the trial—three cheers for their unwilling entertainer as they went.

Those three cheers were Eustace Kennedy's death-warrant! On the ragged host poured; shouting, gesticulating, yelling. The attack was intended, it may be observed, to be a surprise! The result was what was to be expected. The suburbs of the town were taken with yells of triumph and tipsy enthusiasm; a little further on the rebels were met by a steady fire of musketry, before which the wretched undisciplined force collapsed like a pricked balloon. The slaughter was considerable; many of the unfortunate rebels tried to take refuge in the houses, but the houses were set on fire by the soldiery, and . . . in short one is not called upon by the necessities of one's tale to go further in this direction, and any reader who has the recollection of Cruikshank's prints before his eyes will be thankful for the forbearance! Punishment by the sword over judicial punishment followed. A former sergeant, believed to have taken part with the rebels, was the first arrest made; the second was Mr. Eustace Kennedy, of Mount Kennedy, who was triumphantly captured the next afternoon in his dining-room, while sitting quietly at dinner there with his family.

The news of this successful arrest was brought to Ballybrophy House the following morning by the officers quartered there, two of whom, a captain and a cornet, had already been named as among those who were to sit upon the court-martial appointed to try the culprit.

"Gad! the fellow has done for himself *now* and no mistake!" Captain Bullock, the captain in question, exclaimed gleefully. "Couldn't have managed it better if he had tried for a century, d— him! None of your half measures, praise the stars! Court-martial to-day, sentence to-morrow, hanged and—the rest of it the day after! That's your style, gentlemen, and I only wish we

could rattle off the rest of the rascals in the same fashion!"

"But, my goodness! goodness gracious me! Do I understand you, Captain Bullock?" Lady Ballybrophy exclaimed, dropping her egg-spoon in her consternation. "Mr. Kennedy of Mount Kennedy—Mr. Kennedy, our nearest neighbor!—our— Me lord, me lord, d'ye hear?—hanged and, and—the rest of it! Oh my gracious goodness! Me lord, me lord! Are you listening, me lord?"

"'Pon honor, your la'ship. 'Pon my soul and honor, if I'd ha' guessed your la'ship ud ha' taken it so, 'pon my soul and honor I'd ha' held my tongue about the matter, I would, indeed," Captain Bullock replied in rather crestfallen tones. "But I never for a moment dreamt your la'ship would interest yourself in such a fellow. Why, he's known and cited all over the county of C—for a common firebrand! Every one has heard of the way he spoke of Colonel B—; your la'ship sure knows all about *that*? And think too of the example! Why, d— it all—begging your la'ship's pardon for swearing—those other turf-and-buttermilk rascals would never have had the impudence to lift their noses if 't hadn't been for fellows like this Kennedy—a gentleman born, curse him!—condoling with them, and talking up and down the country about their treatment. Their *treatment*! God bless my soul, the very expression is treasonable, and so I'm sure my lord there will say!"

But Lord Ballybrophy said absolutely nothing. The news had shocked him horribly, literally, unspeakably. With that rapid revulsion to some half forgotten sentiment of which even well-balanced minds are capable of under strong emotion, he suddenly felt all his old affection for his former friend spring up again within him at the news of his appalling peril. Making an excuse for leaving the room, he spent the whole of the rest of that day pacing to and fro his study, a prey to the liveliest anxiety, now and then sending to T— Courthouse to find out how the case was proceeding, and what the chances were of a favorable verdict.

He was not long kept in suspense. The next day but one came the news that the court-martial's proceedings had been quite as rapid and unhesitating as Captain Bul-

lock had predicted, and that its sentence was—*Death!* Lord Ballybrophy suffered horribly. Had he been himself instrumental in that result he could hardly have felt it more. After an utterly sleepless night, he ordered his horse early the next morning and galloped off ten miles to the house of the Lord-Lieutenant of the County, a nobleman who, as the master of many votes, had no small influence with the powers that were. Here, by dint of vehement entreaties, not unmingled with oburgations, he induced him to bestir himself actively, and both gentlemen besieged the gates of mercy so as to try and obtain, if not a reversal of the sentence, at least a postponement of it.

Unfortunately they found those doors doubly and trebly barred against their efforts. Lord Camden, the Lord-Lieutenant, a well-meaning man but a weakly one, was himself at his wit's end with alarm and conflicting rumors. Lord Ballybrophy went to Dublin and saw him, but the interview proved utterly barren of results. His Excellency regretted the affair; was quite willing to admit the severity of the sentence; Mr. Kennedy, he had heard, was a gentleman of the utmost amiability in private life—so, for that matter, were many of the leaders in this most disastrous, bloodthirsty rebellion. He would have been truly glad for the sake of the family to have been able to show mercy, but really examples, you know, examples were terribly wanted! The condition of the country was awful; the seeds of disaffection spreading daily; instances of panic had recently occurred with scandalous frequency among the soldiery, and it was thought by the military authorities that an example of the sort would be sure to have a great and immediately good effect.

In vain Lord Ballybrophy suggested that, as Mr. Kennedy was not a military man, to hang and decapitate him could hardly produce any particularly soothing or encouraging effect upon those that were. His Excellency, as a matter of politeness, admitted the argument, but clung all the same tenaciously to his position. If Mr. Kennedy was not a soldier and a deserter, then probably he was a United Irishman; or if he was not a United Irishman, then he was certainly tainted with dangerous principles of some sort; in any case it was admitted on all

hands that he had used highly offensive language about officers commanding in the C— district; in short, his was clearly not one of those cases in which the arms of justice could with any safety be shortened.

While Lord Ballybrophy was thus inconveniencing officials in Dublin, Mrs. Kennedy had been similarly engaged in troubling those upon the spot. It had come to her knowledge that several important witnesses upon her husband's side—Protestant witnesses, and therefore presumably persons of unblemished loyalty—had been refused admittance to the court by the sentries on guard upon the day of the trial, and, armed with this as it seemed irresistible plea for delay, she presented herself boldly before General H—, then newly come to command the district, by whom the fatal sentence would have to be confirmed.

The conversation which took place on this occasion is so short and has been so well authenticated, that it seems worth setting down in full.

Upon finding herself in the great man's presence, Mrs. Kennedy lost no time, but at once entered a protest against the sentence, so hastily passed, being carried into execution.

"And pray, madam," exclaimed the General impatiently, "what grounds have you for asking for any delay?"

The poor lady might perhaps have answered with truth that she had a good many grounds, but being, as it appears, a person of unusually strong practical sense, she contented herself with stating briefly what has been said about the refusal of the sentries to admit her husband's witnesses into court.

"Good God, madam! Are you certain of what you are stating there?" her hearer exclaimed, with some dismay.

"I am perfectly certain, sir," she replied, quietly, "and can prove it upon the oaths of the Prevented."

With that she put her hand into her pocket and proceeded to read aloud a deposition attested upon oath by one of the said Prevented. Unfortunately, before she got to the bottom of the first page an orderly rushed in with an important despatch. General H— read it, muttered a hasty apology, and rushed from the room. Mrs. Kennedy never saw him again.

Whether upon reconsidering the matter he discovered it would be ungentlemanly to "go behind" his subordinates, or whether it was that time pressed and it was too troublesome to go over the same ground twice, or whether the crowning necessity of an "example" forced his hand, whatever the cause may have been, certain it is that no delay *did* take place. On the contrary, the sentence was rigorously carried out the very next day, down to its last grim detail, at the termination of which ceremonial Eustace Kennedy's head was set up upon the spikes of T— jail almost within view of his own drawing-room windows. One relaxation must indeed be recorded. By a special act of grace Lord Camden desired that what remained of the criminal—not his head, that is to say, which was otherwise required—should be restored to the widow, to be interred as she thought fit, provided, indeed, she could discover any clergyman bold enough to utter Christian rites over so scandalous an offender.

Lord Ballybrophy took the matter very badly. He could not get it out of his head. Day and night, night and day, he was haunted by the thought of Eustace Kennedy. Now he reproached himself that he had not flung aside all decorum and openly taken his place beside his poor friend in the dock; again, that he had ever allowed that foolish quarrel to grow up, which had robbed the latter at a critical time of his own priceless aid and advice; again, with that he had not at least exchanged a last melancholy handshake with poor Eustace in T— jail. No amount of self-argument, no amount of knowledge that the deceased had brought it upon himself—if not by what he was actually accused of, at least by a reckless disregard of his own interests which amounted to a crime—all this and much more was of no avail. The sight of the officers quartered in his house, especially of the two who had served upon the court-martial, became as poison to him. He could not eat with their detested faces opposite. His food did him no good. Even steady drinking—that great and inexhaustible refuge of the age—brought him no perceptible comfort. He wandered incessantly through his grounds and about the deer-park, fixing his eyes now upon Mount Kennedy House, now upon its churchyard, now again upon the distant

landscape, at which point he would suddenly avert his eyes with a horribly vivid realization of what at that moment was to be seen upon the top of T— jail, whose walls were even at this distance perceptible between the last pair of big oaks, the broad, lichen-covered branches of which waved low down over the grass and feathery bracken.

It was in this uncomfortable and for him highly unaccustomed mood that we found him upon the evening selected to take up this little history, an evening only separated by a few days from the events above recorded. Ever since dinner Lord Ballybrophy had been wandering aimlessly about—he knew not himself why or whither—only feeling that it was utterly impossible for him to return to the house and to take up his own ordinary, dignified rôle in life. The sun sank below the horizon; the night fell; a moon began to twinkle upon the grass and illuminate the sundial; but still he lingered. His thoughts were in the past: his mind against his own will kept going over and over again scenes in which he and Eustace Kennedy had shared. Even his friend's faults; even that unfortunate "laxity" of his; even the ridiculous indulgence he had always shown his inferiors; all these were forgotten; irradiated by that light which Death is apt to confer upon those who have passed beyond the reach of even our most vigilant criticism.

Suddenly, as he stood there, looking across the park, now whitened by the moonlight, a figure crossed the plain of his vision. An odd-looking figure—odd enough to have caused a superstitious mind to take it for one of those familiar gnomes or elderly pixies called "cluricans," famous in Irish fairy lore as the bearers of bags or purses which, if seized dexterously at the right moment, will render their captor rich beyond the dreams of avarice ever after. Like the clurican too, the figure in question carried a bag which it seemed anxious to conceal from observation, for every now and then it paused, peered cautiously round it, and again proceeded slowly and laboriously on its way.

Lord Ballybrophy was not superstitious—certainly not in so ignorant a fashion as this—and it did not therefore occur to him to suspect the figure he was looking at of being anything so vulgar as a fairy.

All the same he did eye it with a considerable degree of suspicion, as was indeed natural, the times not being so safe or simple that unaccounted-for figures could be allowed to prowl as they pleased through one's private deer-park.

Suddenly he recognized it. It was he and no other—that rascally old poacher and progenitor of poachers, Thady O'Roon, the original and utterly contemptible cause of the quarrel between himself and poor Eustace Kennedy!

A flood of angry recollections poured across his mind at the remembrance. But for that miserable old creature who knows but what they might never have quarrelled? Nay, who knows but that his friend might at that moment be alive?

"Poaching again too!" he exclaimed aloud. "And poor Eustace that so believed in their gratitude!"

Why he should have felt the offence of poaching to be an especial insult to Eustace's memory, seeing that when alive he had never shown any adequate sense of its enormity, he could not have explained. It was not strictly logical perhaps, but then, are our emotions ever strictly logical? Anyhow it gave a fresh turn to the current of his thoughts, which so far was a benefit. He started and ran actively down the grass, which here lay at a considerable slope, calling as he did so in commanding tones to the poacher to stop.

Instead of doing anything of the sort, after a sudden violent start of consternation, the old fellow merely ran all the faster in the direction in which he was going, which would take him in a few minutes out of the deer-park into that small triangular-shaped piece of wood of which mention has already several times been made.

Lord Ballybrophy followed hotly. If he had paused to consider the matter, perhaps the lateness of the hour, perhaps a sense of his own dignity, perhaps other considerations might have hindered him; as it was, he did not pause to consider. The most elementary of all instincts, the instinct of the hunter, was aroused, and to run the old rascal down, take his bag from him, and, if its contents proved what he expected, pack him off that very night to T—— jail, became an imperative necessity.

The wood being a small one, by the time he had got into it old Thady was al-

ready clambering out over the fence at the further end, which led, it may be remembered, into the Mount Kennedy churchyard. Lord Ballybrophy followed, tearing his hands badly as he did so upon one of his own elaborately contrived defences, and nearly losing his hat and wig, which had caught in an over-hanging bough. Once out and in the clearer space he flattered himself he should have no difficulty in running the culprit to earth.

To his surprise he found himself mistaken. When he got into the churchyard the moon was filling the whole of it, but not a sign or trace of old Thady or his bag, high or low, was to be seen. With an activity that astonished himself, and which was perhaps partly due to the state of excitement he had been in all the evening, Lord Ballybrophy followed up the search with all the zest of a schoolboy. Sword in hand he explored the bushes, the briars, every corner of the enclosed space. His feet got entangled in the grass, which grew long and rank, as its wont is in churchyards; the few upright stones threw a weird and goblin-like shadow upon the ground; the moonlight was broken and baffling, but still he persevered. He knew that the old rascal must be lying somewhere close at hand, and with that fact before his mind was resolved not to leave the spot till he had secured him.

All at once he caught sight of him curled like a scared rabbit behind one of the upright stones! With a whoop of satisfaction, hardly to have been expected from such dignified lips, Lord Ballybrophy pounced upon him, clutched him by the neck, and dragged him into the open moonlight.

"Why you old—! You—you—you—" He was too much out of breath at the moment to think of any sufficiently scathing terms of abuse, indeed he was not at the best of times an eloquent nobleman. As for the culprit, he appeared to be struck idiotic from sheer dismay. A scrubby old red wig which covered his head had fallen awry in the scuffle, and under it his bald poll glistened in the moonlight. He wore an old-fashioned livery coat, which hung in flaps about his thighs; his breeches were torn; his knees knocked one against the other; his wrinkled old monkey face was of a dull yellow hue; his eyes seemed to be half-sunken in his

head with apprehension. In short it is impossible to imagine a more ridiculous and at the same time suspicious looking figure.

Meanwhile the bag, which was the most important element in the matter, was reposing quietly behind the tombstone where it had been left by its bearer. Lord Ballybrophy promptly picked it up, and, still retaining his grasp upon old Thady, turned to leave the churchyard. His first impulse was to march both culprits up to the "great house," but on second thought it seemed better to burden himself only with the live one, leaving the other where it was, since it could be sent for at any moment.

The flat-topped slab of another tombstone caught his eye at this juncture, and suggested itself as a suitable place upon which to institute a sort of preliminary examination. If the contents of the bag proved, as he felt certain they would prove, to be a hare or a rabbit, worse still a pheasant, in that case he would simply pack old Thady off that very night without further formalities to G— jail, there to await his turn at the next assizes.

It was not without some sense of derogation that he decided to institute this preliminary examination with his own hands. Still having achieved the whole affair single-handed so far, he felt a natural pride in bringing it single-handed to a conclusion. Accordingly he picked up the bag and carried it to the tombstone, retaining his hold upon old Thady, who indeed offered no resistance, but allowed himself to be dragged like a piece of inert matter in the grip of his capturer. Evidently something very hard and solid was at the bottom of the bag; harder and more solid than Lord Ballybrophy could account for under the circumstances. An indescribable reluctance overtook him as he was about to plunge his hand into it; instead therefore of doing so, he simply lifted the weighted end, and tilted it a little forward so as to allow the contents to roll over on to the smooth flat surface of the tombstone.

Over they rolled sure enough; further; further still; over and over—certainly something very round and very hard was in that bag! Something too—very—very—"Why?—What? What? What?" Lord Ballybrophy's eyes began to start out of their sockets; his hair to rise up

stiff and bristling under his wig; his blood, to first coagulate and then seem to be bursting like a tide of red-hot lava through his veins. The next moment a succession of piercing shrieks startled the card-players at the other end of the park. Pell-mell, out they rushed; the officers first, the chaplain next, the ladies last, the latter gathering their skirts around them. Once in the moonlight they stared helplessly here and there, not knowing in the least where to turn, or in what direction to look for the cause of their alarm. They were guided at last to the right place by the apparition of a little old man, leaping, gesticulating, and running wildly to and fro like a clurican in front of the churchyard. There, flat upon the grass, apparently in some sort of swoon, they found Lord Ballybrophy. His hat had fallen in one direction, his wig in another, his sword was doubled up under him, and immediately above him, upon the smooth flat slab of the tombstone, and looking as white and placid in the moonlight as if it had been merely part of some monumental effigy accidentally broken from its context, lay—the head of Eustace Kennedy!

How had it got there? and what under all the circumstances of the case was now to be done with it? were two questions, which—the first attentions to the sick man having been paid—not a little exercised the minds of those who were the witnesses of the foregoing rather singular scene. As regards the first it was easily answered, old Thady O'Roon making no secret of having himself stolen it that very afternoon from off the spikes of T— jail, where the majesty of the law had impaled it. He thought—"maybe the poor mhaister might slape aisier t'home," was the only explanation he seemed capable of giving when called upon to account for the startling piece of larceny of which he had been guilty. As to the second question—well, in the end the poor head was allowed to rest peacefully enough not far from where it then lay, with the remainder of the clay thereto appertaining. The truth was, once the first blush and enthusiasm of their zeal was a little abated, the authorities, civil as well as military, were not eager to allow too dazzling a blaze of publicity to fall upon all their recent proceedings. So successful indeed were they in this administrative modesty, that to this day the foregoing transaction is rarely

alluded to, and to the best of my friend's belief is known as a whole to but few, and those few chiefly the descendants of the actual partakers in it.

Lord Ballybrophy, the reader will be glad to hear, recovered in due time from his attack, and lived to a good old age, respected by all who knew him. The Kennedy family soon afterward left Mount

Kennedy for good ; the property was let upon a long grazing lease ; the house shut up, and by degrees fell into that condition of neglect and decay in which we now see it. With regard to old Thady O'Roon, about whom I specially inquired, my friends could give me no further information.—*Murray's Magazine*.

THE SCIENCE OF PREACHING.

BY THE BISHOP OF RIPON, THE VEN. ARCHDEACON FARRAR, AND THE REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES.

I.

THE eternal rule of hard work applies to preaching. If there be one principle which the preacher above other men needs to remember it is that the sweat of the brow is as needful for him who labors to feed others as for him who labors to feed himself. From nothing comes nothing. We cannot get from the earth unless we give to the earth. There is a shame, too, which hangs round the idleness of the preacher ; for he is not only as one whose indolence indicates a slovenly contempt for his hearers, he is also as one who offers to *God* what costs him nothing. Dr. Chalmers took as much pains with the preparation of his simple sermons for village folk as with his sermons for university and educated congregations. He who lives as in his great Taskmaster's eye will reverence his work and those for whom he works. He will not be content with what comes easily. He could not be content with what is merely ingenious. Forever he must be asking himself, "Is it true?" "Is it true to me?" He will work not only till his subject is clear to his mind, as crystal truth is clear, but he will work till his soul is possessed of the truth. He will muse till the fire kindles.

But this hard and earnest work must not be supposed to be work within a limited time ; as, for instance, between one Sunday and another. The hard work which is requisite goes far beyond the range of the week or the framework of the single sermon. The work is the work of constant study and of the accumulation of material far beyond the bare requirements

of the sermon. I am tempted to quote the following from Dr. Fitch's excellent work on teaching, for what he says of the teacher applies with tenfold force to the preacher. "No one can teach the whole or even the half of what he knows. There is a large percentage of waste and loss in the very act of transmission, and you can never convey into another mind nearly all of what you know or feel on any subject. Before you can impart a given piece of knowledge, you yourself must not only have appropriated it, you must have gone beyond it and all round it ; must have seen it in its true relations to other facts and truths ; must know out of what it originated, and to what others it is intended to lead."

The truth of this is constantly forced upon us, alike by failure and success. My own experience—if I may venture in this one point to speak of it—my own experience is that in the production of a sermon the unseen work with material and study must vastly exceed the seen work. The block out of which the statue is carved is vast compared with the statue, and the actual lines of the statue do not represent one tithe of the labor the signs and tokens of which may be seen on the rejected material. Speaking of the preacher, Cecil remarked : "He is a merchant embarking in extensive concerns. A little ready money in the pocket will not answer the demands that will be made upon him. Some of us seem to think that it will, but they are grossly deceived. There must be a well-furnished account at the bankers."

It is only by diligent study and noble husbandry of time that this balance at the

bankers can be made to accumulate. This means that he who has to preach must be of studious habits, and that in regard to his sermon he must spare no time and grudge no pains. He must treat his discourse as the artist will treat his picture. He must study for it and he must make studies of it; he must consider detail and composition; he must ruthlessly sacrifice the over-splendid detail which would disturb the harmony of the composition. He must be careful in the use of color, and while seeking to give freshness he must avoid vulgarity or loudness of tone. That is vulgar which so intrudes itself as to weaken the sense of general purpose. If "this one thing I do" is the word of the Apostle, it may serve as a motto for the preacher whose wisdom will be to teach one thing at a time, and whose desire will be to make that one thing plain.

The duty of making a thing plain is the first duty of the public speaker. Everything else—ornament, elocution, passion, persuasion—must be considered subordinate to this. The man has a message to deliver: he must take care that he delivers it so that it may be understood. He has a truth which burns for utterance in his breast: he must seek to make people see and feel this truth. How can they feel unless they understand what the truth is? The noise and clamor of wordy nothings may produce hysterical results; but these can never come within the preacher's aim. He reverences truth too highly to seek to produce unintelligent emotions. He seeks to commend himself, rather, to every man's conscience in the sight of God.

This should be done in the most natural way possible. The sermon may be likened to a syllogism. The truth to be taught is the major premise. The correlative human experience is the minor premise. From these two the conviction of personal duty and responsibility should follow. The sermon should be the attempt to bring the divine truth or thought alongside man's experience and life, so that some help and hope, some aspiration or regret, may fall like the invigorating touch of divine strength upon the faltering minds of human weakness. It is the blending of these two things which every sermon needs.

The sermon which is merely a setting forth of some theological proposition in

relation to established Christian doctrines may be excellent, but ineffective. It is a treatise rather than a sermon. The sermon must enter into life. It must not only thrill with Heaven, it must throb with earth. It must, like its Divine Master, reach humanity by becoming human. "What is beyond all humanity ever fails to move it; it is the reason why all the religions of the earth are things of the lip, which scarcely influence the life; it is what remains human, yet is human only in the highest sense and by the deepest woe, that can sway your hearts as the winds the reeds."

And as he must thus be human so must his humanity be as the human nature of his own times. The preacher must not let his sermon be the reverberation of the thunder of yesterday. He may be acquainted with yesterday's story of storm. This is right; for he should study the lore of the past and make the treasures of things old his own. But he should speak his message in the language of his own day. The phrases of yesterday, like the thunder of yesterday, carry the memory of power rather than the reality. The man who thinks to influence the men of the nineteenth century by repeating the phrases of the sixteenth or the eleventh centuries will hardly stir the hearts of his contemporaries.

Yet let not the preacher be too modern either. The "magazine"-fed preacher will not go deep enough to reach the heart of humanity. The man who watches the waves will not know the true set of the tide. The currents lie below the surface. We need to go deeper than the surface if we are to be wise and understanding men, knowing how to act and to speak to the times. The acquaintance which the preacher should have with human nature should be wide and deep. Let him speak of the things which are before yesterday and yet of to-day, and let him speak of them in words which the men of to-day will understand. To this end let him read what is written to-day and also what was written in the days of old. Robert Hall said that it was well for the man whose work was preaching "to make himself intimately acquainted with an older writer, Barrow, Tillotson, Hooker, Milton, Chillingworth, Pearson, etc., of whom, in comparison with later writers" (I still quote Robert Hall), "I should be disposed

to say, with few exceptions, 'No one, having tasted old wine, straightway desireth new; for he saith the old is better.' " I do not commit myself to Robert Hall's list, still less would I confine myself to it; but the spirit of the counsel is good and worthy of attention—for he cannot well and fitly understand his own times, nor even the writers of his own times, who knows nothing of those ages which went before his own, and also cannot number among his acquaintances those great men of the past without whom the present never had been what it is.

The preacher, however, has a further aim. It is his duty to keep divine thoughts before men.

Human he must be, and the more truly human the better. If he is the best divine who well divines he will be the best preacher who shows that the intricacies and curiosities of human character, the ebb and flow of human hope, the strange antitheses between men's lofty aspirations and their grovelling desires, the pathetic falls and the more pathetic heroisms, the plaintive music of human hearts when deep calleth unto deep, the sins, sorrows, and the sadness of humanity are known to him. Whatever he speaks of divine things he must speak in the language of humanity. Nay, more, he must speak the language of the humanity of his own day. But he must not be the mere echo of the thoughts of men—a voice answering back to the voice of their weakness or their despair. He must be more than the mirror to human nature. Of him we may say as Schiller said of the poet: "He is the son of his time, but pity for him if he is its pupil or its favorite. Let some beneficent deity snatch him when a suckling from the breast of his mother and nurse him with the milk of a better time." The preacher must be nursed upon the breast of Heaven. He must draw his inspiration from the world which is the world not of shadows but of realities. He must be the voice, even if it be in an irresponsible wilderness, preparing the way of the Lord. He must be the herald of that which never dies in a world wherein all things seem to die. He must restore the poetry of hope to humankind.

The subject-range of the sermon is very great. Judged by the vast variety of topics which have been treated of in the pulpit we might conclude that any defini-

tion of the scope and object of preaching was impossible. The latest development of political agitation, the newest social development, the most recent discovery, the most sensational public scandal, the most striking scientific theory, the last novel, the last crime, the last fad, the last failure, are among pulpit topics. How can any definition of the aim of the preaching be reached when the range of subjects is so great and so diversified? I desire to exclude no subject which can be profitably treated in the pulpit. No doubt the most unpromising theme may be made fruitful of good, as surely as the duldest preacher may teach us patience. But if a preacher has no aim beyond passing an hour in amusing and interesting his people, he becomes the lecturer or the promoter of entertainments, and becoming these he ceases to be the preacher. It is, perhaps, not needless to recall to our minds that the end of preaching and the end of worship is edification of some sort. There is too much of the "variety of attraction" spirit in the notices of Sunday services and sermons. We cannot pass along the street without seeing placards announcing the sensational topic of next Sunday's sermon or the distinguished artists who are to form the principal attraction in buildings which were once thought to be houses of prayer. I recognize the kindness and generosity of those who thus lend their talents and gifts to the promotion of some good object. Far be it from me to suggest that any gift may not be consecrated to the service of God and to the highest good of mankind. But for all that, the modern development of sensationalism in church appears to me to have a large admixture of the flavor of advertisement and suggests the desperation which clutches at a cheap and shallow success of (in a bad sense) a popular service instead of the calm earnestness which seeks to benefit the people and the Church of God. It is needful to keep in mind the divine calling of the preacher. Make the range of his preaching as wide as you will, yet let the light of what is divine shine over it. Let him travel to the remotest end of the earth in his subject, but let him not forget that as on every land the same sun shines, so over every subject a divine light should be shed.

Here we may, perhaps, reach what may pass for a definition. The scope of the

preacher's work is to bring the Heavenly into the earthly—to bring the divine near to the human. He thus can bring back what is better than romance to human life. The world may be too much with us, but on the Sunday at least the preacher will remind us of the light which never was yet always is on sea and land. The path we tread may be dark and our prospects gloomy and cloudy, but the preacher will point out the bow in the cloud,—the token of changeless and faithful love—eternal in the heavens. The complications of modern questions may be perplexing and bewildering, the changes around too rapid and alarming, but the quiet hours of the Sunday will bring to us the remembrance of how God fulfils Himself in many ways, and how all things may be working around for good toward that one divine far-off event to which the whole creation moves.

To fail to put this divine touch upon the wearied and wandering lives of men is to fail in preaching. To send people home amused and interested is not a worthy aim. Instruct and teach, if you will. Interest them if you can. Beguile them from the overmuch sadness of life, if you think well. But strive above all to let them return to their toil with the deeper conviction of the eternal realities, a profounder sense of the spiritual education of this life, and a more tender and unwavering persuasion of the nearness of Him in Whose presence is fulness of joy, and in the knowledge of Whom is eternal life. The highest influence of this kind is expressed in Jean Ingelow's poem, "Brothers and a Sermon." When the hearer leaves the church he leaves it with such a vivid sense of the near presence of the Lord that he is prepared to find Him everywhere :

"I have heard many speak, but this one man—
So anxious 'not to go to Heaven alone—
This one man I remember, and his look,
Till twilight overshadowed him. He ceased,
And out in darkness with the fisher folk
We passed and stumbled over mounds of
moss,
And heard, but did not see the passing beck.
Ah, graceless heart, would that it could re-
gain
From the dim storehouse of sensations past
The impress full of tender awe, that night,
Which fell on me ! It was as if the Christ
Had been drawn down from Heaven to track
us home,
And any of the footsteps following us
Might have been His."

W. B. RIFON.

II.

It is with considerable hesitation that I sit down to write on the subject of preaching. I am very far indeed from regarding myself as an authority on the subject. To preach aright has always seemed to me a serious problem, and to preach at all involves an immense responsibility. If there are any who can contemplate the duty with a light heart, I am not one of them. To see before you the faces of hundreds, sometimes even of thousands, of men and women ; to know that some of them at least are hungering and thirsting after righteousness ; to know that the multitude is composed of men, women, and the youth of both sexes, and that the word spoken may prove to be for some of them a message from God and the turning-point of a life ; to know something of the struggles, the doubts, the difficulties, the temptations, the deadly perils, by which they are variously beset ; to fear lest we should incur the reproach due to those whose

"Lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scannell pipes of wretched
straw ;
The hungry sheep look up and are not fed,
But, swoll'n with wind, and the rank mist they
draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread"—

all this is, to a serious man, a very serious matter. "When I walk up the aisle of Westminster Abbey," said Canon Kingsley to a friend, "and see those gathered thousands, I wish myself dead ; and when I walk back again after the sermon I wish myself more dead."

Sermons are, and for the last two centuries have been, a common butt for the scorn of wits and men of the world. I attribute this in part to the depth of inanity, dulness, and artificiality to which, with a few brilliant exceptions, they fell at the Restoration, and throughout the eighteenth century. I do not think it would be fair to say that the general run of average preaching in these days is at all contemptible. I hear many sermons, preached by curates and by clergymen entirely unknown, and am constantly struck with the fact that if there be in one's self the least trace of "meek heart and due reverence," the sermons are few indeed which may not produce at least their passing and infinitesimal effect for good. It is true that many sermons—one's own

and others—are trite, feeble, commonplace; it cannot possibly be otherwise. There are twenty thousand clergy in the English Church, and many of us are very ordinary and every-day persons, who have not the faintest pretence to profoundness or eloquence. But then we share these limitations of faculty with our lay critics. We find the tedious and the platitudinous quite as much in books, newspapers, law courts, Parliamentary debates, and magazines as in sermons. Sermons would be just as bad if you turned out all the clergy to-morrow and put twenty thousand of their most disdainful and self-satisfied critics in their place. The clergy possess no monopoly of dulness or patent of unprofitableness. If very few of us are great, or wise, or clever, we at least stand intellectually on a level with the mass of our hearers. To most men God does not give ten talents, but only one; and that only in an earthen vessel. It is impossible to expect an endless succession of "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" from a preacher whose powers at the best are but ordinary; who may be suffering at any moment from sickness of body or depression of spirits; who is, in very many instances, involved in endless work and unceasing worry; whose heart may be aching with anxiety, and whose life may be burdened by poverty and all the sordid cares which it inevitably brings. And when we remember that most clergymen, in the midst of heavy parochial burdens, have to produce—not rare and splendid *conférences* at Advent or Easter like some of the great French preachers—but two sermons, or more, regularly every week, besides various addresses, we shall, I think, be struck with the general excellence of sermons; at any rate we shall be less impatient of their many defects.

"The worst speak something good; if all want sense,
God takes a text, and preacheth patience."

There are, I frankly admit, some sermons which are simply detestable. When the preacher is conceited, affected, and manifestly unreal; when he betrays his ignorance while he is pretending to a knowledge and authority which he does not possess; when he is insinuating some disputed and paltry party dogma, instead of pressing home the great, broad, simple truths of the Gospel; when he is indulg-

ing in "loud-lunged anti-Babylonianisms" instead of "preaching simple Christ to simple men;" when he is abusing the coward's castle of his pulpit to slander his betters, and to teach the sham science of castes and the sham theology of cliques, or to air the cut and dried snippings of the formulæ with which he has been assiduously crammed at his party training place; when he is doing anything but

"Preach as never sure to preach again,
And as a dying man to dying men"—

all hearers are free to turn their thoughts to something else with such charity for the preacher as they may. But so long as he is evidently and transparently sincere; so long as he confines himself to preaching the plain eternal truths of the Gospel of Christ; so long as he insists on the fundamental and primary truth that "what that supreme and sacred Majesty requires of us is Innocence alone," I think that the most critical of hearers ought to bear with his limitations of power, or his ineradicable defects of manner and style. After all, the *lowest* claim which any sermon could put forward would be a claim to rhetorical skill, or literary finish. If a sermon attempts to charm the ear or the mind, it should only be as a means of moving the heart. Moral and spiritual edification is the humble yet lofty aim of every true Christian pulpit. It is as St. Augustine said, *docere, flectere, movere*,—to arrest the careless, to strengthen the weak, to lift up the fallen, to bring the wanderer home.

This is the deeper aspect of preaching, and a clergyman must indeed have been indifferent or unfortunate if, during his ministry, abundant proofs have not come to him that even the ministrations which he himself, as well as many of his hearers, regarded as so feeble and imperfect have yet fallen as with dews of blessing on many souls.

But I must turn to questions of voice and gesture.

1. Most Englishmen have a just horror of the word "elocution," because they think that it means something histrionic and artificial, which in the pulpit is more offensive than any other fault. For if a preacher gives himself any airs and graces, or indulges in theatrical tones or studied gesticulations, if he thinks of himself at all, and so ceases to be his own natural and

manly self, he at once becomes as insufferable as Cowper's Sir Smug or Thackeray's Mr. Honeyman. But confining the word "eloquence" to the right management of the voice and the correction of awkward mannerisms, it has been a great misfortune to the majority of living clergymen that they have entered, as I did, upon the important task of addressing their fellow men without one hour of training. In this respect the Americans are much more wise than we are. At all their schools and colleges they have rhetoric and elocution classes. The teachers study the mechanism of the vocal organs, and teach their pupils how to articulate clearly, and how to bring out their voices so as to make themselves heard. Boys and youths, by going through five or six years of this training, are effectually cured of distressing nervous peculiarities, and are taught to express themselves in public with force and ease. Good speaking, so far as these qualities are concerned, is far more common in America than in England.

2. As for "action," it comes naturally to the Greek, the Italian, and the Irishman, but to very few men of our cold English temperament. It is, indeed, said of Whitefield that when he slowly uplifted his arms in pronouncing the words, "If I take the wings of the morning, and fly to the uttermost parts of the sea," a lady who was present declared that nothing would have surprised her less than to see him soar bodily to Heaven. Demosthenes said that the three requisites of the orator were "Action, Action, Action;" but there is scarcely one of our own great orators or preachers who has used much action. I do not think that action can be taught, though we might be taught to *avoid* actions which are ungraceful and distressing.

3. What shall we say of humor? Is it admissible in the pulpit? I should say very rarely, and only if it be a natural gift. Some eminent modern preachers, among whom I may mention Mr. Spurgeon and Mr. Ward Beecher, and, in the English Church, Archbishop Magee and the Bishop of Derry, have made humor the instrument of the most searching insight, and (in the latter instances) of the most refined beauty. The mediæval preachers made free use of humor in their sermons, and sometimes abused the privilege. But we know from the sermons of the great and saintly Chrysostom that he, too, frequently made

his vast audience laugh. To quote but one instance, when he was preaching against the extravagant Byzantine fashion of bejewelled and gorgeously embroidered boots, he described the dandies who wore them delicately picking their way to church. "If you don't want to soil your boots," he said, "I recommend you to take them off your feet and wear them on your heads. You laugh," he cried, "but I rather weep for your follies."

4. It seems to me to be altogether a mistake to be too stereotyped in our notions of "the dignity of the pulpit." The illustrations of the Hebrew prophets, of the great Apostles, of Christ Himself, were incessantly drawn from the commonest objects and the most familiar incidents of daily life. Room should be left for the greatest variety of topic and abundance of illustration. An illustration in a modern sermon may take the place of those parables, the Divine secret of which was absolutely unique. An illustration, and the lesson which it carries with it, may often be remembered for years, when the very same thing expressed conventionally and in the abstract might be forgotten almost as soon as uttered. The preacher might say, like the poet:

"From Art, from Nature, from the schools,
Let random influences glance,
Like light in many a shiver'd lance
That breaks about the dappled pools:
The lightest wave of thought shall lisp
The fancy's tenderest eddy wreath
The slightest air of song shall breathe
To make the sullen surface crisp."

5. But what is needed in the pulpit most of all is simplicity and sincerity. What American writers call "personal magnetism" is that impressiveness of the individuality of which Aristotle describes the most commanding element under the head of *ἡθος*. It is this which makes some men take an audience by storm before they have spoken a single sentence. If a speaker be manly, straightforward, earnest, sincere—he cannot possibly fail. This simplicity and sincerity are compatible with styles and methods which, if they were not part of the writer's whole self, and the result of all the influences which have been brought to bear upon him, might not be so described. Sincerity and simplicity of heart may wear the gorgeous rhetoric of Milton's prose, and yet give us no sense of unreality; and,

on the other hand, unreality may clothe itself in a style of ostentatious commonplace and monosyllabic baldness. The passionate earnestness of Burke burns through the periods so stiff with golden embroidery. South alluded with scathing contempt to the imagery of Jeremy Taylor. Nevertheless, Jeremy Taylor's style came to him as naturally as Milton's, or Carlyle's, or Wordsworth's, or Ruskin's, or that of any other great writer who has been received at first by all the professional critics with shouts of ignorant disdain. I should recommend every preacher to amend such faults in his style as he sees, and as he *can* amend, but otherwise never to think of his style at all, and simply to say what he has to say as naturally as he can; to say nothing that he does not mean, and to mean nothing which he does not say. If he does this he will be thoroughly well understood by all, for heart will speak to heart, and whether his style be as plainly Saxon as John Bunyan's, or as full of long Latin words as some passages of Shakespeare, will make no difference. "Preach so that the very servant-maids will understand you," was the advice given by a prelate to a young deacon; and the maid-servants, yes, and even street Arabs, will understand any man who speaks to them with real feeling on human subjects and in a human way. Let a man but speak that of which he is heart and soul convinced, and the poorest sermon will do some good.

Posturing assumption, artificial sainthood will avail no one long, and even eloquence and learning without sincerity will produce no real effect. "Why to thee? why to thee?" said the burly and handsome Fra Masseo to poor ragged, emaciated Francis of Assisi. "I say why should all the world come after thee, and every one desire to see and hear and obey thee? Thou art not handsome, thou art not learned, thou art not noble; therefore why to thee? why does all the world run after thee?" But even as he spoke the words the good-humored brother knew that the answer was not far to seek. It lay in the personality, the intensity of devotion, the depth of self-sacrifice which were the secrets of the age-long influence of the sweet saint who took forsaken Poverty to be his bride.

Dean Hook was always regarded as an effective preacher at Leeds by the multi-

tudes who thronged the great parish church. He gave the secret of his success in these words:—

"I am convinced that one of the things which makes my ordinary sermons tell from the pulpit is this very circumstance that I write precisely as I would talk, and that my sermons are as nearly as possible extemporaneous effusions."

The reason why the plain "extemporaneous effusions" told was because "out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh."

F. W. FARRAR.

III.

THERE could be no greater delusion than to imagine that the influence and attractiveness of the Christian pulpit have gone. There never was in all Christian history a preacher who enjoyed a greater or more lasting popularity than Mr. Spurgeon enjoys to-day. The crowds that used to throng St. Paul's Cathedral when Canon Liddon preached there have never been surpassed. The Pulpit, instead of being weaker, is really growing stronger and stronger. The impression to the contrary is probably due to the fact that, for reasons into which I need not enter now, the average newspaper reporter has not hitherto been friendly to the pulpit, and has not been in the habit of regarding sermons as "good copy." No class of public speakers in this country have been so persistently boycotted or disparaged by the Press as preachers. But there are signs that this state of affairs is passing away, and that the Press and the Pulpit are beginning to realize the advantage of an honorable alliance in the interests of justice and humanity.

The Press, consciously or unconsciously, has exerted a very beneficent influence over the Pulpit. It has influenced preachers, for one thing, to talk English and to make themselves intelligible. It has been even more beneficial in dragging them down from the clouds where they had been too apt to sail in metaphysical balloons. It has mightily influenced them to deal with the plain practical interests of actual men and women. Many readers will recall the language in which Sir James Stephen referred to preachers whose abstractions had no reference whatever to the living men and women upon whom they were poured. That kind of preaching has to a great extent passed away. All sorts of

subjects, at which our grandfathers would not have dared to hint in the pulpit, are now discussed there. Preachers do not hesitate now to use illustrations drawn from real life. I need scarcely add that this is exactly what their Master did two thousand years ago. His illustrations were taken from the men and women of His own time, and from the phenomena of nature with which His hearers were familiar. But a sort of pulpit style had grown up which was exceedingly artificial, stilted, and unreal. One small but significant symptom of the change in the direction of simplicity and genuineness which has come over the pulpit is the fact that the preacher of our own day does not speak of himself as "we" and "us," but simply as "I" and "me." I can well remember the horror of some members of my own congregations when I first substituted the singular pronoun for the royal "we" in which I had been trained. Another remarkable symptom of the age is the fact that the old, artificial, elaborate, and exceedingly florid rhetorical style is at a great discount. At one time ministers of religion used to prepare elaborate and brilliant sentences worked up into climaxes which produced a great impression upon half-educated audiences. But the age has become so much more earnest that it will not stand that sort of thing except occasionally.

Perhaps the most striking feature of the new method of preaching is its intensely ethical character. George Eliot would no longer be able to accuse Christian preachers of "other-worldliness." They trouble themselves less and less about the other world, and they take more and more to heart the sufferings and the needs of this. It is one of the most curious phenomena of history that what I may call the intensely secular character of Christ's teaching should have been so long overlooked. The idea arose very early in our era that Christianity was too good for this world; and men consequently thought they could attain its ideals only by living artificial lives apart from their fellows in monasteries or even by going to the further extreme of taking up their abode in some solitary cave in an African desert or elsewhere. At the era of the Reformation the whole civilized world was well aware that neither the monastic nor the solitary life was morally one bit better than the

ordinary life of society, that in some respects it was very much worse. But the idea that Christianity was too good for this world still clung even to the Reformers, so they transplanted the fulfilment of the Christian idea to another world altogether. I need scarcely say that this notion is flatly contradicted in every part of the New Testament. The angels who saluted the Nativity of our Lord sang of peace on earth and goodwill among men. In the same way our Lord Himself taught us to pray that the will of God might be done by men on earth as angels do it in Heaven. In fact the whole of the Lord's Prayer refers to this world and to this life. When St. John closed the volume of Revelation with a glowing picture of the ideal city of God he was not referring, as is so strangely imagined, to Heaven but to earth. He tells us expressly he saw "the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down out of Heaven from God."

All this is becoming more evident to the preacher of to-day, and is giving his teaching an ethical flavor which has never been so conspicuous before. We hear a great deal in the pulpit now about the evils of drunkenness, sexual vice, gambling, and war. The sweating system is denounced, and the overcrowding of the poor is deplored. We have entered, in fact, upon the Johannine period, and all the most characteristic religious teachers of our day are disciples of St. John. They realize with him that the very essence of real Christianity is brotherliness, and that we are to prove our love to God by our love to one another. The result is that the modern pulpit deals very much less with metaphysical questions and protests loudly against the purely artificial distinctions that have too long been made between what is called "religious" and what is called "secular." This new development of teaching is what has given rise to the present strange dislocation of political parties, and to the much discussed "Non-conformist conscience." Mr. Herbert Spencer has said, with only too much truth, that at present we have two religions in this country: one which we derive from the Greek and Latin authors and the other from the Old and New Testaments; one which we profess on Sunday and the other which we practise during the remaining days of the week. Mr. Spencer imagines that both of these re-

ligions must exist for a time, but significantly enough prophesies the ultimate triumph of the Sunday religion. The modern pulpit is increasingly alive to the calamitous contradictions and inconsistencies of nineteenth-century Christianity; and it is strenuously endeavoring so to enlighten and strengthen the Christian conscience that twentieth-century Christianity may be of a piece and that men may apply the same moral principles to all the events of life, to business and civic duty and social intercourse as well as to so-called religious functions.

This has led to the development in the modern pulpit of what has come to be known as Christian Socialism, or as I prefer to designate it, Social Christianity. In a word, the modern teacher of Christianity believes that Christ came not merely to save individual souls—he believes that intensely—but also to reconstruct human society upon a Christian basis. The Kingdom of God occupies a place in Christian thought that it has scarcely received before except in the teaching of some great Catholic preachers. We realize more and more how dependent the individual is upon his environment. We are not less conscious of the importance of individual regeneration, holding, indeed, with Horace Bushnell that “the soul of all improvement is the improvement of the soul.” But on the other hand the very highest improvement of the soul is scarcely possible except in a favorable social environment. Hitherto the laws and customs even of so-called Christian countries have to a very great extent sacrificed the many to the few and made it quite unnecessarily difficult for men to live virtuous lives. But, as Mr. Gladstone once said, the ideal of the Christian statesman is to make it easy for people to do right and difficult for them to do wrong.

There is one other feature of present-day preaching which ought to be named: it has become less and less abstract and more and more concrete. In other words, instead of setting before men certain qualities and virtues as commendable, it has presented the human life of Jesus Christ as the example we should follow. No doubt we are greatly indebted to the noblest Unitarian teachers for reminding

us of this partially forgotten duty; just as, I might add, Mr. George Holyoake taught us many years ago those truths of Secularism which are, happily, no longer neglected by Christian teachers. In the present day the tendency of the pulpit is more and more to teach that the true Christian is the Christ-like Christian, and to repeat everywhere, with John Stuart Mill, that there is no better rule of conduct than this: What would Jesus of Nazareth have done if He had been in my place? Men are becoming more and more impatient of mere controversy, and perhaps even perilously disposed to accept any kind of doctrine if it is associated with a good and unmistakably beneficent life. We are somewhat apt to overlook the fact that false teaching, even if associated with a beautiful career, may still ultimately do irreparable mischief. But in the present reaction from the ecclesiastical and theological bitterness of the past, and in an intense realization of the magnitude of the problem of sin and misery with which we have to struggle, men are very indifferent to doctrinal truth, and greatly appreciative of ethical service.

I have not ventured in this hasty paper, written under circumstances of great difficulty, to express opinions with respect to the merits or demerits of the most characteristic features of present-day preaching. I have simply appeared as an observant witness, to tell what I know. It will, of course, be understood that I am speaking of those preachers in all churches who are most typical of the time in which we live, and who have the ear of the public. Moreover, the various characteristics that have been enumerated are distributed among many men in the various branches of the Church of God. I have not been thinking of any particular preachers or school of preachers. At the same time I am persuaded that the general conception of modern day preaching which I have given—which I apprehend is what I have been asked to give—is descriptive of the type of preaching which differentiates us from the past, and is becoming more and more predominant in all the churches.

HUGH PRICE HUGHES.

—*New Review.*

LESSONS, MY DEARS!

BY MRS. WALFORD.

A FAMILIAR figure of the present day is the pale-faced, lanky, all-shoulder and-elbow school-girl just entering her teens. Her frocks are in a chronic state of requiring new "false hems"—the modern substitute for the tucks to be let down, which were the bane of the last generation—and between her faintly-discernible waist and obtrusive waistband there exists a vast and hopeless gulf. She is tolerably sure to have cold feet and hands. She almost invariably runs to a pink nose, if not to pink eyelids. Usually, she is rather silent. If not haunted by the ghosts of Lessons past, she is brooding over the looming shadows of Lessons to come; if not chewing the cud of good or bad marks already received, she ponders deeply over what of these the future may have in store. Away from the desk or the piano she has no real existence.

Moreover, as her mind seldom wanders outside the narrow precincts which bound her own little world, she is—unless possessed of an exceptionally forcible character—still less of a listener than a talker.

See her at the luncheon table, for instance. At luncheon she appears; it is her dinner, and too often her one solid meal in the day—but it is not honest hunger—would it were!—which prevents her finding anything worthy of her attention in the conversation held by her elders. We will suppose—it is rather a wild supposition, but still it does sometimes happen that the luncheon table is the centre of really interesting talk on notable topics—we will suppose that it has chanced to become so on an occasion; does our solemn-visaged little wiseacre pay any heed to what is being said? Not a bit of her. It is not her business. She has not been given that conversation to learn; and she is stolidly averse toward acquiring knowledge in any other form than through the legitimate channel of her daily tasks. Those she has got to worry through, and that is enough for her.

Enough? It is a vast deal too much, and that is the simple truth about the matter. The poor little head and brain are already fully charged to the brim—the intelligence as it were met and provided for.

The girl is being "taught" everything, and nothing is left for her to learn of herself. Is it likely that she can manifest the slightest desire to put forth hand or foot in devising paths on her own account, when she is being made to march in the regulation step from morn to night along the hard highway?

She is "being educated"—that is to say, she has been put into a mortar and is being pestled into shape. From that shape every original bias has to be eliminated. It is like the gristle which the careful cook picks out and throws away when mincing her beef; your true-born *chef* wants none of it, neither does the parent nor guardian want any girl-gristle; they want a nicely minced-up young lady, moulded to pattern. All extraneous interests, all curiosity regarding the great world or its ways, all unorthodox sympathies, all special yearnings and aspirations, come under the head of "gristle" in the process now being gone through—in the drone, drone, drone of "Lessons" from one hour to another.

"Lessons, my dears," is read in the eye of the governess, as morning by morning she sails out of the dining-room at the conclusion of family prayers; and "Lessons, my dears," the same eye announces again in the first pause at the close of the luncheon-dinner. Meekly the poor preceptress departs, and meekly follow the little flock. *They* have no digestions to be considered; no pause for health's or pleasure's sake need be thought of for *them*.

Oh yes; they have their daily walk—an hour in the morning, an hour in the afternoon; perhaps in the summer-time they may even stroll outside again in the cool of the evening. But Lessons must be *first*, of course. So says mamma, with calm unconscious air. Your British matron is so very unconscious, so absolutely innocent of committing the very slightest offence against her own flesh and blood, nay, she is so entirely convinced that she is doing the very best she can for them in every possible way, by thus ordaining and inculcating the doctrine that "Lessons must be *first*, of course," that it is almost

a hopeless task to endeavor to undeceive her.

Lessons must be first—before everything. Well, perhaps not before religion; but certainly before food, exercise, fresh air, sleep. The drowsy head must be shaken up from the pillow at an early hour—long before papa, or mamma, or any elder folks in the house are astir; and the fretful, shivering, starved, and only half-roused schoolgirl set to practise in a room in which, if it be midwinter, a fire has just been lighted, or at other seasons has not been lit at all! In some exceptionally careful households there may be accorded before this ordeal a glass of milk—cold and heavy on the stomach at that hour; but the good, warm, nourishing breakfast which should always precede brain-work in the case of every growing girl, is either delayed until she has accomplished her hour's study, or not given at all. The mind is gorged—the body is starved.

And so on throughout the day. The parent who considers that during the brief hours of winter sunshine it is as well to curtail the morning tasks to a single hour or so, and postpone the principal tuition to the afternoon, by which time the sky is apt to cloud over and raw mists to steal over the face of the land, has, in the eyes of her acquaintances who are *educationists* proper, a very poor idea of developing mental culture. They "wonder at her"—behind backs. They consider she "does not do her daughters justice." And one speaker will narrate how many hours a day her dear girls are closeted with their "Fräulein;" and another will cap the recital with the extra dose administered by her "Mademoiselle;" while the pale drawn faces and the round stooping backs of the unfortunate objects of their tenderness, count for nothing as compared with Adela's proficiency in music, or Ethel's fluency in French.

The doctor, he knows. He knows the meaning of those listless movements and lack-lustre eyes. But of what avail is his knowledge? He may gently hint at the necessity of the chest expanding and the muscles developing; but he will be met by the cold rejoinder, "My daughters have abundance of exercise; they have a back-board in the schoolroom: they are not great eaters by nature!"

It is hard in the teeth of "Lessons, my dears," which is written on every line

of the matron's visage, to insist on it that the slow, formal walk is *not* exercise, that the backboard is *not* rest, that healthy hunger has to be inaugurated—sown, as it were—and is not a genuine product of poor enfeebled soil.

Now, that the girl in her teens has much to learn, and that she has arrived at the age for receiving instruction, no one will think of denying. She ought undoubtedly to get rid of a certain amount of ignorance through the direct medium of schoolroom routine; but may a word be here put forth to suggest that it is but a very small portion of knowledge which can be deliberately, as it were, injected into the young, and that the real, the useful, the principal lessons they need, and by which their future lives will be guided, are not to be found under the head of "Lessons, my dears"?

A girl ought to be taught to think, to observe, to reflect; but if she is given no time wherein to exercise these powers, if every day and every hour is so filled up, so portioned out, and so settled for her by authority, how is she ever, in homely phrase, to "feel her feet"? Her powers both of mind and of body are undermined by the constant wear and tear of endless tasks. She is enfeebled and incapacitated. Her faculties are warped. Intelligence itself, when driven between the shafts unceasingly along one beaten track, will cease to gaze with any interest elsewhere. Turned loose upon a common full of flowers and grasses, the same becomes straightway no better than a wilderness.

Holidays bring but a partial benefit in the above cases. The body may recuperate itself, but the mind cannot. What is the little maid to do? How shall she pass the time? She cannot be always at play; she wearies of doing nothing; yet she has no energy for doing anything. To read would be purest drudgery: to draw, to sing, to cultivate a single accomplishment would all savor of the hated "Lesson" hours. She can fancy nothing—settle to nothing.

Hard-worked and hard-driven as she has been throughout her young career, she has never been taught one thing, and that is to *employ herself*; with her it has ever been either "Lessons, my dears," or else—idleness.

Is there anything to be done? There is this. Curtail the hours during which

schoolroom rule is all in all. Permit some intervals of real leisure—not enforcing *anything* to be done in these. Leave them to be dealt with by their owner herself. Surely she has a right to own some little bits of her own life here and there. When not worn out by ceaseless tasks, she will fill them sensibly enough, if she is a sensible child; and if not, she will at least fill them as well as you, her guardian, could do in such a case. Don't take all the "go" out of her with endless supervision. She wants to go her own way and follow her own bent, at times. Consider that the time will come when she will *have* to do this, and why not prepare and train for such a time? You will not always be at her elbow; draw away from it once in a while, now.

And as for that eternal "practising," can anything be said to check or moderate this pest? In how few cases is there any real result; how few are musicians by nature.

It may of course be replied to this that even a little musical ability may be useful in after life, may cultivate the ear, and teach appreciation, if nothing else. Granted, but that is not the point. Enough musical tuition to acquire these can be surely gained without hours and hours spent in drumming scales, and rendering and re-rendering difficult passages of "pieces" never destined to delight any mortal ear. It makes one's heart ache to see the victim to these going through her daily drudgery, and to know how valueless it is.

As for the hideous folly of enacting that it shall be gone through fasting, and at an hour of the day when Nature is at her lowest ebb, requiring a fillip instead of a drain, this is a matter which requires stronger language and more eloquent denunciation than the present writer dares to give.—*Chambers's Journal*.

MONA LISA—LEONARDO DA VINCI.

BY MICHAEL FIELD.

(*The Louvre.*)

HISTORIC, sidelong, implicating eyes;
Smile on the velvet cushion of the cheek;
Calm lips the smile leads upward; hand that lies
Glowing and soft, the patience in its rest
Of cruelty that waits and doth not seek
For prey; a dusky forehead and a breast
Where twilight touches ripeness amorously;
Behind her, crystal rocks, a sea and skies
Of evanescent blue on cloud and creek;
Landscape that shines suppressive of its zest
For those vicissitudes by which men die.

—*Academy*.

THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN.*

(*Rescued from a Batch.*)

It is seldom that the reviewer of "contemptuous," or contemptible, "batches" of novels finds himself so puzzled as by a new sixpenny story, styled *The Heart of Midlothian*. The author's name, Sir Wal-

ter Scott, Bart., is entirely new to us. Meredith we know, and Besant we know; but who is Sir Walter Scott? A baronetage throws no light on what we must assume to be a *nom de guerre*; but we confess that, unfamiliar as is the author, we do not care how soon we meet him again. His work has, indeed, the fault of youth,

* *The Heart of Midlothian*. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. London: Black. 1891.

inexperience, and a kind of laborious jocularity. The construction of the tale is chiefly conspicuous in the usually quoted manner. There is an almost unintelligible preface by one Jedediah Cleishbotham, and much of the conversation is written in dialect. The tale is historical, which is usually a kind way of saying that it is tedious; but we confess that we have read with great interest the description of the Porteous Riots and that we do not think them unworthy of the author of *Micah Clarke*, nor even of Mr. Stevenson himself, whom our author seems, at some distance, to imitate. The imitation, however, is not often servile, and people who can endure dialect will find some pleasure in the character of an old belated Covenanter, Davie Deans. The figure of that dilatory lover, the Laird of Dumbiedikes, has also touches of agreeable, though far from subtle, caricature. We are somewhat puzzled by a personage named Madge Wildfire, who distinctly verges on the sensational, but sings some not unmelodious verses, whether original or derived from tradition. We shall not defy the editor of *The Author*, that fiery journal, by giving a *précis* of the plot of the *Heart of Midlothian*. Suffice it to say that circumstances not unconnected with the Scotch law of concealment of birth enable the daughter of the old Puritan, Jeanie Deans, to display singular qualities of modesty, courage, and truthfulness. It is a pity that our author should put such unmaidenly and, indeed, unintelligible language in her mouth as "The deil's in the daidling body; wha wad hae thought o' his daikering out this length?" The author himself "daikers" out to a length which we end by finding tedious. The tale should have closed with chapter xli.; the subsequent fortunes of the characters are dreary where they are not melodramatic. The writer ends with the copy-

book sentiment that "the paths of virtue, though seldom those of worldly greatness, are always those of pleasantness and peace." Here we find, and in capital letters, the didactic heresy, and this is the more surprising as "Sir Walter Scott" has inklings of a more artistic method. Let him shun the paths of the historical novel; let him, above all, retrench or wholly abandon his dialect; let him make up his mind not to be humorous out of season, let him carefully plan and construct his plot beforehand, and we shall look with some confidence to his taking a position not far below that of Mr. Barrie. The style is, unhappily, very lax, the sentences meander tardily through boulders of "which's." Mrs. Poyser has obviously been a favorite character of our author's, and he has endeavored to copy some of her pregnant sayings. "Certainly the gudeman of St. Leonard's had some grand news to tell him, for he was as uplifted as a midden-cock" (dunghill cock) "on pattens." This is like Mrs. Poyser's observation that the bird thought the sun had risen on purpose to hear him crow. Other examples might be chosen; but we have no sympathy with the foolish cry of plagiarism. We repeat, not unconsensually of the energy of our eulogy, that this new author has points about him which deserve to be studied and improved. He can never be a Howells or a Meredith; except when he writes in dialect he is always intelligible, and his judgment of human affairs appears to lack neither sagacity nor benevolence. Often trite and even languid, he rises in description of passion, and, though occasionally he labors at a jest, we admit that, for a Scot, he is not destitute of humor. We look forward to meeting him again in a tale of modern manners and south of his favorite Tweed. —*Saturday Review*.

THE WOMAN'S ROSE.

BY OLIVE SCHREINER, AUTHOR OF "AN AFRICAN FARM."

"And I saw that the women also held each other's hands."—DREAMS.

I HAVE an old brown carved box; the lid is broken and tied with a string. In it I keep little squares of paper, with hair inside, and a little picture which hung over

my brother's bed when we were children, and other things as small. I have in it a rose. Other women also have such boxes where they keep such trifles, but no one has my rose.

When my eye is dim, and my heart

grows faint, and my faith in woman flickers, and her present is an agony to me, and her future a despair, the scent of that dead rose, withered for twelve years, comes back to me. I know there will be spring; as surely as the birds know it when they see above the snow two tiny, quivering green leaves. Spring cannot fail us.

There were other flowers in the box once; a bunch of white acacia flowers, gathered by the strong hand of a man as we passed down a village street on a sultry afternoon, when it had rained, and the drops fell on us from the leaves of the acacia trees. The flowers were damp; they made mildew marks on the paper I folded them in. After many years I threw them away. There is nothing of them left in the box now, but a faint, strong smell of dried acacia, that recalls that sultry summer afternoon; but the rose is in the box still.

It is many years ago now; I was a girl of fifteen, and I went to visit in a small up-country town. It was young in those days, and two days' journey from the nearest village; the population consisted mainly of men. A few were married, and had their wives and children, but most were single. There was only one young girl there when I came. She was about seventeen, fair, and rather fully-fleshed; she had large dreamy blue eyes, and wavy light hair; full, rather heavy lips, until she smiled; then her face broke into dimples, and all her white teeth shone. The hotel-keeper may have had a daughter, and the farmer in the outskirts had two, but we never saw them. She reigned alone. All the men worshipped her. She was the only woman they had to think of. They talked of her on the "stoep," at the market, at the hotel; they watched for her at street corners; they hated the man she bowed to or walked with down the street. They brought flowers to the front door; they offered her their horses; they begged her to marry them when they dared. Partly, there was something noble and heroic in this devotion of men to the best woman they knew; partly there was something natural in it, that these men, shut off from the world, should pour at the feet of one woman the worship that otherwise would have been given to twenty; and partly, there was something mean in their envy of one another. If she had raised her little finger, I suppose,

she might have married any one out of twenty of them.

Then I came. I do not think I was prettier; I do not think I was so pretty as she was. I was certainly not as handsome. But I was vital, and I was new, and she was old—they all forsook her and followed me. They worshipped me. It was to my door that the flowers came; it was I had twenty horses offered me when I could only ride one; it was for me they waited at street corners; it was what I said and did that they talked of. Partly I liked it. I had lived alone all my life; no one ever had told me I was beautiful and a woman. I believed them. I did not know it was simply a fashion, which one man had set, and the rest followed unreasoningly. I liked them to ask me to marry them, and to say, No. I despised them. The mother heart had not swelled in me yet; I did not know all men were my children, as the large woman knows when her heart is grown. I was too small to be tender. I liked my power. I was like a child with a new whip, which it goes about cracking everywhere, not caring against what. I could not wind it up and put it away. Men were curious creatures, who liked me, I could never tell why. Only one thing took from my pleasure; I could not bear that they had deserted her for me. I liked her great dreamy blue eyes, I liked her slow walk and drawl; when I saw her sitting among men, she seemed to me much too good to be among them; I would have given all their compliments if she would once have smiled at me as she smiled at them, with all her face breaking into radiance, with her dimples and flashing teeth. But I knew it never could be; I felt sure she hated me; that she wished I was dead; that she wished I had never come to the village. She did not know, when we went out riding, and a man who had always ridden beside her came to ride beside me, that I sent him away; that once when a man thought to win my favor by ridiculing her slow drawl before me I turned on him so fiercely that he never dared come before me again. I knew she knew that at the hotel men had made a bet as to which was the prettier, she or I, and had asked each man who came in, and that the one who had staked on me won. I hated them for it, but I would not let her see that I cared about what she felt toward me.

She and I never spoke to each other.

If we met in the village street we bowed and passed on ; when we shook hands we did so silently, and did not look at each other. But I thought she felt my presence in a room just as I felt hers.

At last the time for my going came. I was to leave the next day. Some one I knew gave a party in my honor, to which all the village was invited.

Now it was midwinter ; there was nothing in the gardens but a few dahlias and chrysanthemums, and I suppose that for two hundred miles round there was not a rose to be bought for love or money. Only in the garden of a friend of mine, in a sunny corner between the oven and the brick wall, there was a rose-tree growing which had on it one bud. It was white. It had been promised to the girl to wear at the party.

The evening came ; when I arrived and went to the waiting-room, to take off my mantle, I found the girl already there. She was dressed in a pure white dress, with her great white arms and shoulders showing, her bright hair glittering in the candle-light, and the white rose fastened

at her breast. She looked like a queen. I said " Good-evening," and turned away quickly to the glass to arrange my old black scarf across my old black dress.

Then I felt a hand touch my hair.

" Stand still," she said.

I looked in the glass. She had taken the white rose from her breast, and was fastening it in my hair.

" How nice dark hair is ; it sets off flowers so." She stepped back and looked at it. " It looks much better there !"

I turned round and looked at her.

" You are so beautiful to me," I said.

" Y-e-s," she said, slowly ; " I'm glad."

We stood looking at each other.

Then they came in and swept us away. All the evening we did not come near to each other. Only once, as she passed, she smiled at me.

The next morning I left the town.

I never saw her again.

Years after I heard she had married and gone to America ; it may or may not be so—but the rose is in the box still.—*New Review*.

THE GARDEN.

BY E. NESBIT.

My garden was lovely to see,

For all things fair,

Sweet flowers and blossoms rare,

I had planted there.

There were pinks and lilies and stocks,

Sweet gray and white stocks, and rose and rue,

And clematis white and blue,

And pansies and daisies and phlox.

And the lawn was trim, and the trees were shady,

And all things were ready to greet my lady

On the Life's-love-crowning day

When she should come

To her lover's home,

To give herself to me.

I saw the red of the roses—

The royal roses that bloomed for her sake ;

" They shall lie," I said, " where my heart's hopes lie :

They shall droop on her heart and die."

I dreamed in the orchard-closes :

" 'Tis here we will walk in the July days,

When the paths and the lawn are ablaze ;

We will walk here, and look at our life's great bliss,

And thank God for this."

I leaned where the jasmine white
 Wreathed all my window round :
 Here we will lean,
 I and my queen,
 And look out on the broad moonlight :
 For there shall be moonlight—bright—
 On my wedding-night.

She never saw the flowers
 That were hers from their first sweet hours.
 The roses, the pinks, and the dark heartsease
 Died in my garden, ungathered, forlorn ;
 Only the jasmine, the lilies, the white, white rose,
 They were gathered—to honor and sorrow born.
 They lay round her, touched her close.
 The jasmine stars—white stars, that about our window their faint
 light shed,
 Lay round her head.
 And the white, white roses lay on her breast,
 And a long, white lily lay in her hand ;
 They lie by her—rest with her rest.
 But I, unhonored, unblest—
 I stand outside,
 In the ruined garden solitude—
 Where she never stood—
 On the trim green sod
 Which she never trod ;
 And the red, red roses grow and blow,
 —As if any one cared
 How they fared !
 And the gate of Eden is shut ; and I stand
 And see the Angel with flaming sword—
 Life's pitiless Lord—
 And I know I never may pass—
 Alas ! alas !
 Oh Rose ! my rose !
 I never may reach the place where she grows,
 A rose in the garden of God.

—Longman's Magazine.

M. RENAN'S IRONICAL CONCEPTION OF IMMORTALITY.

THE more M. Renan is studied, the less he seems to be in any real sense a religious teacher at all, unless that spirit of airy caprice which is of the essence of the fairy-tale may be admitted as a constituent of true religion ; and this is just what M. Renan wishes us to believe, and what any one who has any real faith absolutely repudiates. To us, religion means first of all something which binds, something which is not elastic to our will, something which we cannot vary, as we vary our pleasures and our tastes and our lighter reveries. To M. Renan, apparently, religion, if it is anything, is a midsummer night's

dream, a kind of fairy-tale which he can vary as the colors vary in a bubble, or the hum of the insects in a garden varies its attraction for the ear. On Sunday there was a gathering of the Provençal enthusiasts at Sceaux, near Paris. The Society who call themselves the *Félibres* of Paris, and who hope to revive the Provençal language as the language of a literature peculiar to the South of France, celebrated their anniversary at Sceaux ; and the *Félibres* were generous enough to associate with themselves the Bretons who cultivate the language and religion of Celtic Brittany with the same tender enthusiasm with

which the Provençals cultivate the language and religion of Languedoc. M. Renan was chosen to deliver an address, and while saying many true and graceful things about the local legends and associations which, instead of undermining the larger patriotism, really fill the larger patriotism with new significance, and lend the passion of home, as it were, to what would be otherwise its too abstract conceptions, he indulged himself in talking of the immortal life after a fashion which shows clearly enough that the immortal life has no serious meaning for him at all. He ended thus:—"I am old; I have reached the time when one ought to dream of furnishing one's head with the thoughts which will occupy it during the life eternal. That will be so long! It is, I imagine, the last images which will be the most tenacious, and which will fill our immortal soul during the ages that never end. Well, I have at this moment under my eyes most charming images; I am going to cherish them with the utmost care; I hope to place your festival of 1891 among the subjects on which I shall ponder through all eternity." Doubtless M. Renan was not serious. To us, he never seems to be serious when he talks of religion. He treats religious themes with the same light, airy, and arbitrary touch with which he might manipulate a fairy-tale. But he could hardly have shown how little serious he is in dealing with the immortal life, better than by suggesting that the spirit is to have its latest thoughts, however trivial they may be, perpetuated and petrified, as it were, through all eternity, and that he himself may perhaps be occupied during the ages that never end, with the sunny dreams of Provence and the language in which the Troubadours sang their rather extravagant songs of love and chivalry, or even with the gloomier, but not less arbitrary, traditions and superstitions of Brittany. Doubtless, in a graceful way, M. Renan wanted to intimate that the immortal life is a mere dream. That exclamation of his concerning eternity, "*Ce sera si long!*" betrays his real drift. And, indeed, that notion of occupying himself to all eternity with picturesque costumes, and the dialect and associations of the most showy, the least solid and durable, of all earthly kingdoms, indicates frankly enough the irony of the mood in which he was indulging. "Let

me not attack formally the belief in immortality," he seems to say. "There is enough and too much of serious argument of that kind. Let me assume it as all true, and make it seem ridiculous by complimenting these good people with the assurance that I should like to be thinking of their fête day and its motley gayeties to all eternity." Human life is a sort of caprice, sometimes dignified, sometimes grotesque. If it is to have an immortality at all, it is just as likely that its more capricious attitudes will be caught and stereotyped as any other,—just as a butterfly is chloroformed and then pinned in a naturalist's collection. I cannot imagine myself immortal, but if I am to be, I think I should be just as likely to be always dreaming of bright costumes, and fairy pageants, and lively masques, and passionate Southern vocabularies, and all the vivid romance of chivalry, as of anything else. And it is much better to hint to these good people indirectly, of what evanescent stuff their religious dreams are made, than to direct any serious assault on their religion." And no doubt it is hardly possible to undermine a traditional religious belief more effectually than by this ironic mode of assuming that though the popular belief in human immortality may be true, there is nothing in man that is not absolutely trivial, nothing in him deserving of the eternity with which he is, as a matter of course, credited. And this is what M. Renan sets himself to show from beginning to end. At the very opening of his address, he says that, after having reflected long on "the Infinite which surrounds us," he has arrived at the conclusion that nothing is more certain than that we shall never know much about it; "but an infinite goodness penetrates life, and I am persuaded that the moments which man gives to joy ought to count among those in which he responds best to the views of the Eternal." And he evidently means by joy, joy of the butterfly kind, the joy which the sun brings to the creatures who can bask in it, the joy which picturesque celebrations bring to those who love festivity and social gayety, the joy which all literary renaissance brings with it in "this age," as M. Renan terms it, "of the resurrection of the dead." The notion of a soul fixed in contemplating to all eternity the gayeties of an anniversary celebration of the foundation of a Pro-

vençal society, is so plainly ironical, that we rather suspect that it must have given offence to all the genuine Christians, if there were any, among "the *Félibres* of Paris." It was like suggesting that the soul should live forever in the perception of a sweet scent, or a rich tone, or a graceful group, or a fair flower. That is a great descent even from the conception of worth by which M. Renan measures the present life of man. "Every one," he says, "is worth more or less in proportion to the joys which he has tasted in the beginning of life, to the share of goodness which he has experienced from those round him." But the share of goodness which men have experienced in the early part of their life from those round them, involves elements a vast deal richer and deeper than the contemplation of the gayeties of a Provençal celebration; and one perceives, therefore, that M. Renan thinks the sweet thoughts of the eternal life are likely to be made up of material much more trivial and evanescent than the experiences upon which the worth of human character depends. That is one way in which he trains his hearers to depreciate the prospect of immortality. The worth of human life, he says, is to be measured by the share it has had in the goodness of those by whom the period of childhood has been surrounded; but the worth of immortality is to be measured by the worth of the pleasurable images which happen to be uppermost in the mind at the close of the human career. Tenderness, goodness, human affections of the highest order, enter into the substance of the one; the capricious amusements which most impress themselves on old men's memory will determine the value of the other. In both cases alike it is the amount of joyous experience which measures the worth of the

result; but the joyous experiences of age being to the joyous experiences of youth as moonlight is to sunlight, or as water is to wine, the long immortality of those at least who die in old age, will necessarily be somewhat *fâde* and tedious, if there is an immortality at all. That is what M. Renan's language suggests, though he does not say it plainly out.

What M. Renan ignores is, that all serious belief in immortality is founded on the conviction that the human heart craves rest on an eternal righteousness and blessedness the communion with which is by no manner of means a light pleasure of that butterfly order to which he chooses to attribute all the significance of finite immortality. The "beatific vision" is a vision for which finite minds can only be prepared by suffering or willingness to suffer,—indeed, by the kind of suffering or willingness to suffer of which we have had a divine example. The only preparation for immortality is experience of a diametrically opposite kind from that on which M. Renan dilates with a sort of epicurish cynicism as the possible amusement of a wearisome eternity. To learn to fathom the depth of even the deeper human characters is a process which involves a great capacity for voluntary suffering. But to learn to grow up from the human standard of righteousness to the divine, is a process which involves the willing carrying of a cross in the infinite agony and blessedness of which M. Renan has long ago ceased to believe. Of course, having once reduced our nature to the level in which the capacity for ephemeral gayety is all in all, he finds no difficulty in making the prospect of immortality look as absurd for man as it would be for the butterfly itself.—*Spectator*.

THE BALLAD OF MELICERTES.

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

IN MEMORY OF THÉODORE DE BANVILLE.

DEATH, a light outshining life, bids heaven resume
 Star by star the souls whose light made earth divine.
 Death, a night outshining day, sees burn and bloom
 Flower by flower, and sun by sun, the fames that shine
 Deathless, higher than life beheld their sovereign sign.

Dead Simonides of Ceos, late restored,
 Given again of God, again by man deplored,
 Shone but yestereve, a glory frail as breath.
 Frail ? But fame's breath quickens, kindles, keeps in ward,
 Life so sweet as this that dies and casts off death.

Mother's love, and rapture of the sea, whose womb
 Breeds eternal life of joy that stings like brine,
 Pride of song, and joy to dare the singer's doom,
 Sorrow soft as sleep and laughter bright as wine,
 Flushed and filled with fragrant fire his lyric line.
 As the sea-shell utters, like a stricken chord,
 Music uttering all the sea's within it stored,
 Poet well-beloved, whose praise our sorrow saith,
 So thy songs retain thy soul, and so record
 Life so sweet as this that dies and casts off death.

Side by side we mourned at Gantier's golden tomb:
 Here in spirit now I stand and mourn at thine.
 Yet no breath of death strikes thence, no shadow of gloom,
 Only light more bright than gold of the inmost mine,
 Only stream of incense warm from love's own shrine.
 Not the darkling stream, the sundering Stygian ford,
 Not the harm that smiles and severs as a sword,
 Not the night subduing light that perisheth,
 Smite, subdue, divide from us by doom abhorred,
 Life so sweet as this that dies and casts off death.

Prince of song more sweet than honey, lyric lord,
 Not thy France here only mourns a light adored,
 One whose love-lit fame the world inheriteth.
 Strangers too, now brethren, hail with heart's accord
 Life so sweet as this that dies and casts off death.

—*Athenæum*.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF FOUR RUSSIANS.

BY HON. CHARLES K. TUCKERMAN.

THE death of the Grand Duke Nicolas, brother of the late and uncle of the present Emperor of Russia, together with the fact that his brother, the Grand Duke Constantine, is stricken down with a malady which affords no hope of his recovery, recalls to the public mind two distinguished men whose names are associated with the most prominent political and military events in Russia of recent years. This paper will be confined simply to a few personal reminiscences of these two men, and of two other eminent Russians, the one distinguished by his valor in the field, the other by his diplomatic notoriety.

The elder of the two Grand Dukes, Constantin-Nicolaïévitch, was born in

1827, and is consequently, at the present writing, sixty-four years of age. Chief among his various titles are those of Grand Admiral, Aide-de-Camp General and President of the Imperial Council. In these capacities he has rendered distinguished services to his Government; but his unconcealed sympathies with the Liberal party, and especially with the people of Poland, created, on more than one occasion, a friction between the Grand Duke and his illustrious father. These, and other circumstances more or less known to the public, have rendered his political and private life not altogether a bed of roses.

When I first knew him he was on a visit to his daughter at Athens, Queen

Olga, and the impressions, then and subsequently, which he made upon me were those of a singularly well-informed mind, widely awake to the political and social movements of the world at large, and eagerly active in the pursuit of information from all with whom he came in contact. Free from the slightest shadow of hauteur; dignified, yet familiar, with all whom he cared to converse with; inquisitive, at times jocose; full of information, and ready to impart it beyond the verge of strict diplomatic reticence, I always looked forward to a meeting with His Highness, well assured that I should gain something from the interview beyond the empty banalities which generally form the subject of conversation between high personages and their inferiors in position. I also felt, that whether the interview was to be a mere exchange of daily compliments or the expression of views upon current topics, I must keep my wits about me, so sudden and unexpectedly might be the question or the remark to which I was called upon to respond.

As an example of this, His Highness on one occasion abruptly turned from the subject under discussion and asked where a certain vessel of the United States navy was then stationed. I could not at the moment answer the question, but promised to consult the last naval report and let him know. The vessel in question was not in the European squadron, and I had not heard of her movements for a long time. He was greatly surprised at my want of information on the subject, and declared that, with that one exception, he could name the whereabouts of every vessel in the American and European service. I ventured to put his statement to the test; whereupon His Highness called off on his fingers vessel after vessel, their respective sizes, armaments and present stations, until, no longer incredulous, I cried, "enough." He seemed equally conversant with matters totally disconnected with those under his especial charge, and at the mention of a name prominent in diplomacy or in letters would pronounce an acute criticism upon, or give an apt illustration of the individual named, as if he had made his characteristics a profound study.

That a man of such diversified resources could turn with facility from the grave occupations of his official position to the

childish amusements of life, when such diversions were appropriate to the occasion, is not astonishing. I remember at a country picnic given by their Majesties to the members of the Court and diplomatic circle who were passing the summer at the Island of Corfu, the Grand Duke Constantin, leaving his official dignity to take care of itself at St. Petersburg, was the leading spirit in the romping games on that summer afternoon in a lovely and secluded spot a few miles from the town. He had a pleasant word and a quiet little joke for everybody, and when he engaged in a race or paid his penalty in a game of forfeits, one might have supposed him, from his dexterity and agility, to be one of the youngest, instead of one of the oldest of the party. During a pause in the amusements, His Highness proposed to run up to the top of a steep little peak of rock in the vicinity to see the view, and called to the King, and myself who chanced to be near him, to follow. This we did, and in a few minutes we were upon the summit; but, the space being too limited for three to stand at a time, we were obliged to cling to each other to maintain our equilibrium. "Never mind," said the Grand Duke, "here we stand, the representatives of three nations, and from this eminence we can defy the world!" Scarcely were the words uttered than we illustrated the fallacy of "ambition's boast," for the foot of one of the party slipped, and the triple alliance came to an abrupt dissolution, the *saute qui peut* movement backward down the declivity being accentuated by the ludicrous attempts of each to save his dignity and his nose from falling on the slippery rock.

His brother, the Grand Duke Nicolas Nicolaïévitch, presented a somewhat different type of character. Without the excitable and nervous temperament of Constantin, genial but grave in his deportment, soldierly in bearing, as befits the position he held, he inspired in his intercourse with others a feeling of deference and dignified regard. Born in 1831, he was four years the junior of his brother. His principal titles were General of Engineers, Aide-de-Camp, Inspector General of the Army, and President of the *Comité Suprême d'Organisation*. Of late years his name has come prominently forward as Commander-in-Chief during the Russo-Turkish war.

It was at Constantinople in 1878 that, being engaged in the prosecution of an important matter of business with the Ottoman Government, it became necessary for me to have an interview with the Grand Duke. The Russo-Turkish war was over; the city of the Sultan lay weakened and humiliated at the feet of her great Northern conqueror, and the streets of Pera, the Christian quarter of the city, were gay with the uniforms of Russian officers, who enlivened the Grand Rue with their presence and enriched the shopkeepers at the bazaar in Stamboul with Russian roubles in exchange for *bric-à-brac*, Turkish carpets, and Oriental embroideries. One hundred and twenty thousand Russian troops were encamped at San Stefano, a Turkish village an hour's distance by rail from Stamboul, and the English fleet "of observation," despatched thither to prevent, if need be, the occupation of the capital by the Russian army, lay at anchor in Bessika Bay, at, relatively, the same distance from Stamboul as were the Russian troops. In the Bosphorus, midway between the European and Asiatic shores, the *Lavadia*, a magnificent yacht floating the imperial flag of Russia, lay peacefully at her anchorage. On board of her was the Grand Duke Nicolas, then in command of the Russian army in Turkey.

Ascertaining that H. I. H. generally lunched on board his yacht at noon, I proceeded thither in a *caïque*, an hour later, bearing a letter of introduction to him from Prince Labanoff, the Russian Ambassador. As I stepped on deck I thought I had never seen a more elegant specimen of the yacht class of naval architecture and appointments than the *Lavadia* presented. Everything, of course, was spick and span, from topmast to water's edge, but the broad sweep of the main deck, the oiled and shining spars, the ivory-white panelling and the burnished brass mountings on cannon, capstan and railing, presented an *ensemble* which could not be well surpassed. The officer at the gangway stated that the lunch party were still at table, but that, the repast being over, he thought the Grand Duke would see me, and he took my letter and card to the cabin. Almost immediately he returned with a message from His Highness inviting me to join him at table. This I declined, with thanks, send-

ing him word that, as my business was of a private character, I would be pleased to know when it would perfectly suit his convenience for me to call again. This was answered by the Grand Duke in person who, greeting me with extreme cordiality, renewed his invitation to go down with him below, saying that no one but his staff officers were present and that we could converse at our ease. As I was disinclined to do so, he said:—"All right; let us sit down here, then," namely on the raised edge of the poop deck, our feet resting on the deck below. "Here we shall be entirely uninterrupted," he continued, "and I've nothing to do for an hour to come. I am always glad to see one of your countrymen. Now, what can I do for you?" Then he ordered coffee and cigars and awaited my communication.

This all looked very encouraging, but I was by no means sure that he would be inclined to afford me the information I desired; first, because it related to the disposition of certain Turkish territory acquired by the Russians among the spoils of war, and which, not being fully determined upon, it might not be prudent to divulge; and, secondly, because the business I had in hand concerned *English* interests, and it was hardly presumable that, under the then strained relations between the two countries, Russia would care to show her hand until the political arrangements in view were fully matured. In this opinion,—so far as the Grand Duke's revelations to myself were concerned,—I was altogether mistaken. With perfect frankness he answered my questions, fully and without reserve, simply making it a condition that until the arrangements were made public I would consider his communication as strictly confidential. When this matter was disposed of, I rose to leave, but at H. H.'s request, I remained for another half hour, the conversation drifting into matters concerning the late war and the present condition of political affairs. It would appear as if,—glad to be free for a few moments from the restraint of official routine, and the conventional intercourse imposed upon him by the foreign and uncongenial elements by which he was surrounded,—he welcomed the opportunity of a free and unrestrained conversation with one who was entirely independent of political prejudices and inter-

national questions such as then formed the chief topic of interest, in Constantinople, from the Sultan's palace to the booth of the humblest shopkeeper. He seemed annoyed that he was not receiving from the English colony at Pera that official attention which his position deserved, and especially at the cold shoulder turned to him by the British Ambassador.

"Why does he not call upon me?" he asked, in an irritable tone. "Is Russia at war with England? Did we not enter upon this campaign only after every effort on the part of the Conference of the Powers failed to bring Turkey to accept a single proposition which would have averted it? It was perfectly well known that the folly and obstinacy of the Turks would result in war, and that not a single Power would come to her aid. We have conducted the war with the greatest moderation and prudence, being careful not to wound the susceptibilities of England. Are we here with sinister intentions, or as a victorious army making peace on honorable terms?"

I asked him why he did not enter Stamboul and make his terms there; he had the precedent of the Prussian occupation of Paris.

"Oh, we had precedent enough," he replied, "but it would have set all Europe in a blaze."

I asked the Grand Duke if it were true that but for the approach of the English fleet to Constantinople, the treaty of peace would have been made at Adrianople.

"Not at Adrianople, but near there, where the army halted. When the news reached us of the approach of the fleet, we met this menace on the part of a friendly Power by advancing the troops; and should have entered Stamboul, had not the fleet withdrawn, by arrangement, to its present position at Bessika Bay."*

I referred to the prevalent notion that Russia is aiming at the possession of Constantinople. His Highness smiled, and asked:

"Are the United States aiming at the possession of Cuba?"

"No."

"Would they willingly allow any other Power to hold it?"

* This statement was confirmed by two Russian Ambassadors—Ignatieff and Labanoff—and by General Skobeleff, whom I separately questioned on the subject.

"Certainly not."

"Very well; that is precisely our position with respect to Constantinople. While things remain as they are—save and excepting the closure of the Dardanelles to the passage of our naval vessels—a condition which no other nation similarly situated would endure, Russia is satisfied. If Constantinople is destined, like an over-ripe pear, to fall into somebody's lap, both the geographical and physical conditions of Russia forbid that, in such an event, it should belong to any other Power. There is of course a party in Russia favorable to the acquisition of Constantinople, as in your slavery days there was a party anxious for the possession of Cuba, but it is not an influential party. Constantinople could not become the southern capital of Russia without causing an immense depreciation of values in the north; a fact which the land and property owners there would view with the greatest alarm."

"How about the claims of Greece to her ancient domain?" I ventured to ask.

"They are more sentimental than practical. Greece deserves, and will doubtless obtain in time, an extension of territory. We feel a good deal of sympathy with Greece, apart from the fact of the Greeks being our co-religionists."

I turned the conversation to India.

"India? There is another popular fallacy, giving rise to the most absurd *espionage* on the part of England, and affording the opportunity from Members of Parliament down to newspaper scribblers, to indulge in speculations and in warnings as to the supposed aggressive movements of Russia in that direction. This causes a good deal of amusement to our people; but unfortunately it goes beyond this and excites retaliation—and so the breach widens. India! What do we want of that enormous empire of Hindoos and Mussulmans, and which would require a standing army of Russians to keep them from revolt? No; our line of advance is in a different direction, and then only so far as our political interests demand it. The Russian Empire is large enough, and no English statesman, whose judgment is not blinded by prejudice, sincerely believes that Russian ambition seeks the acquisition of India."

When I took my leave of the Grand Duke it was with the conviction that his

observations were honestly made, with no concealed purpose of their being repeated for political effect, and that they reflected the opinions of the governing classes in Russia. I have often conversed with leading Russians, introducing myself these topics, and have found similar views expressed in all quarters.

Sitting at breakfast one morning in the Club House at Pera, I noticed at another table Mr. MacGavan, the well-known American newspaper correspondent, who had accompanied the Russian army through the campaign, and had achieved a high reputation for personal valor as well as for remarkable ability as a graphic describer of events. His companion at table was a military officer in uniform, who, when I exchanged bows with MacGavan, turned toward him as if asking who I was. In a few moments both gentlemen rose, and, coming to my table, MacGavan presented me to General Skobelev. He was a man I greatly desired to meet. The valor and splendid military renown of the hero of Plevna were in everybody's mouth, and he possessed a personal magnetism that won for him the friendship of friend and foe alike. A thorough soldier, his face informed one at the first glance that he was open as the day in his sentiments and democratic in his instincts. As to the men under his command, it would be difficult to say whether military respect or personal love for their commander proved the stronger motive for their admiration of him. A strict disciplinarian in camp, he had a friendly word or grasp of the hand for each and all of them. He did not *talk* to his men of personal bravery, but he set so conspicuous an example of it in his own fearless exposure to danger, that his officers were more nervously anxious for his safety than for their own.

A few days after, we met again by chance at the club house, and Skobelev, being alone, insisted upon my breakfasting with him, and ordered two or three bottles of champagne. In vain I protested that at that early hour I never drank champagne, but he would have it, and drank it like water, without the slightest perceptible effect. This is a Russian habit, and in Skobelev's case, I fear, led to excesses not altogether disconnected with his untimely death after his return to Russia. Like all his countrymen whom I have known, he talked with the utmost free-

dom. On military and political affairs he gave his opinions without reserve, and censured certain high officials among his countrymen to an imprudent degree. But even his censorious remarks left the impression on my mind that he spoke from conviction and not from personal feeling. He pressed me to visit him in camp at San Stefano, and offered to send a mounted escort and horses to meet me on my arrival at the railway station.

This honor I declined; but I went down to see him in the course of the week, and was treated with great hospitality. I arrived in the afternoon, and just before nightfall he took me over the camp. The men were preparing their evening meal around huge smoking cauldrons; others were lying about at ease on the turf or in the tents. At the General's approach they started to their feet and stood at "salute," motionless as statues. With a pleasant word to them, he passed on to show me the arrangements for the night. I expressed my surprise at the height of many of the men.

"Oh, *these* are nothing," he replied: "come this way," and we advanced to a group of men sitting in a tent. These he called out by name—"Strogenoff," "Polinoff," and so on—to stand up; and a file of men stood before us, not one of whom was less than six feet two. The appearance of this vast camp of soldiers "off duty," lying, standing, sitting about in groups, some sleeping in the oddest attitudes, or stretched out on their backs, open-mouthed and snoring, in their war-stained and weather-beaten uniforms, their sun-browned faces giving evidence of the toil and hardships of the campaign, was in some respects more impressive than when, a few days after this visit in the lurid light of the evening, I saw them in the blaze of noonday pass in review in all the perfection of thorough equipment and discipline.

The last communication I had with Skobelev was a note in Paris, regretting that he could not dine with me as he had been suddenly summoned to St. Petersburg. On his arrival he was called to account for his "imprudent if not dangerous pro-Slavic speeches" at public assemblies. Skobelev was of so frank and honest a nature; so utterly indifferent to public opinion, and imbued with so keen a sense of the claims of humanity in their widest significance, that he scorned the

restraints of diplomatic reticence. What he felt to be a private or public injustice to others, cost what the avowal might to himself, he felt bound to declare and denounce.

There is a good deal of mystery concerning his death. It has been attributed to natural causes, but Madame Adam, the well-known French *feuilletoniste*, in her monograph of Skobelev declares that there exists evidence to prove that he was garrotted by German enemies.

The most notable diplomatist during my sojourn at Constantinople was General Count Ignatieff, a man of surprising acuteness of mind, a keen observer of events before and behind the political curtain, and who concealed his wonderful sagacity under an open frankness of speech which led to the universal opinion that he was totally unreliable for any statement he made on political affairs. The opinion generally held was that what he said might be perfectly true or utterly false, certainly the latter if it related to any matter in which Russia was practically concerned. The consequence was, that the gravest blunders were frequently made by those who acted on this principle. Ignatieff was perfectly aware of the reputation he bore in this respect, and pretended to be excessively amused at it. He always asserted that he had no secrets, and was as candid and outspoken as a child. "My fault is," he once said to me, "that I speak too plainly, and my excellent colleagues do not like it and so do not believe it. But the Turks believe me and know that I tell them the truth."

Ignatieff was so wonderfully in advance of his colleagues in obtaining "State secrets" at the Sublime Porte, and profiting therefrom, that he excited no little jealousy in political circles. He was never, I believe, caught napping but once, and then the whole diplomatic body, as well as the public at large, were in the same oblivious condition. That was when the populations of Stamboul and Pera were suddenly aroused one morning at daybreak by the firing of signal-guns in front of the Sultan's palace at Dolma-Baghtchi, announcing the fact to the world at large that, during the night, Abdul Aziz had been deposed by the Grand Vizir and his ministers, and Prince Murad enthroned in his place. So cleverly and expeditiously had the conspirators carried out and con-

summated the plot, that none were more profoundly astonished and mystified at this grand political *coup* than the Foreign Ambassadors, from whom all knowledge of the design had been dexterously concealed.

Being on excellent personal terms with the Russian Ambassador, and outside the circle of diplomatic intrigue, I was often indebted to him for very early and sometimes very interesting information. One day, as I was passing by the gate of the Embassy, I met Ignatieff coming out.

"What do you think," he asked, "of the condition of the Turkish finances?"

"As bad as can be," I replied.

"No; they can be worse. Come in, and I will explain."

Taking me into his sanctum, he sat down at his writing-table, and with pencil and paper proceeded to prove by figures that the treasury could not possibly provide for the overdue payments to the army, navy, and civil service, letting alone the interest on the foreign debt. Assuming the revenue to be sixteen million of Turkish pounds and the indebtedness to be twenty-six million, he asked how the deficiency was to be made up. I reminded His Excellency that this was an old story, and that the depleted condition of the treasury was the normal state of affairs, but that, by hook or by crook, the Government at the eleventh hour had always been able to tide over its embarrassments by a recourse to temporary loans.

"From whom?" he asked. "England has been duped long enough, and will not lend another shilling, and there is not a security left to obtain a loan upon from Jew or Greek in Constantinople. Do you know what will happen? The Turks will repudiate the next six months' interest on the foreign bonded debt."

The impressive tone in which he made this announcement inclined me to believe that it was not a calculation on paper upon which he founded this alarming prophecy, and that he knew more than he chose to reveal. I asked if he were stating an opinion or a fact.

"It is my opinion," he answered, "but you will find that I am right."

I then asked if I might communicate his opinion to others.

"To any one you choose; but I tell you beforehand that nobody will believe me."

And nobody did. Of the two individuals to whom I thought the matter worth repeating, one, an ambassador, expressed surprise that I should attach any importance to information from such a source; the other, a prominent banker who negotiated an enormous amount of Turkish bonds, laughed in derision, and remarked that my informant's chief characteristic was mendacity. "As to the bonded interest, it would be punctually paid, as it always had been and always would be."

In less than the time mentioned by Ignatieff, the Government declared its inability to pay the semi-annual interest, and down went the market value of all Turkish "securities."

"What did I tell you?" said Ignatieff, pulling up his horse as I met him on the road between Therapia and Buyukdera. "Was I not right? Now I will tell you another thing. They will not pay the other half! You will see—you will see!" and off rode the Ambassador, chuckling with satisfaction at the success of his prophecy, or the discomfiture of the bondholders, or both.

I informed my two incredulous friends of this second "opinion" of the astute diplomatist, but they indignantly refused to believe in the "other half." They had come to the conclusion that Ignatieff himself had persuaded the Government to this suicidal course in order to give an other shake to the rickety throne of the Sultan, and that he was probably speculating in the funds. As to the crisis, they believed it would be temporary, and that the public credit would soon be restored.

In due time the repudiation—for such it amounted to—of the second half-year's interest followed, and down to lower depths than ever went the Turkish bonds. The blind belief in the good faith of the Government was never more rudely dispelled, nor the ignorance of credulous bondholders more severely exposed. To use the words of a certain Turkish Pasha, who was discussing with me the situation of affairs—one of the few who spoke English and who had acquired in England some practical acquaintance with the principles of political economy—"The Turks have sucked the English orange dry, and have thrown the skin in their faces."

Many anecdotes of General Ignatieff's

cunning in diplomacy were current in Constantinople. I am not sure that I did not have the following from his own lips. The late Sultan Abdul Aziz, if not absolutely mad was sufficiently eccentric to cause constant irritation, not only to his ministers but to the Foreign Ambassadors. At one time he refused absolutely to grant an audience to any of the members of the diplomatic body, and this at a time when many of them, including the Russian Ambassador, were waiting anxiously for interviews. Ignatieff ascertained that, under the plea of official occupation, the Sultan was spending the greater part of his time in cock-fighting, an amusement which he greatly relished. He further ascertained that His Imperial Majesty was in want of fresh birds to supply the places of those killed in fight. Thereupon Ignatieff procured a fine-looking white fowl of the farmyard species, had it trimmed and spurred to resemble a game-cock, and sent it in a richly decorated cage to the Sultan, with the respectful compliments of the Russian Ambassador. The ruse was successful. His Majesty, who at first was delighted with the gift, soon sent for the Ambassador to present himself at the palace, and explain, if he could, why the bird had no fight in him. Ignatieff went, and in the presence of the Sultan examined the bird, and with, of course, immense astonishment and regret, acknowledged that it was quite unable to cope with His Majesty's superior gamecocks. A conference followed on the subject of gamecocks in general and this one in particular, and when the diplomatist had succeeded in drawing the Sultan into a conversational mood, he adroitly introduced the political matter he had so long awaited an opportunity to bring before His Majesty. Ignatieff returned to his embassy triumphant over his colleagues, who were left out in the cold.

This reference to the late Sultan Abdul Aziz recalls an amusing incident, with which I will close these off-hand recollections. During a "Grand Council" of ministers at the Sublime Porte, and in the midst of the discussion on a subject of vital importance, a mounted messenger from the palace arrived, bearing an imperial order to the Grand Vizir to wait upon His Majesty without an instant's delay. The council broke up, and the

Grand Vizir proceeded to the palace in hot haste. There he was informed that the Sultan was in the garden impatiently awaiting his arrival. As he entered, he saw His Majesty standing with a few attendants intently watching a fight between two gamecocks. The Grand Vizir, following the custom of all Turkish subjects when approaching the august presence, stopped at a respectful distance and commenced the series of salaams with down-

cast eyes and shrinking attitude appropriate to the occasion.

"Never mind that now," exclaimed His Majesty excitedly, "but come here directly. Look—see—what did I tell you? Did I not say that *Acmet*"—pointing to one of the cocks—"would whip *Assam*? Look, he is doing it!"

And this was what, and all, the Sultan had to communicate to his Grand Vizir.—*Murray's Magazine*.

LAURENCE OLIPHANT.*

If Mrs. Oliphant had ventured to portray in one of her novels such a career as that which she has described in her *Memoir of Laurence Oliphant*, she would doubtless have had some difficulty in replying to critical objections as to probabilities overstepped, unities outraged, and ideals pushed to absurdity. And, in good sooth, nothing but the constant assurance that we have along with us the vouchers of authenticated truth, enables us to read this record as one of fact and not of imagination. To those even who knew him best, Laurence Oliphant's life presented features that were strange and inexplicable; and now that the veil which covered it has been raised, it will still appear scarcely less singular and unintelligible. In Oliphant's case the difficulty is, and was, to refer him to any recognized human standard, and to get at his gauge by comparison therewith. We could never reduce his mind, as it seems, to its lowest terms, and thus get at the ultimate facts which formed the basis of his inner life. A puzzle and a problem while he lived, a mystery scarcely less intense, even when his life has passed through the ordeal of strict scrutiny and study, must yet continue to envelop his memory.

It is no blame to Mrs. Oliphant that she has not solved the insoluble. She has brought qualifications to bear upon her work which no contemporary writer is possessed of. Her "*Life of Edward Irving*" proved how adapted she was to trace

with sympathetic skill eccentric genius in all its phases of health and disease; and to some extent the life of Laurence Oliphant suggests parallel lines of inquiry. Of her knowledge of human nature and firm grasp of the human mind, the number and diversity of additions to the environing world of fiction, its most living and life-like inhabitants, which out of these resources have been fashioned by her genius, are sufficient attestation. She had also the advantages of personal acquaintance; of a sympathy which could readily appreciate Oliphant's remarkable powers, and accompany him a certain length in his aspirations; and of confidential intercourse which brought Oliphant's mind under the analysis of a shrewd and friendly investigator. And yet when she has done her best—when she has probed Oliphant's nature as deep as human penetration can go, when she has examined all the circumstances and influences amid which his life was spent—his biographer will not scruple to admit that there are occult impulses in his conduct which baffle explanation, and latent forces in his personality indescribable by her, as they are incomprehensible to us.

When Laurence Oliphant's singular career was under discussion, there were always two explanations of his conduct ready enough to hand, but neither of these could for one moment be entertained by any one who had come within the circle of his acquaintance. One theory was that Oliphant's desire for notoriety was so strong as to lead him to make the most costly sacrifices for its gratification; that he was posing before the public when he took the decisive step which changed the

* *Memoir of the Life of Laurence Oliphant, and of Alice Oliphant, his Wife*. By Margaret Oliphant W. Oliphant. Fourth Edition. In two volumes. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1891.

whole tenor of his life ; and that in his retirement at Brocton he was simply preparing himself for the lionizing which would await him on his re-entry into society. To those who knew only the outer Laurence Oliphant—brilliant, unsettled, eccentric, and not without a dash of frivolity, such as he appeared to be during his parliamentary life—this was a plausible enough supposition ; but no one could come into intimate contact with him without being aware that there was a deep earnestness of purpose underlying his life which directly negated such an idea. Nothing is more apparent in the Memoirs here set before us than that Laurence Oliphant was a man by whom the opinion of the world was rated at its least possible value, and that he wholly disliked and distrusted the spirit which quickened its judgments. And his whole bearing and demeanor, when he again appeared in his old world, quite forbade the idea that he had any self-consciousness of having done anything to be talked about. And with all its idealism, Laurence Oliphant's was a very practical mind. He had made very heavy material sacrifices, which could result in no possible material compensations ; we may be sure, therefore, that he thought he saw his way very clearly to an adequate spiritual equivalent.

Another theory has been more frequently put in the form of a question than directly hazarded—Was there a twist in Oliphant's mental organization, a disordered intuition which drove him to views and courses ridiculed by the aggregate common-sense of his fellows ?—in short, had he what his own countrymen call "a bee in his bonnet" ? The doubt is more easily raised than answered, for its solution would open up distinctions that must reduce the number of sane men among us to an illustrious minimum. The soundness of Laurence Oliphant's judgment was proved by the reliance which many eminent men placed upon it in very difficult conjunctures of affairs, by the accuracy and ability of his views on public questions, and by the judicious advice which he always had at the service of those friends that required it. And even in the case of those intellectual convictions of his which strike us most strangely, and in connection with which any mental weakness must have assuredly asserted itself, he was wont to discuss his views with scientific calm-

ness and in the most dispassionate fashion, and almost without any recognition that there was aught in them calculated to startle an ordinary mind.

From Laurence Oliphant's life, more than from his works, we may gather some hints that, for want of better lights, may afford more or less satisfactory explanations of his remarkable mental development. Almost from the very beginning the conditions of his training were singular ; his education was as wide as it was vague—"one of the pupils of the school of Life," as Mrs. Oliphant says, "educated mainly by what his keen eyes saw and his quick ears heard, and his clear understanding and lively wit picked up, amid human intercourse of all kinds ;" his experiences were from the first of an adventurous and unusual description, though coming to him in a natural enough fashion. He was shunted at the outset off the beaten track of life ; he never had to tug at the collar of conventionality ; and circumstances seemed continually conspiring to draft him off into some strange and unusual field of action. Yet this educational scope was not without its drawbacks. Oliphant was never made to realize the conditions that properly limit our judgments. His imagination, keen and brilliant, outpaced his reason, and eventually dragged the latter captive at its heels, until he became incapable of realizing the boundaries between the real and the ideal. His education, or rather want of education, together with his experiences while his mind was still in a plastic state, suggests, however, more than it explains, the peculiar workings of Laurence Oliphant's mind.

We have said enough at present to indicate the special problem which Laurence Oliphant's life offers to students of mind, but it is far from being the only interest yielded by this Memoir. In fact, it would be hard to name any special interest that does not find something to whet its appetite in a career that includes within it the rôles of traveller, barrister, hunter, philanthropist, diplomatist, warrior, filibuster, conspirator, legislator, author, ploughman and teamster, war correspondent, man about town, mystic, and heresiarch—a many-sided life truly ; and the most curious thing about it is, that each side as it comes uppermost seems to fit him to the skin—a wonderful man and a wonderful

life, an impossible conception in fiction, and difficult of realization in the still stranger truth.

And yet all this romance starts with a very sober foundation. The father, Sir Anthony Oliphant, a man of sound, homely, prosaic virtues, cast in an austere Scotch mould; the mother a more imaginative character, but chastened with pietism, and with a propensity for running riot in religious speculation. The mother exercises a marked influence throughout Laurence Oliphant's career, and she must have been a woman of singular influence to have carried with her the sober sense of her husband and the genius of her gifted son. If we could completely recover her, we might find the ultimate explanation of Laurence's mental idiosyncrasies; but, unfortunately, most of her letters that have been recovered chiefly illustrate the domestic love of a beautiful and pious soul.

Born at Cape Town, where his father was a judge, in 1829, Laurence Oliphant was sent to England as a child, and in due course went to school at Durnford Manor, near Salisbury, and afterward at Preston, where he remained until he was twelve or thirteen years old. Then at an age when most boys are beginning to settle down to their books, he entered upon his pilgrimage. His devoted parents sent for him to Ceylon, where Sir Anthony was now Chief-Justice; and accompanied by a tutor, he set out upon the then formidable journey in the winter of 1841, travelling through France to Marseilles, where they embarked. Egypt had to be traversed, and accident opened up to him a visit to Mocha, a pleasure which, even to this day, is rarely available for the overland traveller; and in three months' time Laurence reached Ceylon, not then, as now, an Anglicized colony, but still an integral part of the old East, with the religion and manners of the Singhalese still flourishing in all their pristine purity. In Colombo, and at Sir Anthony's farm on the Kandyan hills, Laurence Oliphant's education was carried on by his tutor, under his parents' supervision; but it must have lacked the method, the restraint, and, above all, the discipline of a scholastic training.

"He was in no way the creation of school or college. When, as happens now and then, an education so desultory, so little consecutive or steady as his, produces a brilliant man or woman, we are apt to think that the acci-

dental system must be on the whole the best, and education a delusion, like so many other cherished things; but the conclusion is a rash one, and it is perhaps safest in this, as in so many other directions, to follow the beaten way."

So it would have been in the case of Laurence Oliphant, for his irregular training and youthful wanderings must have been answerable to no small extent for the errant habits of mind and body that characterized his after-life. He had again a short period of study at home under a private tutor; but Sir Anthony's arrival in England on a two years' furlough put an end to his education, as well as to his prospects of a university training. The Oliphants were going to travel on the Continent, and "I represented," says Laurence, "so strongly the superior advantages, from an educational point of view, of European travel over ordinary scholastic training, and my arguments were so urgently backed by my mother, that I found myself, to my great delight, transferred from the quiet of a Warwickshire vicarage to the Champs Elysées in Paris." Germany, Italy, and Switzerland were visited by the party. Among the superior advantages of this educational course appears to have been an opportunity of participating in a political *émeute* in the Piazza del Popolo, under the auspices of a demagogic wood merchant, which ended in burning the Austrian arms, and compelling the Princess Pamphili Doria to set fire to the pile,—“in all of which I took an active part, feeling that somehow or other I had deserved well of my country.” This was in 1847, the beginning of the era of revolutions, and scenes of political excitement were rife. Young Oliphant dashed into the midst of them with boyish delight, rather than with definite enthusiasm, when he could get the chance. He joined a mob that broke into the Propaganda, and was present on the steps of St. Peter's when Pio Nono blessed the volunteers departing to encounter the Austrians. These stirring experiences must have been more to the relish of Laurence than of his anxious parents. As for the staid and sober Sir Anthony, his situation must have resembled that of the proverbial hen who sees the duckling she has unconsciously hatched take to water.

Next year they were all back in Ceylon; Laurence was admitted to the local Bar, and became his father's private secretary.

His legal attainments must have been of the slightest description; and when we read that he had been engaged in "twenty-three murder cases," one wonders what proportion, if any, of them escaped the gallows. There can be little doubt that Laurence Oliphant's own hand is recognizable in this selection of his career; for no youth of parts, and least of all the son of a Chief-Justice, would have seriously settled down to the prospect of practising in Colombo, with its petty business and small pecuniary temptations. But it was a pleasant life in passing. Colombo was not then the dull trading port that it has since become in its struggle against odds for a mercantile existence. The European community, if smaller, was less mixed, and could count as one family. The defunct Ceylon Rifles, with its convivial mess at Slave Island, was still a hospitable power in Laurence Oliphant's days. Adventurous spirits like himself were coming out to Colombo, attracted by the prospects of sport and coffee-planting which were then beginning to be talked of at home. Among these were the Bakers, Samuel and Valentine, who were frequently about Colombo in these years; and the small society was leavened by easy and unaffected gaiety. "Lowry was everywhere, in the centre of everything, affectionately contemptuous of papa's powers of taking care of himself, and laying down the law, in delightful ease of love and unquestioned supremacy, to his mother." With our fuller knowledge of Laurence Oliphant, we know that Ceylon was too small an island to contain him; but as we look at the pleasant picture of his Eastern life as Mrs. Oliphant has sketched it, we feel thankful for his escape from this Armida's Garden. Could there ever have been a risk of Laurence Oliphant's going down to posterity as Queen's Advocate or Junior Puisne, or even as successor to the respected wig of Sir Anthony himself?

An escape, however, was soon provided. Jung Bahadur, after his notable visit to England, put in at Colombo on his way home, and interested, and was interested by, the young advocate. An invitation to accompany the Minister home to Nepal was offered and eagerly accepted, although friends of the Oliphants shook their heads over an expedition which did not seem likely to promote Laurence's professional

prospects. But he went all the same, and shared the triumphal progress of Jung Bahadur through Bengal and Northern India back to Nepal, taking part in an almost unexampled succession, for those days before the visits of British royalty, of elephant-drives and tiger-hunts. The result was, that he came back with the material and the ambition to write a book which was destined to launch him on a still wider world of adventures.

His book and his letters belonging to this period reveal Oliphant as a young man thoroughly enjoying himself amid the novelties and surprises of life, fond of hunting, flirting, and fun generally, but tempering his pleasure by a dash of good-humored cynicism from which he did not exempt even himself. That he had a deeper nature, which was the dominating one, he scarcely as yet appears to be conscious. In a religiously constituted family like the Oliphants, exchange of spiritual confidence is the rule—a practice not always conducive to either edification or honesty; and Lady Oliphant very speedily took alarm if Laurence in his absence omitted for long to open his inner mind to her. Lady Oliphant's queries, however, extract some illustrations of her son's more serious moments during their Indian tour.

"It is difficult," he says, "to practise habits of self-examination riding upon an elephant, with a companion who is always talking or singing within a few feet; but it is otherwise in a palkee, which is certainly a dull means of conveyance, but forces one into one's self more than anything."

In the cramped recesses of this vehicle he discerns his chief shortcomings to be "flexibility of conscience, joined to the power of adapting myself to the society into which I may happen to be thrown;" and as a result, "the more I see of my own character, the more despicable it appears, a being so deeply hypocritical that I can hardly trust myself." But he winds up by the frank admission that this confession "is honest as far as I know, but *I don't believe in it implicitly.*" Oliphant evidently had as little implicit belief in himself as he had in the world on this his earliest introduction to it, and he is moved by a sort of genial scorn for both. He is quite sure that the world is a humbug; he more than half doubts whether he is not one himself.

After such an experience, it was scarcely to be expected that Oliphant would have long settled down to his legal duties in Colombo. After the boundless elbow-room of the Indian empire, with its great cities, its Maharajahs and Sultans, and its barbaric pearl and gold, Ceylon is a very small microcosm indeed, and Oliphant and his mother were soon on the way to England. Here he brought out his book, settled himself down to a fashion of legal studies, now aiming at the Scots Bar, now at the English one—sometimes plunging into the pleasures of society, at others taking a turn at “slumming,” and reading John Foster the Baptist essayist, a writer much affected by the intellectually spiritual of the day. He got much enjoyment—he always contrived to get enjoyment wherever he was, and under whatever circumstances—and may have done some good, but he was doing nothing to lay the foundations of a solid professional career. His book was a very clever one, and thought highly of by all Anglo-Indians, among whom it excited an interest in Laurence Oliphant which lasted throughout his whole career, and served to crystallize many recollections of the brilliant young man who had flitted across the orbit of Anglo-Indian society for a brief season.

Oliphant's next expedition was one which, though commonplace enough in our days, deserved to be regarded as an adventurous undertaking in the 'Fifties. Accompanied by a friend—Mr. Oswald Smith—he set out for Russia, and after visiting the capital and the great fair at Nijni-Novgorod, formed the plan—wild enough it must have seemed to those to whom he communicated it—of making his way southward to the Crimea and the shores of the Black Sea. They travelled by water down the Volga and the Don, and after getting constantly grounded on *pericartes* or sand-banks, they reached Taganrog, “having accomplished in five days and nights one of the most wild, uncouth, and unfrequented journeys that even Russia can boast of.” They visited the Crimea and Sebastopol, the fortifications of which were even then attracting European attention, and thus became possessed of information which in a short time was destined to make Oliphant the confidential adviser of Ministers and commanders-in-chief, and to open up to him,

had he been so disposed, prospects of a high career in the service of the State. His “Journey to Khatmandhu” had made Oliphant's name familiar to publishers; and during his stay in Edinburgh for the purpose of studying Scots law, he had made the acquaintance of the editor of “Maga,” Mr. John Blackwood, who promptly recognized the possibilities of a valuable contributor in the remarkable young man; and a connection, valued by both sides, was then formed, which remained unbroken through the varying changes of Oliphant's future career. About a year after his return from Russia, he put into Mr. Blackwood's hands “The Russian Shores of the Black Sea,” which, immediately meeting the desire that existed for information upon the Eastern question, quickly ran through a number of editions. Nor was it merely literary distinction that was brought by the journey and the book. Soon after a mounted orderly startled Half-Moon Street by riding up to the door of Oliphant's lodgings, and summoning him to an immediate interview with Lord Raglan.

“I accordingly proceeded to the Ordnance, where I found not Lord Raglan, but Lord de Ros, who questioned me minutely about Sebastopol. I gave him all the information I could, and sent him my sketches, extracts from my journal, and everything I could think useful. There were a couple of old Engineer Colonels (one of them afterward identified as Sir John Burgoyne), all three poring over a chart of the Crimea. They are evidently going to try and take Sebastopol, and I recommended their landing at Balaclava and marching across, which I think they will do. Lord de Ros was immensely civil. I think Lord Raglan ought in civility to make me his private secretary. It would be great fun. I met Lord de Ros again this morning, and had a long talk with him. I did not mention my anxiety to get out. It is very ticklish saying anything about one's self on such occasions, and I must just bide my time and qualify myself—be able to answer the lash, as you always say.”

It is difficult to see how, in a military expedition, this ambition could have been gratified, and nothing came of these interviews with the army authorities, although Oliphant was able to turn his special information to good account in writing for the press. It was in a sphere very different from the Crimea that Oliphant first found official employment. Lord Elgin, with whose family Oliphant's had some friendship, invited Laurence to accompany him as secretary on his special mission to

Washington; and throwing over an offer of Mr. Delane to go to the seat of war as "Times" correspondent, and dismissing illusory promises of Lord Clarendon to do something for him in the East, he started on the first of many subsequent journeys to America. Lord Elgin's object was to make a commercial arrangement with the United States in the interests of Canada, of which he was then Governor-General; and a treaty was "floated through on champagne," as was not unjustly said at the time, which served in the future as the basis for a good deal of diplomatic difficulties. In the festivities of Washington Laurence Oliphant was in his element, making friends everywhere, and revelling in the racy society which gathered together in the Capitol in those days. The treaty effected, he accompanied his chief back to Canada. He was appointed Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs, "having as my subordinates two colonels, two captains (all of militia), and some English gentlemen who have been long in the service, and who must look rather suspiciously at the Oriental Traveller's interposition." It is not so long ago since he himself gave an account of his Western adventures while occupying this post in the Magazine, that we need dwell upon them here again; and indeed his real work seems to have lain in the immediate vicinity of the Governor-General. A picture of his life in his letters at this time is however so lively, that we must give a brief quotation from it:—

"My life is much like that of a Cabinet Minister or parliamentary swell, now that the House is sitting. I am there every night till the small hours, taking little relaxations in the shape of evening visits when a bore gets up. That keeps me in bed till late, so that breakfast and the drive in (from Spencer Wood), etc., detain me from the office till near one. Then I get through business for the next three hours—chiefly consisting of drafting letters, which in the end I ought to be a dab at. . . . I also append my valuable signature to a great deal without knowing in the least why, and run out to the most notorious gossips to pick up the last bits of news, political or social, with which to regale his Excellency, who duly rings for me for that purpose when he has read his letters and had his interviews. Then he walks out with an A.D.C., and I go to the House. There I take up my seat on a chair exclusively my own next the Speaker, and members (I have made it my business to know them nearly all) come and tell me the news, and I am on chaffing terms with the Opposition, and on confidential terms with the

Ministerialists. If I see pretty girls in the galleries who are friends of mine (the galleries are always full), I go up there and criticise members and draw caricatures of them, which they throw down into members' laps neatly folded, who pass them to the original,—by which time I have regained my seat, and the demure secretary remains profoundly political and unsuspected. I find nothing so difficult as keeping up my dignity, and when a Bishop or a Cabinet Minister calls, I take their apologies for intruding as if I was doing them a favor. I am afraid of hazarding a joke unless I am quite sure it is a good one. I suppose the dignity of the office was so well sustained by Bruce, that they are scandalized by a lark young cove like me."

No one who has met the writer will have any difficulty in appreciating the fidelity of this portrait which the young secretary has drawn of himself. It is Laurence Oliphant down to the heels. It was characteristic of the man that he took in situations of life, which to most people would have presented grave and formal aspects, with a light-hearted volatility; while others, which to the majority of us would be fraught with supreme absurdity, were treated as of the utmost moment and seriousness. With all the *nonchalance* and frivolity with which he credits himself, Oliphant, however, must have done useful work to secure the continuance of Lord Elgin's favor in other scenes of statesmanship. It is not one of the least puzzling enigmas in this perplexing career how a chief of the "can't-you-let-it-alone" Melbourne school of statesmen, and an impulsive secretary who was always brimming over with energy, should have rowed so long and so well together.

The official career in Canada which lay open before him was not for Laurence Oliphant. He was offered to have his secretaryship continued by Sir Edmund Head, who was Lord Elgin's successor, and he still had his native superintendship in his hands, but all these were thrown over, and he was back again in England in 1855. It was then he published "*Minnesota and the Far West*;" and while he was bringing out the book, he was also doing his best to induce Lord Clarendon to send him as an envoy to Schamyl to concert a general rising of Circassia and the Caucasus against Russia. Lord Clarendon was unable to comply, or perhaps feared to commit himself to a spirit so forward and adventurous, but he referred him to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe; and Oliphant, with his father Sir

Anthony, who had now retired from the Colonial Bench, was soon on his way to the East. But the Great Elchi was not more amenable than the Foreign Office, and nothing came of Oliphant's recommendations. Oliphant, however, was allowed to accompany Mr. Alison of the Constantinople embassy on a mission to gather information along the Circassian coast, and he spent some time with Omar Pasha's force, and joined in the action on the Ingour, and some other engagements of the campaign. In the Magazine, Oliphant, after his return, gave a very graphic account of his Circassian travels; but from a letter which Mrs. Oliphant gives we may take the following characteristic anecdote:

"By the by, I never told you I had made a battery. Skender Pasha, the officer in command, thought I was an officer from my having a regimental Turkish fez cap on, and asked me if I knew where a battery was to be made about which he had orders. It so happened that I did, because I had been walking over the ground with Simmons [now General Sir Lintorn Simmons] in the morning; so Skender told off a working party of two hundred men, with two companies of infantry and two field-pieces, put them under my command, and sent me off to make the battery. It was about the middle of a pitch-dark night, slap under the Russian guns, about two hundred yards from them. Luckily they never found us out, we worked so quietly. I had to do everything,—line the wood with sharpshooters, put the field-pieces in position, and place the gabions. Everybody came to me for orders in the humblest way. In about three hours I had run up no end of a battery, without having a shot fired at me, while Simmons, who was throwing up a battery a few hundred yards lower down, had a man killed. Both these batteries did good service two days after. The difficulty was, none of the officers with me could speak anything but Turkish. Afterward Skender Pasha was speaking to Simmons about it, complaining of the want of interpreters, and instancing the English officer who made the battery not having an interpreter; so Simmons said, 'Ce n'est pas un officier, ce n'est qu'un simple gentleman qui voyage,' which rather astonished old Skender. I think Simmons looks on the 'Times' correspondent with a more favorable eye since that experience."

In addition to his communications to the "Times," and his contributions to "Blackwood," Oliphant described his Circassian experiences in the "Transcaucasian Campaign of the Turkish Army," which was published soon after his return to England. The next adventure in which he signalized himself was a still more sin-

gular one. He accompanied Mr. Delane of the "Times" to America upon some journalistic enterprise, the object of which can only be guessed. While in the Southern States, he chanced to hear of the expedition which Walker, "the filibuster," was fitting out for Nicaragua. The temptation was too strong for Oliphant, and he at once enrolled himself in the number of Walker's followers. We cannot suppose that he had any enthusiasm in the enterprise, or set any store by the prospects held out to the adventurers; but the expedition was risky, daring, and novel; it would supply an excellent subject to write about; and that was enough for Laurence Oliphant. The expedition was a failure so far as Laurence Oliphant was concerned, and it would have been well for his chief in the end had it proved equally abortive for himself. A British squadron lay across the mouth of the San Juan river; and when the filibustering vessels were boarded in search of Englishmen, Oliphant was readily detected and carried on board the flagship, where he found a "Scotch cousin" in command of the squadron, who took good care that he should not be again allowed to associate himself with the Nicaraguan enterprise.

We next find Oliphant again occupying a position on Lord Elgin's staff, this time on the warlike mission to China, which was intended to bring the Celestials to their senses. As he himself not so long ago has described to our readers his experiences on that expedition, as well as the narrow escape which he had from assassination in Japan, we shall merely refer the reader to Mrs. Oliphant's volume for this period of his life, and to the numerous fresh letters by which she illustrates it; for we must press on to more important phases of his career. We must give, however, the following story, on Mrs. Oliphant's authority, indicating as it does the mystic tendencies which were already beginning to manifest themselves in his nature:—

"Sir Anthony's death was entirely unexpected, and occurred, I believe, at a dinner-party to which he had gone in his usual health. I have been told that, being at sea at the time, Laurence came on deck one morning and informed his comrades that he had seen his father in the night, and that he was dead—that they endeavored to laugh him out of the impression, but in vain. The date was taken down, and on their arrival in England it was

found that Sir Anthony Oliphant had indeed died on that night—which," Mrs. Oliphant drily adds, "would be a remarkable addition, if sufficiently confirmed, to many stories of a similar kind which are well known."

Even so, but how rarely does the confirmation prove sufficient! In Oliphant's case, however, the story has its significance.

Then followed three years of restless activity, much literary work, and many Continental excursions. He made the acquaintance of the Prince of Wales as his Royal Highness was passing through Vienna on his tour to the East, and the interest with which he then inspired his Royal Highness remained unimpaired until the end. Henceforth, from whatever scenes or from whatever quarter of the globe he had come to "look in" for a moment upon English society—perhaps to have a laugh over it—he received the Prince's commands to visit him and relate his adventures. One of his most remarkable expeditions during these years was that made to the camp of the insurgent Poles, in which he ran no small risk of being shot had he fallen into the hands of the Cossacks, who were on all sides hemming in the patriots; but with Laurence Oliphant danger only lent a novel and additional zest to the adventure. His wanderings of these days were duly recorded in the pages of "Maga," with which his connection was becoming more close and frequent.

A seat in Parliament had naturally been one of the objects of Oliphant's ambition, and he had felt his way with several burghs in Scotland, keeping his eye, however, steadily upon the Stirling group, which his father during his lifetime had canvassed for him, and which accordingly returned him in 1865. But before we say anything about his parliamentary career, and about the position which he occupied in society at this time, we must go back for a moment to trace Oliphant's inner history. We have seen him during his earlier youth encouraged, even ordered, to lay open his soul to his mother; and whatever disadvantages may be inseparable from this system of confession, it necessarily enforced habits of introspection. His letters down to the time of his voyage to China suggest a mind accustomed to dwell much upon religion, without being to any notable degree penetrated by its influences. Having been brought up in none of the definite Christian creeds,

he disliked them all, followed a system of "free selection," and sought for views to supply the place of dogma. As is commonly the case with men who pursue this course of religious speculation, the notorious fact that the practice of Christianity never has squared, and never will square with its precepts in an imperfect world, made a great impression upon Oliphant's mind, leading him ultimately first to seek for, and then to construct, a system which might reconcile the two. But down to this time we find nothing in his letters that would not justify us in classing him as a broad, if erratic, Christian. But by the time he accompanied Lord Elgin to China a change was evidently working. He astonished his fellow-members of the Embassy, when they first met him on board ship, by talking of "matters spiritual and mystical, singularly different from the themes that usually occupy such groups." There can be little doubt that Oliphant had been attracted during his stay in the States by the "spiritualist" movement; and though he does not appear to have had any sympathy with it in its better known and more vulgar aspects, there can be little question that it gave his mind a propulsion in search of the mystic and supernatural. He was beginning to seek for a sign.

"I would willingly," he writes to his mother during the China period—"I would willingly go into a dungeon for the rest of my days if I was vouchsafed a supernatural revelation of a faith; but I should consider myself positively wicked if upon so momentous a subject I was content with any assumptions of my erring and imperfect fellow-creatures when against the light of my own conscience."

As yet all was mere inquiry, mere speculation, with little result upon conduct or action. Laurence Oliphant, outside himself, was the brilliant man of the world, amusing himself as much as he amused others, and none the less that he had a keen eye for the foibles, the shams, and the hollowness of the society amid which he moved. He was everywhere, saw everything and laughed, not ungenially, in his sleeve at most things. Yet those who knew him at his gayest, knew also that there was a serious side to his character. One night a little group of members were wrangling in the lobby of the Commons about a Scriptural quotation. "Here is Oliphant," said one, as Laurence came out—"he always carries a New

Testament in his pocket;" and the little volume was forthcoming, and the accuracy of the text settled there and then. But with all this he was no precisian, as witness the nest from which the "Owl" first winged that flight which was to astonish the world for a season. He contrived to extract his full share of enjoyment out of the world and the world's pleasures, and whatever deeper feelings were simmering within him, did not obtrude themselves upon the attention of his friends, or, for aught one could see, dictate to him any special and unusual line of conduct.

And yet at the time when he had a seat in Parliament, and was comporting himself more or less after the fashion of a man of the world, he had already come under an influence which was destined to change the whole course of his life and conduct. It cannot be positively ascertained when Oliphant first encountered Harris, the American mystic and seer, who cast so unfortunate a spell upon the best period of his life. Amid the conflicting accounts which we have of this person, the statements of hostile critics and the still more untrustworthy laudations of his own devotees, it is impossible to form an accurate estimate of Harris's character; but such records as we have of his life do not prepossess us in his favor.* So far as Laurence Oliphant was concerned, we are forced to the conclusion that Harris was his evil genius. Harris appears to have been in England in 1858, and on several other occasions during subsequent years, when Oliphant was probably attracted toward him, if he had not already fallen in with him in America. In 1860 Oliphant refers to him with interest in one of his letters, and it seems probable that in the interval between that time and his return for the Stirling Burghs, the foundation of their future connection had been laid, if it was the case, as there is reason to believe, that Laurence Oliphant's failure in Parliament was due to a command from Harris to refrain from speaking.

We must quote the description which Mrs. Oliphant, with notable leniency and charity, gives of this man's teaching:—

"Very little, if anything, is said that is in-

* See Oxley's "Modern Messiahs" for a full and apparently reliable account of Harris's checkered career.

consistent with the most orthodox Christianity, slightly tempered by the Swedenborgian theory, which replaces the Trinity by a Father and Mother God—a twofold instead of a threefold Unity—though even that is so little dwelt upon that it might easily be overlooked, even by a critical hearer; but not even the most careless could, I think, be unimpressed by the fervent and living nobility of faith, the high spiritual indignation against wrong-doing and against all that detracts from the divine essence and spirit of Christianity, with which the dingy pages, badly printed upon bad paper and in the meanest form, still burn and glow. The effect, no doubt, must have been greatly heightened when they were spoken by a man possessing so much sympathetic power as Mr. Harris evidently had, to an audience already prepared, as the hearers in whom we are most interested certainly were, for the communication of this sacred fire. The very points that had most occupied the mind of Laurence Oliphant, as the reader has already seen—the hollowness and unreality of what was called religion, the difference between the divine creed and precepts, and the everyday existence of those who were their exponents and professed believers—were the object of Harris's crusade. He taught no novelty, but only—the greatest novelty of all—that men should put what they believed into practice, not playing with the possibilities of a divided allegiance between God and mammon, but giving an absolute—nay, remorseless—obedience, at the cost of any or every sacrifice, to the principles of a perfect life. I presume confidently that, so far as the disciples could be aware, the prophet himself at this period was without blame, and maintained his own high standard. Perhaps, it may be suggested by profane criticism, the mystery in which he wrapped himself would be beneficial to the maintenance of this impression upon their minds. The great novelty in him was that he required no adhesion to any doctrine, and did not demand of his converts that they should agree with him upon anything but the necessity of living a Christ-like life."

The last indication of Laurence Oliphant's views, before he suddenly exiled himself from public life and society, is to be found in his novel of "Piccadilly." In this, the most brilliant of his works, marked by his sparkling wit, his incisive penetration into shams and humbugs, his shrewd yet genial faculty of unmasking all that was hollow and untrue, we fail to discover any traces of a serious quarrel with the world and society, in spite of the imperfections with which he charged them. Indeed, the circumstances under which "Piccadilly" began in the Magazine lead directly to the supposition that the *dénouement* was other than that originally intended. It is possible, perhaps, that the severe tests which he applied to

social and religious institutions in analyzing them for this work, may have shown them to him in a more severe and serious light than before, and thus precipitated his resolution to shake himself rid of their trammels. There is some significance in the episode of the mysterious stranger in "Piccadilly," with his revelations of a better life, and we may safely presume that Harris and his doctrines are indicated, as well as that in the course of his work his mind had been led to contrast the artificial world he was describing with the quiet and simple life which had been represented to him as to be found beyond the Atlantic. This mental evolution which went on concurrently with the progress of "Piccadilly" is further confirmed by what Oliphant wrote to Mr. John Blackwood: "I dare say you will be surprised at the half-serious, half-mysterious tone of the last parts; but after having attacked the religious world so sharply, it is necessary to show that one does not despise religion of a right kind."

It was not, however, until two years after the conclusion of "Piccadilly" that Laurence Oliphant disappeared from England, and took up his residence in the Harris colony at Brocton. Did he take this step of his own free-will, or was he acting under Harris's orders? We have no means of knowing; but the question, at least, deserves to be mooted. He had already put himself in Harris's hands, and this second Mokanna had not scrupled to exercise his power even in so serious a matter as closing Oliphant's mouth in the House of Commons. It is but fair, however, to say that Oliphant always represented himself as being "rather held at arm's-length than cajoled into the tremendous step which severed him from all his past life." It may have been honestly so, but no one can read these volumes without being forced to the conclusion that he was as wax in the hands of Harris. And whence did Harris derive this superiority? From an intellectual point of view he was unquestionably Laurence Oliphant's inferior. So far as we can see, there was nothing in his character to overawe and impress a man who had mixed with the most talented and cultivated society of the Old World. On whatever grounds and by whatever means, this is at least certain, that Harris obtained the mastery of Laurence Oliphant's will, and that his position

of a disciple became practically that of a serf.*

* Amid the mass of newspaper correspondence which this Memoir has called forth, there is no more valuable light thrown upon the connection with Harris than in a communication from Mrs. Rosamond Oliphant (now Templeton), in the "Times" of the 6th June:

"At this time he met Thomas Lake Harris, and was deeply impressed by his magnetic eloquence; yet it was not the power of the man which held him in thrall, but rather his own great need of help. He believed in Mr. Harris, and loved him with that self-giving sweetness of devotion which was one of the traits of his singular nature, holding within itself the gentlest attributes of femininity with the manliest courage of masculinity; and this love continued for some years. But, so my husband told me, even during these years his faith had a number of slight shocks, of which he gave me an instance. Harris said to Laurence that he had received the message spiritually that one of his (Laurence's) most dangerous characteristics was that of personal vanity, and that he must do all that lay in his power to subdue his love of dress, etc. As a matter of fact, Mr. Oliphant had scarcely enough regard for his personal appearance to take the necessary pains with his toilet, although possibly appearing well dressed in a country village. And as he was aware that Harris could scarcely have made a greater mistake, this naturally somewhat shook his belief in the keenness of the prophet's judgment, and in the general trustworthiness of his unseen guidance. Mr. Oliphant, however, did not swerve in his allegiance, he only readjusted it gradually on a little different plane, as he found him to be a more fallible man than he had at first imagined. Nevertheless, so Mr. Oliphant stated to me, Mr. Harris was at this time a noble aspirational soul, far above the average in his ideals; and he (Laurence) continued to revere and to love him for many years.

"Perhaps among all the gifts intrusted to man or woman, the most dangerously tempting is that of a strong magnetic personality; and this temptation Mr. Harris had. For he undoubtedly possessed a singular power over those who surrounded him, and, like many another, this temptation proved by degrees too strong for him. His success finally intoxicated him. When he found himself the master of such individualities as Laurence and Alice, Lady Oliphant, and others equally aspiring and almost as talented, he who had been originally an obscure man of the people had not the equilibrium of soul to maintain his balance. And this is perhaps scarcely to be wondered at when we reflect how easily the heads of the most of us are turned. At the time of his death Mr. Oliphant believed that the teachings of Harris in latter years had worked grievous mischief. Nevertheless, he was willing to give every man his due, even though he may have suffered by his errors; and to the last Mr. Oliphant always spoke of

It is a pitiable story to tell of the senseless drudgery to which such an intellect as Oliphant's was condemned in the Brocton community. Mrs. Oliphant records the facts with remarkable moderation and keen sympathy; and her chapters relating to the Brocton life are the most interesting part of the second volume. We shall not linger over them. The spectacle of one of the cleverest and most brilliant men of the age set to "live the life" by cadging strawberries at railway stations, working as a farm teamster, sleeping in a straw bed over a stable, and eating his meals off a deal box, is both painful and irritating. And all this with a view to be more Christ-like! It would be difficult to find a greater insult to common-sense in the grossest extravagances of mediæval Roman Catholic asceticism. And poor Lady Oliphant, too, a woman refined and gentle, and well stricken in years, was sent to work out her salvation in the wash-tub! "Live the life," indeed! It is perhaps unnecessary to mention that on joining the community, Laurence Oliphant had to make over his property to its common fund as administered by Mr. Harris, subject, however, to a right of withdrawal should he cease to become a member of it.

As an illustration of Harris's power and methods, we must quote the following account of his administration of the interests, human and material, which lay under his sway:—

"He arranged them in groups of three or four persons to assimilate; but if the magnetism of one was found to be injurious to another, Harris was aware of it at once, and instantly separated them. Any strong, merely natural affection was injurious." In such cases, all ties of relationship were broken ruthlessly, and separations made between parents and children, husbands and wives, until "the affection was no longer selfish, but changed into a great spiritual love for the race; so that, instead of acting and reacting on one another, it could be poured out on all the world, or at least on those who were in a condition to receive this pure spiritual love," to the perfection of which the most perfect harmony was necessary, any bickering or jealousy immediately dispelling the influx and "breaking the sphere."

Mr. Harris with the gentlest Christian charity. He said to me, that although he had suffered seriously, both spiritually and in the loss of fortune, through Mr. Harris, yet he could not fail to see that such unbounded power as was relegated to him (Mr. Harris) was an unusually severe test for any man."

"And not only did the head of the community keep incessant watch over all these occult manifestations, but he was at once the director of the domestic life within, where the members of the community worked together at agriculture—and also the head of every operation without, many of his disciples being sent out into business affairs, to conduct commercial operations or other kinds of profitable work, in order that they might bring in money for the community. 'All the schemes connected with it, mercantile or agricultural, were in his hands; and he would constantly change the heads of departments if he thought their minds were becoming too much engrossed in business, recall and replace them with others who often knew nothing of their management, and had to learn through mistakes.'"

Oliphant went through the trying ordeal of the menial drudgery of Brocton with his usual brave indifference to circumstances, and without losing much of his light-heartedness. That he imagined he had benefited from the discipline and from Harris's teaching, is evident from the fact, that when after three years he returned to England, he was still loyally devoted to the prophet and the interests of the Brocton community. His association with the Harrisites had produced little external change in Laurence Oliphant that his friends upon his return could detect. He may have been "more assured in his faith than ever;" but to the world he was, as Mrs. Oliphant says, "as serious, as humorous, as entertaining, as delightful a companion, and as much disposed to social enjoyment, as when he had been one of the most popular men in London." It was about this time, shortly before his return, that he sent home to "Blackwood" that daring outburst of humor, "Dollie and the Two Smiths," the first of a brilliant series of "Traits and Travesties" which he continued to contribute to the Magazine in subsequent years. Whatever the effects of "living the life" may have been on Laurence Oliphant, they did not obtrude themselves on the surface—although he was perfectly frank when questioned about his religious experiences—and he still appeared as the brilliant, humorous, and sarcastic man of the world, with an infinite capacity for enjoying everything that was enjoyable, whether it took the shape of pleasure or adventure.

Oliphant, on his return, again threw himself into literary and journalistic work. He served for some time as special correspondent of the "Times" during the

Franco-Prussian war, and afterward settled down in Paris as representative of that journal. But he was still under Harris's domination, and was soon to be made painfully sensible of the arbitrary way in which the prophet was disposed to use his power. It was in Paris that Laurence Oliphant, who might have been thought to have already exhausted all the experiences of life, filled up the romance of his career by falling under the influence of a strong, pure, and tender passion. The loves of Laurence Oliphant and Alice le Strange are so charmingly recorded by Mrs. Oliphant, that we scruple to abridge her narrative, and would rather refer our readers to her book itself. A few words, however, must be said to make what we have still to relate about Oliphant's life intelligible. Alice le Strange was characterized as "not a woman, but an angel," by one who knew and admired her in later life.

"One of the most perfect flowers of human-kind," says Mrs. Oliphant, who knew her well, "a young woman of an ancient and long-established race, with all the advantages of fine and careful training, and that knowledge from her cradle of good society, good manners, and notable persons, which is an advantage beyond all estimation to the mind qualified to profit by it. . . . One of the most attractive and charming of God's creatures, with considerable beauty and much talent, full of brightness and originality, sympathetic, clear-headed, yet an enthusiast, and with that gift of beautiful diction and melodious speech which is one of the most perfect ever given to man. . . . She was so full of 'charm,' that inexplicable fascination which is more than beauty, that it was possible her actual gifts might have been overlooked in the pleasure of encountering herself, the combination of them all; so that the beauty, the wit, the sweet vivacity, the pure and brilliant intelligence, became so many delightful discoveries after the first and greatest, of finding one's self face to face with a being so gracious and delightful."

In this love it might have been hoped that Laurence Oliphant's troubled career would have found a haven of rest, and that in a settled life of domestic happiness, abounding with possibilities of useful work, he might have "lived a life" more beneficial to himself and advantageous to the world than the senseless rule of Brocton could prescribe. But it was not to be. He was still under the spell of Harris, and could no more shake the prophet off his shoulders than Sindbad could get rid of the Old Man of the Sea. Even his engagement with Miss le Strange

had to receive Harris's sanction, which was withheld, and the lovers were kept upon tenter-hooks, until it was quite clear that the lady was to come as completely under Harris's domination as her intended husband already was. The marriage had to be postponed in deference to an edict from Brocton, and it was not without a considerable amount of *finessing* on Oliphant's part that the prophet's sanction was finally obtained. It is a beautiful and touching evidence of Alice le Strange's complete love and faith in Oliphant that she humbles herself before Harris—a man whom she had never seen, and whom she knew of only as an enemy to her happiness—and pours out the whole feelings of her inmost soul in a letter to him, and puts herself under his "direction in all matters." Without any wish to be unjust, we must express our conviction that a passage in this letter, in which Miss le Strange, speaking of her property, offers to make it "easily payable to you for any purpose to which you might see fit to apply it," had quite as much weight with the prophet as Miss le Strange's cry for light and guidance.

The marriage at length took place in June, 1872, and after a year's residence in Paris, where Oliphant continued to represent the "Times," a sudden summons from Brocton broke up their household, and Oliphant with his wife and mother set out for America. A greater trial of his faith could scarcely have been made than to ask him to bring the young wife of a year to the life which he knew awaited her at Brocton—and such a life!—but Oliphant must have been still firm in his trust in Harris. At first Harris seems to have dealt rather leniently with the new-comers. Oliphant, for the good of his soul and the benefit of the community, was sent to Wall Street to wrestle with the bulls and bears of New York finance, and had the honor of crossing swords, "non sine gloria," with the great Jay Gould himself. The best outcome of this experience was the "Autobiography of a Joint-Stock Company," the memory of which must still remain green in the minds of readers of "Maga." Another American contribution in a similar vein of sarcasm was "Irene Macgillicuddy," which produced a scarcely less powerful sensation on the other side of the Atlantic than "Piccadilly" had done in England.

There is a buoyancy about Oliphant's writings during his Brocton life which we are tempted to ascribe to a reaction against his environments: they afforded a safety-valve for the feelings of disillusionment which, we think, must have speedily followed upon his second arrival at Brocton. While he was in Wall Street, his wife and mother were washing the pocket-handkerchiefs of the community or working in their cottage garden. Mrs. Laurence Oliphant, however, appears to have been occasionally allowed to join her husband in New York, and even to accompany him on a visit to Lord and Lady Dufferin in Canada. But this happiness was too great to last. The prophet's fiat went forth, and husband and wife were separated. Mrs. Oliphant makes a very shrewd guess at the reasons:—

"As iron sharpeneth iron, so were these two likely to act upon each other, perhaps to a consciousness of the wonderful character of their subjection, perhaps to independent plans of their own, both of which would have weakened the master's hold upon them, and made their emancipation merely a question of time."

Harris had meanwhile opened up a new settlement in California, "where he cultivated vines and swayed the souls who had committed themselves into his hands;" and thither Mrs. Laurence Oliphant was ordered to repair, while her husband was to stand fast in New York. Mrs. Laurence Oliphant did not remain long in the Santa Rosa establishment. When Laurence went to California to visit his wife, he was positively refused permission to see her, and promptly ordered back to Brocton; and his wife soon after quitted Santa Rosa, and endeavored to earn her living as a teacher. Though aided by kind friends of her husband's, her life for some years was one of hard toil and of considerable privation. Although away from Harris, she was still under his influence, and very probably working under his commands.

In 1878, Oliphant was back in England alone. By this time his eyes appear to have been opened, and though he had not yet directly revolted, he was looking about him for an independent sphere of action. Events at that time were directing prominent attention to the Turkish empire and to Palestine, and Oliphant conceived the project of carrying out a colonization of the Holy Land by Jews from the countries where the oppression of the

race was most prevalent. With his usual energy he at once set out for Palestine, and the interest in the country which this visit inspired led him ultimately to select it as his future home. The literary results of this journey took the form of the "Land of Gilead," a considerable portion of which appeared in the Magazine, and in which Laurence Oliphant's wonderful descriptive powers are seen at their best. But his project, like all others that depend upon the concurrence of the Sublime Porte, ended in failure.

On his return to England he was joined by Mrs. Laurence Oliphant, who had seen the necessity of shielding her husband from the aspersions to which their separation and her condition in California had exposed him in society. She must have taken this step in despite of Harris, and from their union in London the date of their emancipation from his despotism may be calculated. But when the final quarrel came, when Oliphant was obliged to assert his independence, and claim his rights in defiance of the prophet, it was a sore trial to his feelings. He had gone out to America to see his mother, who was dying of a painful malady, aggravated by the mortifying discovery that her faith had been misplaced, and that her idol was after all but clay, for rumors had reached Brocton regarding the Santa Rosa settlement sufficient to disenchant the deluded devotees who had been left in the former community. Oliphant took his mother with him to Santa Rosa in hopes of benefit to her health, and they visited Harris, but were far from graciously received. Mrs. Oliphant mentions a significant incident, characteristic of the Harrisian system, which occurred during this visit:—

"The sight of a valuable ring belonging to Lady Oliphant, which had been given over with all other treasured things into the keeping of the prophet, upon the finger of a member of his household, brought a keen gleam of conviction, both to the one who doubted already and the other who did not know whether to doubt, or, as on former occasions, to gulp down every indignity and obey."

Lady Oliphant died soon after this visit, and Harris seems to have taken the initiative of declaring war, and to have telegraphed to Mrs. Laurence Oliphant requesting her permission to have her husband placed in a lunatic asylum. No such sanction was of course given, and Oliphant

set about to recover his property in Harris's hands, a portion of which it is satisfactory to know the prophet was compelled piecemeal to disgorge. In a letter to the "Standard" of June 8, Mr. J. D. Walker, a Californian friend of Laurence Oliphant, who was of great assistance in disentangling his pecuniary relations with Harris, writes :—

"On the plea that the money placed by the Oliphants with Mr. Harris was placed subject to withdrawal by them, should they at any time sever their connection with him, I insisted on Mr. Harris making restitution. After considerable correspondence, a personal visit from my lawyer, and threats of legal proceedings, Mr. Harris deeded to Oliphant the Brocton property; this, Oliphant informed me, represented some fifteen thousand pounds, placed with Mr. Harris by him and his wife. The property has been sold within the past few months for some eight thousand pounds, and the proceeds distributed in terms of Oliphant's will, so that they are still large contributors to the Harris community."

In spite of all they had suffered at the hands of Harris, and of the active hostility which they had good reason to believe their revolt had brought upon them, it is remarkable that the Oliphants ever afterward continued to speak of him with respect, and to extenuate any charges that were brought against him and his system. Even in discussing matters which had directly affected themselves, and regarding which an expression of resentment would have been both justifiable and expected, Laurence Oliphant was wont, if he did not take the blame wholly to himself, at least to find plausible excuses for the prophet's share of the transaction. Harris unquestionably did supply some traits for the character of Masollam, but we have good reason to believe that Laurence Oliphant did not intend Masollam to be received as either a caricature or a likeness of the Brocton Prophet.

Before finally quitting the Brocton episode, we must congratulate Mrs. Oliphant upon the skill with which she has traversed this delicate and complicated episode of Laurence Oliphant's life. She has preserved a rare moderation when dealing with passages which must have prompted the indignation of any author; she has spared no pains to get at the truth, and has had scruples in telling it; and she has applied her unrivalled power of mental analysis to lay bare the aims and motives on both sides with an impartiality that it

must have been very difficult to preserve. We shall probably never know the exact truth regarding the relations of Harris with Laurence Oliphant; but should it ever come out, it will, we believe, be found that Mrs. Oliphant has penetrated into its essence, and done substantial justice to all parties.

In 1882, Laurence Oliphant settled at the little town of Haifa on the Bay of Acre, and there and in his mountain home on Carmel, at the Druse village of Dalieh, the remainder of his life was spent, varied with occasional trips to England. There can be no doubt that these years in Palestine were the best and happiest of his life. They were full of literary activity. Contributions came steadily pouring into "Maga" upon all sorts of topics, and all characterized by Oliphant's peculiar vivacity and power. It was there that "Altiora Peto" and "Masollam" were written, and later on the two works "Sympleumata" and "Scientific Religion," which embodied the peculiar views of his mature years. The life which was lived at Haifa was at least free from the degrading and objectionable features of the Brocton usage; and, as far as Oliphant and his wife were concerned, it seems to have been one of active benevolence and practical philanthropy. Into the religious principles which regulated the little family at Haifa, whither some few of the remaining members of the Brocton community were soon attracted, we do not choose to enter. England too contributed a small band of inquirers, the most distinguished of whom was Mr. Haskett Smith, an author and clergyman of the Church of England, who became Oliphant's right-hand man in his work. The Haifa community never got beyond the experimental stage, and Laurence Oliphant was still obviously feeling his way toward a faith when his career was cut short: whether or not, had he been spared to perfect his views, they would have made a wider impression upon thinkers, it is impossible to say. To us both "Sympleumata" and "Scientific Religion" are as unintelligible in their teaching as they are mysterious in their ascribed origin; and it would be of little profit to discuss speculations which had no better foundation than an individual imagination, and which never got farther than the rudimentary stage. The death of his wife

undoubtedly affected Laurence Oliphant's view of things spiritual in a very marked manner, and induced him to translate dreams into actual experiences; but it also deepened the seriousness of his views of life, as well as led him to indulge in wilder conjectures regarding futurity and the unseen. Yet the old fire of genius burned brightly, and Oliphant was probably never more his natural self than when penning those records of his eventful career which appeared in the Magazine under the title of "Moss from a Rolling Stone."

He paid a final visit to America in the spring of 1888, and, to the astonishment of his friends, returned to be married to Miss Rosamond Dale Owen. But the hand of death was upon him. The "loss of spiritual influx," of which he had for some time complained since the death of his first wife, was really the loss of vital power under an internal malady. A few days after his marriage he was struck down with illness, and though he rallied repeatedly, he was never able to shake off his mortal disorder. "His last conscious moment on Sunday," says his wife, "was one of hope and effort lifeward. . . . He passed away as into a tranquil sleep, and woke four hours after in another world, or rather under another form, without having tasted death either physically or spiritually."

Was Laurence Oliphant's a wasted life? The answer to that question will depend upon the view we take of the work to which he specially devoted himself, and

which he had little more than begun when he was called away. If literary fame be a legitimate aim in life, he certainly earned a fair share of it. If active goodness within one's own sphere and possibilities be a duty to the world, then Oliphant duly discharged his part. If social distinction be an honor worth striving for, then Oliphant with slender advantages outstripped most of his equals in the race. If self-sacrifice confers a title to public respect, then comparatively few can boast of having surrendered more than Laurence Oliphant did. And if we believe that his views were mistaken, that he himself was the victim of a delusion, it detracts nothing from the generous nobility of his character. He was a man who well deserved so admirable a memorial as these volumes supply; and there is no one who ever met him who will not heartily endorse the eloquent words with which Mrs. Oliphant lays down her pen:—

"The generation, not only of his contemporaries but of their children, must be exhausted, indeed, before the name of Laurence Oliphant will cease to conjure up memories of all that was most brilliant in intellect, most tender in heart, most trenchant in attack, most eager to succor in life. There has been no such bold satirist, no such cynic philosopher, no such devoted enthusiast, no adventurer so daring and gay, no religious teacher so absolute and visionary, in this Victorian age, now beginning to round toward its end, and which holds in its brilliant roll no more attractive and interesting name."

—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

FRANCESCA DA RIMINI.

BY MAXWELL GRAY.

"Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria."—*Inferno*.

WELL might the memory of the "happy sighs,"
The "much desire," whose fair, fruit-boding bloom,
Set in the trembling kiss that held their doom,
Burn fiercelier than the flame that never dies:
Those ever-linkèd souls, whom Dante's eyes,
Weeping, saw driven through the dawnless gloom
By hissing tempest; imminent sorrows loom
Less darkly than such thoughts of rapture rise;

And well might gentle Dante swoon with ruth
 When one soul told and one soul wept to hear
 The tale of happy hours aswerve from truth ;
 But to the guiltless, when all hopes are sere,
 Musing on bliss once theirs in very sooth
 Is sweet, and thoughts of vanished joys are dear.

Hath noon less glory mused upon by night ?
 Doth June's full heart with lessened fervor glow
 Remembered when the world is wan with snow ?
 Are its warm roses petalled with delight
 Less fragrant, and their diamond dew less bright
 Because in winter dark no flower may blow ?
 Doth music of moon-glamoured May-woods flow
 Less rich to thought, when trees with rime are white ?
 Nay, memory and longing subtly weave
 New magic round the joys that are no more ;
 Spring brightlier blooms by winter's dream-watched fire ;
 Remembered joy in sorrow is reprieve
 To anguish ; long-dead days from happy yore
 In dark hours rise, lest hearts with pain expire.

—*Murray's Magazine.*

THE EVE OF ST. JOHN IN A DESERTED CHÂLET.

BY FRANK COWPER.

It was a beautiful day. A gray mist curled up from the lake and clung to the dark ravines of the mountains. As the sun grew warmer, a gentle breeze fanned the still water, and the mists rolled up to the mountain-tops. A few lazy patches lingered behind, lost in the deep gorges of the hills, where, blindly rubbing against the dark pines, they gradually melted before the mid-day heat, as luckless jelly-fish stranded on a sandy beach slowly evaporate under the fierce sun.

The steamer was crowded with tourists, —girl-schools, spectacled Germans, smart young Frenchmen, the usual sprinkling of English, the inevitable curate or country rector, two friars, and one Swiss *pasteur*. This latter was a curious fossil. He was short, wizened, and decrepit. He wore a tall hat on the back of his head like the hatter in "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland ;" his coat was long, his waistcoat low, and his necktie meagre and not clean. It was difficult to look at him and then at the friars without thinking of history. I never can see a friar, with his corded frock, sandalled feet, and bare head, without seeming to see romantic

pictures of the past. All other costumes change. If I were intimately acquainted with the cut of the friar's dress in past ages, perhaps I should notice slight differences ; but in the main the clothes they wore when the monks tore Hypatia to pieces, when Peter the Hermit preached, when Bernard and Abelard ruled their monasteries, when Chaucer wrote, when the fires of Smithfield blazed and the Inquisition terrified, are much the same clothes they wear now. The color may be different ; but black, brown, or gray, a friar centuries ago would be a friar now.

They are no anachronism but a reality. I could not help being struck at the contrast they afforded, those men apart, with their bleared eyes, sensual lips, dirty beards, as they came on board amid a crowd of simple school-girls and startled English matrons. Living assertors of eighteen centuries of celibacy, they moved about amid that ship-load of nineteenth-century frivolity. Their power was gone, but their picturesqueness remained.

And that insignificant comic little figure was the representative of the power that had supplanted them. How well he

seemed to typify the dry syllogisms of that dreary controversy of Predestination and Free-will ! Could any spark of poetic fire come from so wizened and matter-of-fact a being ? Vates and Sacerdos are near akin, and those poetic souls who like mystery in their religion will always prefer a priesthood whose garb is poetic. And those who think a religion cannot be typified by a garb will prefer the dull prose of common dress.

At the end of the lake I left the steamer. I intended to walk over the mountains by a little path marked in the Swiss Ordnance Survey, and which would lead me across the frontier into Savoy. The girl-school landed also. It is curious the way mothers dress their fair daughters abroad. Many of these girls were undoubtedly English. Fortunately they disguised the fact very well.

What shapeless frocks, what marvellous colors, these nymphs were clothed in ! Were there girl-schools at Lausanne, I wonder, when Byron moped away his time at Meillerie opposite ; and did he write that " they always smelled of bread-and-butter "—the fair, innocent ones !—in bitter disappointment because they offered no other attractions ? However, in spite of their chaotic clothes, these simple maidens seemed to enjoy themselves. They trooped up the road, under the chestnut and walnut trees, and laughed and chattered, and picked flowers, and ate biscuits and sandwiches, as healthy wholesome girls should. There were two girls who were really pretty, and with a flush of pride I was glad to recognize they were English. And not only were they pretty, but they were well dressed : and, if the dress be an index of the mind, then these young ladies were indeed perfect ; but perhaps their mother dressed them. However, I soon left these fair sirens behind, and, like the hero of " Excelsior," I steeled my heart against all softer feelings. I don't know how it would have been, however, had these young ladies gone so far as the strange young person in that incoherent poem. They didn't. Instead of any tender invitation, expressed verbally or ocularly, they only ate wild strawberries, and made remarks *sotto voce*, which, as laughter was the result, caused me, with that self-consciousness of a true Briton, to feel a twitching in the back as I walked on.

It was hot. The mountain road wound up and up. No breath of air seemed able to penetrate those thick chestnut-woods. The grass under the trees was a perfect carpet of wild loveliness. Flowers of every kind grew thick all round—the stately mountain-lily, bluebells, and yellow cowslips. Red, white, purple, and blue ; yellow, green, mauve, and carmine : all the colors and blendings possible were spread everywhere. Delicate, dainty, mossy lawns, where the grass had just been cut, alternated with the rich wealth of unkempt pasture. The sunlight fell in brilliant patches across the twisting chestnut-boles, and on the cut and uncut grass. Bees hummed and flies persecuted, and all the while I trudged over ruthless stones upward and ever upward. It was hot !

I could hear down below the merry laughter of the girls. A church clock struck the hour, and the thud, thud, thud of a distant steamer palpitated on the drowsy silence. The air quivered in the heat, a gray-green gloom shimmered under the fantastic chestnut-trees, velvety moss spread temptingly over shady banks. What a home for fairies ! I sat down.

But it would never do to waste time in dull sloth. I had many miles to go, and some fairly stiff climbing before me. There were awkward precipices to be faced, and Swiss weather is never certain.

Up and up I trudged. The stony road had changed to a still more stony path. The chestnut-trees had given place to brushwood, where the hornbeam and mountain-ash reigned instead of the chestnut and walnut ; a gentle breeze stirred the ferns, and the gray weather-worn sides of a few snow-streaked peaks rose above the foliage. How scarred and furrowed those solemn rocks looked ! Snow still lay in the crevices, and little silver streaks trickled down their rugged faces. My object was to find the path which led up over these cliffs, across the neck which united them to the highest point, and so down into a deep valley where France and Switzerland joined hands across a foaming torrent.

I had been warned the path was dangerous. Only a week ago a hapless professor from Vevey had fallen over a precipice and been killed. His body was brought over the day before I started. He was actually in the right path, and his death had been the result of a slip. A moun-

taineer whom I met told me it was because he wore Oxford shoes, and had no nails in them. I thanked Providence I had a heavy pair of, stout boots, and, what appeared to me as I walked, a ton of nails in the soles.

Up and up I clambered. The stony path had changed to a vague rut in the close herbage. The brushwood had yielded to a few straggling bushes, with here and there a clump of fir. Their sombre foliage and fragrant odor invited me to rest. The dry red cones lay all about under the solemn shade. No sound reached me now. The breeze fitfully whispered among the pine-plumes, but the stately trees disdained to break the brooding stillness. Far, far down below lay the blue lake. The basement of the peak whereon I sat was entirely hidden. The flowers and lower pine-trees seemed to spring at once from the small blue patch below. On the other side rose tier upon tier of jagged rocks. Range on range of precipitous peaks tossed themselves aloft, while above all, against the blue sky, soared the white billows of the Oberland of Berne, where the everlasting snows piled themselves along the horizon. How strange the contrast seems from the busy every-day life of that blue lake, with its fashionable hotels, tennis-lawns, and artificial society, to the unknown solitude of that arctic region! In that white mystery before me, so near and yet so far, lay spots as untrodden by man as any solitudes in Spitzbergen or Enderby land. There is no spot in the world which brings into such striking proximity the primeval and the ephemeral as Switzerland.

Up and up I trudged. It was no longer sultry. The sun scorched, but the air was keen. I had passed all shade, except where the precipitous cliff flung its cool shadow over the deep ravine. The track was becoming difficult to find. I was climbing a steep slope of coarse grass littered with huge boulders. The path had dwindled to countless holes made by the hoofs of the goats who alone could browse up here. It was impossible to find any real track.

And now my difficulties began. I was a novice in Alpine climbing. Counting on being what is usually called a good cragsman where crags are not frequent, I had anticipated little difficulty in surmounting the rugged cliffs which towered up op-

posite Montreux. I knew the snow would present obstacles which might be very dangerous; but I calculated that a cliff in Switzerland must be very like a cliff in England. There was little or no snow here. There were only cliffs. But when I looked at them I could not help thinking, "But what cliffs!"

The track I had been doubtfully following led to the very base of an overhanging precipice, and there ended. I looked up at the gray height above me. Sheer walls of rock looked down at me. There was a sinister expression about the sharp lines which furrowed the face of the cliff. They went zigzag down the surface like the grim sneer on the face of some coldly sarcastic man. The silent gloom of the overshadowing rock chilled me. A little jet of water spouted over a black ledge above, and splashed into an old patch of snow below—so dirty and stone-covered a patch that at first I took it only for the brown soil of the mountain. It was tough and hard to tread on. I could hardly realize such a substance could melt.

Clearly I had missed the path. Not even a goat could climb up there. However, climbing had to be done; it was getting late in the afternoon, and I had yet far to go. Without wasting time in going back to look for the path, I determined to get up this wall somehow. To my left was a dark gully, black and forbidding. I instinctively felt I could never get up that. To my right a few pines grew, stunted and wind-torn, and above them was a ledge which I felt I might reach. After a difficult climb, and several narrow slips, I reached the ledge. How magnificent was the view! But I felt if I looked long I should grow giddy. I could no longer see any grass slope below. Not even the top of the last pine-tree was visible, although only a few feet beneath. There seemed nothing between me and that small blue patch, some five thousand feet below. I turned to look at the wall behind.

It was not encouraging. By clinging to my ledge I hoped I might reach a rift in the rock which seemed to present an easier foothold, as seen from below. But I could not disguise from myself the difficulty of the attempt. I had begun to realize that what looks only a little way up, seems a horrible distance down. It was no longer warm. The sun was be-

hind the towering precipice overhead. Its rich light flooded the downward slope of a grass patch to the right. There must be a gully there, down which the light can penetrate. The keen mountain air against the cold face of this never-warmed rock chilled me. That rock had never seen the sun. I buttoned up my coat, and altered my course for the gully.

After great exertions, I managed to reach a fairly easy place. The narrow escapes I had gone through caused me to appreciate the change from the position of a fly when clinging to the ceiling to the less sustained effort of resting on a ledge of the cornice. At last I could sit down.

There was the same view before me. A few more peaks of the Bernese Oberland rose up. The blue lake looked smaller and farther down. That was all. I looked at my watch. It was four o'clock. I must get on. I had taken an hour in climbing about two hundred feet. This would never do. After a little refreshment I buckled to my work. The gully was reached, the course became less hazardous, although rather more fatiguing. At last I was within sight of the top. A few more scrapings, a little more back-wrenching, knee-twisting struggles, and I should be there. I endured them all, and—I was not there! I was on my ledge again, and, very nearly in another world. My foot had slipped, as I tried for the thousandth time to bump my mouth with my knees, and, to the great destruction of my garments, I alighted on my feet and the ledge at the same moment—What anguish I suffered! I had come down in a second as many feet as it had taken me minutes to get up. But time is no measure of such effort. And then my garments—! Luckily, at the rate I was progressing, it would be midnight before I reached the haunts of men. But what distressed me most was that I had broken my flask and dropped my match-box. After a little rest I set to work again, and this time I succeeded—that is, I climbed to within twenty feet of the top, and there found a perpendicular wall of sheer rock, utterly impossible to get up. I have since admired Alpine climbers much more. I thought they overrated themselves before; now I don't think they can estimate themselves enough. I am an Alpine climber.

And so I had to come down half-way again. I did this less rapidly than before,

but with more comfort. I began to realize that speed is not everything among the Alps. I was much too hurried before. But it was getting late. The shadows behind were growing longer, even a purple shade seemed to have reached the blue lake below. And, worst of all, a mist was creeping over the top of the cliff. Vague shreds, as if of cotton-wool, were spreading overhead. I should be in a cheerful position if a thick fog came on. I couldn't go down, I knew. It had taken me all I was capable of to get along that ledge when going up. It would be death to attempt it going down. A way must be found past that twenty feet of cliff between me and dinner.

By warily hooking on to slight roughnesses in the sides of the gully, I managed to work my way so far to the right that I could see round the edge. There was a ledge beyond, which seemed to extend up to the top. Could I reach it? It was very ticklish work, but, thanks to my nails—I mean on my boots—I managed it. In another quarter of an hour I was a victor. I had gained the summit, but I was utterly ignorant of where I was. Almost at the same moment that I set foot on the edge of the cliff, drops of rain began to fall, and in an instant, as it were, I was in a shroud of mist.

"This is what I expected," I said; "it won't last long. I've observed these fogs seldom do. Only I must be careful how I go." And so I warily stepped out into the unknown. Somehow I felt like a sort of Jack who had climbed his Beanstalk and was setting out for the ogre's castle. Presently I observed I was going down-hill. The descent became steeper. Once I nearly slipped. This would not do. I could see nothing ahead of me, and I knew that steep grass slopes like this often end in terrible precipices. I must be careful. I stopped and picked up a stone—a large one. I let it roll gently out of my hand. It bounded away in an instant. I heard one bump not far off, then absolute silence. This looked awkward. I hardly dared to move. It seemed little use going back; to go forward was very like walking to certain death. It was better to stand still, and hope for the mist to lift.

After sitting shivering in the cold air, wet to the skin, for about half an hour, a yellow gleam rent the veil before me, and,

almost like magic, a wonderful picture appeared. So dazzling was the sudden change, that I could not look at it at first. When I could bear the light, I saw that I had done well to stop. Far down below me were a few dots on a green patch. These were chalets; beyond wound a silver streak. Opposite rose a towering wall of rock, clothed half-way up with trees, mostly fir, and then ending in precipitous jagged cliffs. Through a gap in this wall a gleam of gold stretched far away. A gray line separated it from the sun, whose level rays were streaming over the saw-like edge of the cliffs before me, and lighting up the roof of purple mist which floated overhead. Far down on the right, the blue lake seemed to girdle a collection of boxes. This was a town on the edge of the water. The sense of height, of space, of distance, was so great, I seemed to be sitting in the car of a balloon, and looking down on the world below. Beautiful as it was, I could not help feeling giddy as I peered into the dim depths beneath, and thought how much safer the car of a balloon was than the slippery slope of that dizzy height. The clouds still clung to the mountain behind, but I saw enough to tell me I must go a little way back.

The sickly light of the sunset, dazzling as it was, did not forebode a dry evening. I was already shivering with cold; how should I manage if I had to pass the night on this bleak peak? The snow lay in broad patches around, and the chill evening air cut through my tattered clothes. I hastened to find a way down. After walking across a pretty level patch of scrub, a steep slope fell away before me. Cautiously going down this, I had almost reached the edge, where it seemed I might find foothold down the cliff, when the sunlight disappeared, and like a pall the mist closed in again.

But I could not stop now: I was too cold, and it was getting dark. I could see the face of the precipice, and a little ledge seemed to give hopes of a footing. The descent was not so sheer as had been that of the cliff up which I had climbed. For some little distance I managed famously, when suddenly I missed my footing, and—well, I don't know what happened for the following hour or so. The next thing I can remember is that I was lying on my side, very cold and wet, and rather

stiff. My head seemed aching a good deal, and I could not make out where I was. I turned over and sat up. It was quite dark. Gradually recollection came back, and I cautiously tried to get up. As I succeeded, I felt tolerably certain no bones were broken; but my head felt strange. I sat down again to collect my thoughts. I seemed to have fallen on a grassy patch. As I sat, a church bell, far below, sounded. I counted the strokes. It was ten o'clock. How bitterly cold it was! The mist had cleared away and the stars were shining. All was absolutely still. A black object loomed up before me, on either side was gray obscurity. The shape of the thing looked like a house. What luck! I should now get some milk and be put on the right road. "What a fortunate tumble!" I thought; "I should never have hit upon this had I not come down that short cut."

I got up. I felt very dizzy. Everything I had on was dripping wet. Never mind. With a fire such as is always quickly kindled in a chalet, and with hot milk, I should soon be warm again. With much caution I groped my way through the long grass, avoiding the stones which lay all about as well as I could. I had hardly taken three steps, when to my further relief I noticed the chalet was lighted up. A pale light streamed out from some opening on the side away from me. All doubt was at an end now. I stepped through the long wet grass more confidently. In a few minutes I had reached the angle of the wall. I noticed that the ground dropped directly from the edge of the further side of the building. It behooved me to be very careful. I had no wish for another descent. The light still threw its pale beam across the darkness. In another moment I stood before a black patch in the gray mass in front. The light had disappeared. I thought it odd; but concluded that, alarmed by the steps of some unknown person, the occupant had concealed the light. I took the dark patch before me for a door. I tapped at it with my stick; but it touched nothing. The door must be open. I called out. No answer. There was absolute silence, as there had been since the church clock boomed far down below in the valley. Not a sound in that quiet ledge, surrounded by precipices above and below, broke the utter stillness of the solemn gloom.

"They are very cautious," I thought. "I had better be on my guard too." Thoughts of coiners of base money, *contrebandiers*, thieves, passed across my mind. But, after all, was I sure it was a *châlet*? It was not very dark, but the light of the stars cast only a shimmering pallor over the gray vague mass before me. I could distinguish a long low wall. Two openings in it, the dark patch before me, and one to my right. Above, a low-pitched roof spread in one gable from end to end of the building. A rank smell seemed to come from the place, and the whole effect was to produce a sense of absolute desertion and solitude. I was so cold, however, and so sure of having seen a light, that I determined to enter. The door was open, or rather, as I afterward found, there was no door. The rank smell was more pungent as I passed over the threshold, leaving the starlight and the sweet cold air of night behind me. All was utter absolute silence. I paused, after taking a few steps in. I could just make out, as my eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, that there were some stalls for cattle, and as I turned I thought I saw a dark figure behind me; but I found it was only an upright post which came between me and an opening in the wall on the other side. There was a creepy dampness about the place which caused me to shiver. It was ghostly enough by itself. But the light which had been extinguished as I actually stood before the open door added a curious mystery to the place.

As I stood shivering and irresolute, peering into the darkness, a cold breath passed over my face, and something touched me. I twitched involuntarily, and uttered a startled exclamation. A low muffled voice seemed to repeat my voice in a mocking tone three times, fainter and fainter each time.

"It was a bat," I said aloud; "and there is an echo here."

A hollow parody of the sounds of my voice came back three times. There was clearly an echo here.

But no echo could cause a light. Noises and even touches could be accounted for by animals; but I never heard of any animal, except a human being, which could light a candle and put it out on the approach of strangers. There are glow-worms, fire-flies, phosphorescent eels, and suchlike. But even ten million glow-

worms, all doing their best, and collected in a mass, could hardly have produced the light I saw. Eels don't live in the mountains, and fireflies I did not think frequented Switzerland. I felt I must at least be philosophical, or I should give way to the effects of the tumble, the wet, the cold, and the hunger, which was beginning to make itself felt.

"Is there any one here?" I called out in French; and "*mon malheureux accent*" was never more forcibly brought home to me, as I had to listen to that detestable echo while it repeated the words three times.

Disgusted at getting no other answer, and irritated at the mocking sound, I groped further into the darkness. My foot kicked against a bundle. I put down my hand; it felt like a loose sack. I kicked it again to see if it were hard. Something cracked inside. "It's full of dry twigs no doubt. If only I had a match to make a fire!" But as I hadn't, I sat down on the bundle, for I was tired and disheartened. It was very empty that bundle, and the twigs were very hard, and brittle, and sharp. They cracked and broke inside, and gave way under my weight. I got up again, more disgusted than ever. How very nasty the place was! The reek of the pungent dampness rose fouler on the chilly air. I stepped over the bundle, and in doing so bumped my head against a beam. The touch was very light, but the pain was considerable, and I felt something warm trickle down my cheek. I put up my hand. It seemed sticky and wet. I must have cut my head. I did not know till the next morning that I received a severe scalp-wound in my fall, and that the slight knock of the beam had caused the wound to bleed afresh. It is curious how the consciousness that you are bleeding affects the nerves. I must have lost a great deal of blood before; but as I was quite ignorant of it, I merely put down my weariness to fatigue, and thought little of it. Now I felt alarmed. I leaned against the side of the stall, and tied my head up with my handkerchief. Hurt and tired as I was, I resolved to spend the rest of the night in that *châlet*. The floor seemed dry and littered with fir-twigs. I scraped a few together, put them against the stall, and sat down. As I did so my boot kicked against the bundle. Something rattled inside. The foul atmosphere

seemed to grow clammier ; but I was too weary to pay attention to this. In a few minutes I should have been asleep.

I was leaning with my back against the stall, one hand was in my coat-pocket, the other lay beside me. I had sprinkled a few twigs over me, in the idea of getting some warmth out of them. Whether they really did produce any heat I don't know ; anyhow I felt as if I were covered up a little, and was just nodding off to sleep when something cold grasped my hand,—something which held it tight as if with a hand of ice. A thrill of horror shot all through me, and in an instant I was wide awake. What was it ? There was no sound. Could it be a snake ? I shuddered with terror. Involuntarily I put out my other hand and felt cautiously all round. There was nothing there ! But my hand was held. Was it paralysis ? was it numbness from the cold and injuries I had received ? I should have thought so, and should think so now, only for a strange circumstance. A low, unearthly, far-away laugh—a laugh so full of blood-curdling, heartless, cruel, mocking devilry, such as I never heard before, and I hope never to hear again—broke the dead silence. At the same time a shadow seemed to pass between me and the pale light which marked the other window. As I had not moved this time, it could not be a post. Somebody must have come in, or more likely have been concealed in the chalet all the time. It was a horrible position. I had no weapon with me, and the utter silence with which my hand had been seized—it was my right—as well as the nature of the laugh, assured me I had to do with no friendly people. I tried to move my hand. I could not stir it. What strength the other must be possessed of ! But what was the other ? How could I be held without feeling the means by which I was held ? Could my hand be paralyzed by an electric shock ? I could think of no other power, so sudden, powerful, and intangible, as well as noiseless. Such an agency as the supernatural does not readily occur to an every-day, practical mind. I had always felt that what is called supernatural is only another name for the unknown in science. Here was the unknown. Possibly the phenomenon might presently be classed with the supernatural. But it was anything but pleasant. The silence was horribly oppressive. When I moved the

twigs crackled. Even the old stall against which I was leaning creaked as I breathed. But these others could move about, and actually grasp my hand without making a sound.

As I gazed fixedly into the darkness, it seemed as if the place became lighted with a pale, indefinite sickly light. The door and the window, which had been before the only lighter patches in the darkness, now became dark. I could see the old tumble-down walls, the gray beams over my head with fir-twigs and wisps of hay hanging down between, the worm-eaten and rickety stalls, and in a far corner a huge tub. At my feet was the sack I had stumbled over, and a dark pool of stagnant water close beside it. Why did I see all this ? There was no light visible. I mean there was no means to produce this light. The pale luminous atmosphere was of equal tone nearly everywhere in that tumble-down, ruinous, old chalet, except that over the sack it seemed a little more brilliant. The sack appeared to give out the light, so to speak, for it had no shadow round it : only its dull dirty brown seemed to be set in a pale phosphorescent glow, like a huge glowworm.

Surely I was not imagining all this ? I had never seen the chalet before, how could I picture its interior so minutely ? One chalet is much like another it is true, and I had kicked against the sack. But I could not have imagined that great tub in the corner. No chalet I had ever seen had that. Why should my imagination have suggested that ? There it was, and I must be conscious.

The strange thing was, that the light, instead of cheering me, made me feel more creepy. I could see everything now. Nothing seemed to conceal anything. All objects were clearly, though faintly, distinct. There were no deep shadows, as there would have been had the light emanated from a candle or a lamp. Everything seemed permeated, so to say, and luminous. But what a ghastly luminosity it was ! It was pale-blue in tone, and sickly. What produced it ? I looked at the sack. It fascinated me with a horrible curiosity. I noticed its shape. I remembered how hollow it was, and how the twigs had cracked and broken inside. I remembered how they had clattered as I kicked it. There was a smooth round knob or projection in the coarse cloth close

to my hand : three long twigs seemed to be lying almost across it. I looked down closer. Were they twigs ? They were long and brown and curiously knotted. The old rag covered the rest.

I looked closer still : horror of horrors ! they were the emaciated fingers of what was almost a skeleton ! As I sprang up in disgust, my foot kicked once more against the sack. The old worn-out rags gave way, and a ghastly skull fell through the rent.

* * * * *

Was it all a horrible dream ? The result of my fall ? Who knows ? All I know is, I felt sure I was awake, that it was no delirium. With the sudden realization of the horror, my hand had recovered its natural force. I started up, and would have rushed from the hut. . . .

"Good heavens ! what is that ?" I gasped, as instead of stepping forward, I shrank back in greater horror. A figure was entering the hut. A wizened decrepit figure, staggering under a heavy load. It made no sound as it came in. I could not see its face. The load on its back seemed to be alive. It stirred and writhed as it lay across the shoulders of its bearer. The figure came close to me. As it stepped over the sack, the same horrible, blood-curdling, cruel low laugh or chuckle grated on the silence. It paused and looked up. Can any words describe that face, the expression, I wonder ? Malignant gratified hate, the cruel smile of a dangerous lunatic, cunning and diabolical ; the ferocity of a brutal murderer, were all in that awful face. The face of a man long dead, grinning, dry, black, and repulsive, like the mummies in the *morgue* of the Hospice of St. Bernard.

The figure passed on. It went toward the huge tub in the corner. The burden still convulsively writhed at intervals. I now noticed, for the first time, that a vapor seemed to curl up and float over the great caldron. The figure, with its still feebly moving burden, had reached the corner. Silently it came up to the tub. The burden twitched convulsively. There was a heave. The vapor seemed suddenly agitated, and the figure remained alone, intently watching the interior of the tub. The vibrating of the huge vessel and the twisting vapor told of some frightful contortions within. But all was silent as the

grave. I could stand it no longer. I rushed to the door.

The cool air of the mountain could not revive me. I was shivering from head to foot. Icy cold and hot by turns, I knew I must have caught a feverish attack. But how could I face that horrible hut ? Was I really dreaming ? A sound broke the solemn silence. The church clock in the valley far down below was striking one. Should I have heard that in my dreams ? No ! I know I was awake ! Far away a line of light was twinkling under the dark mass of the distant mountains on the opposite shore of the lake. It was Montreux. How curiously the sight of that pre-eminent artificial settlement contrasted with the mysterious chalet behind me, with its dreadful unreality and ghastly tenants ! There opposite to me were the electric lights of the new hotel at Territet. Behind me was the dim ruin with its fearful secrets.

How cold it was ! The stars were shining, and a pale light over the north-east showed where the sun was travelling. Three hours more and I should be able to find my way down. At least there was this comfort, that if there was a chalet there must be a path to it. Unless, indeed, the whole thing were a ghastly dream.

I turned to look at the old building. I had to force myself to do it. I expected to see that fearful figure standing in the door. All was dark and still. Was it really all a dream ? It was very cold out there. Three hours is a long time to wait. My clothes were torn, and the long grass was dripping wet. I could not lie down in it. I could hardly stand for three hours. I was very tired. Should I be frightened by a nightmare, however dreadful ? My head was light from my fall. I would be more sensible. I would go in again. It was still far too dark to think of trying to find any way down. As I approached the old tumbledown building, I could not help shuddering. I never knew a dream so vivid. However, it must be a dream. There are the electric lights of that grand hotel at Territet. No mysteries can exist in the face of the triumphs of our civilization. But in spite of my trying to bluster out my fears, I did not at all like getting nearer to that dark door. I looked furtively in. All was black and silent. The damp, nasty, unwholesome

odor was there. But it was warmer than outside, where a cold north wind was beginning to whisper among the crevices of the cliffs behind me and the fir-tree tops below. I went in ; but I kept very near the door, and did not trouble about dry twigs any more. I sat down, and in a few minutes I was sound asleep.

When I awoke, the sunlight was streaming over the steep slope opposite. The jagged outline of the cliffs behind was thrown in clear profile on the fir-woods and crags in front. The chalet was still dim, but I could make out objects distinctly. Involuntarily the horrible dream of the night before came back. I looked at the stall where I had sat. There at the exact place where I had seen it was the torn and crumbling sack. There were the ghastly hand and grinning skull. It was no dream then. I got up and walked out of the hut. How exquisite was the morning ! For a moment I forgot everything. A gray patch of mist floated below me, hiding the valley. But above the streaming sunlight was bringing into sharp distinctness every peak and crag of the mountains opposite. Deep purple gray, the cliffs behind towered against the warm, clear, rosy haze ; while opposite the orange-tinged crags cut the cold blue of the western sky. The tinkle of a few bells far down under the mist told me that the cows were already busy at their morning meal. I wished I were a cow.

My thoughts turned naturally to the easiest means of finding like occupation. How was I to get down ? The grass all round the chalet was long and rank. Evidently no cattle had browsed there this year. The little patch of pasture was hemmed in by beetling cliffs on three sides. The grass grew to the edge on the fourth side, and then seemed to drop in a sheer precipice.

I went to the edge and looked over. The top of a tall fir-tree was just below me. A few stones, worn and moss-covered, appeared to offer a way of escape. I could see there was a forest of fir-trees further down. If only I could reach these I should be sure to find a way down into the valley.

Before I attempted to descend I took one more look at the old crumbling chalet. It stood in the deepest recess of the gloomy plateau. Entirely protected from the south, west, and east by precipitous

cliffs above, the sunlight had never fallen on its sombre moss-covered stones. I thought over the dream of the night before. If it was a dream, how could I have seen all I did see ? I had certainly never entered the chalet before. It was pitch-dark when I went in. How could I tell that sack contained a mouldering skeleton ? How could I know there was a tub in the corner ? Could a feverish imagination create the actual presentment of hidden surroundings ? The ghastly figure might be the result of a heated over-wrought brain and the want of food. There was nothing left to prove that it had entered. That strange laugh might have been the cry of some night-bird distorted in my half-conscious torpor. But the tub ? I would go in and see if that great tub were actually there.

As I entered, the sickening stale atmosphere struck me as peculiarly repulsive. I stood at the door and looked in. With a sense of horror upon me I looked toward the corner where I had seen in my dream the great tub. It was there. A vast wooden tub, capable of holding many hundreds of gallons. It was now in decay. The iron hoops had rusted out, and one or two of the staves had slipped out of their position. I remembered the incidents of the dream distinctly—far too distinctly. I felt I should never forget them. That fearfully malignant, wizened, dead figure. The awful heavings of the suggestive burden. The vapor. The plunge. The dispersion of the steam above the caldron. The vibrating of the huge vessel. The ghastly creepy laugh. I forced myself to go up to the corner. I climbed up on some bulks of timber rotting there. I looked in. It was so dark inside I could at first make out no details. By degrees, as I looked closer, and helped by a chink of light which fell through a crack in the tub, I was able to make out a heap of rubbish in the bottom. I poked it with my stick : a musty fetid smell arose, and my stick struck a hard round substance. There was the same horribly suggestive outline which had attracted my attention to the sack. The rubbish had a ghastly similitude to a huddled-up skeleton. As I examined it more attentively, I could see that there was no doubt. The head had fallen off, and was lying at the side of the heap of mouldering bones.

I had seen enough. I hurried away.

I never stopped again until I had climbed down to the nearest fir-tree. There I paused. Before entering the dark shade of the forest I turned back to look up. The long grass grew rank against the skyline; a gray peak of the highest cliff just topped the ragged growth. I was too far down to see anything of the plateau. Was it fancy, or a memory of my dream? But as I looked, a figure seemed to emerge among the grass at the edge of the little pasture, and stagger up against the blue sky with a long burden on its shoulders. The dark wood behind me seemed to echo a cruel shivering laugh, and the figure disappeared.

"Mere fancy!" I said to myself. "Imagination will do anything!" and I turned to find my way through the gloom.

After an hour's difficult descent, the rude track I was following suddenly ended on the brink of a vast ravine.

I examined the smooth surface of this highroad for the avalanches. Up and up it went, in a straight, ever-diminishing line, to the narrow gorge between two of the highest peaks. Down, down, it cut its plunging track right to the narrow belt of walnut and chestnut on the edge of the lake below. I must get across this somehow. Below me the forest ended in a series of precipitous cliffs. The path led me here, and I could see the continuation of it on the other side. It was getting hot. I longed to be down in the village, whose red and gray roofs I could see peeping out among the dark-green masses below. I looked at my mangled clothes. I felt the parts I could not see were infinitely worse than those I could. My hands were stained with blood. I knew my face must be streaked with it too. My head was bound up with my handkerchief. It was not pleasant to enter a decent village like that in broad daylight. I must get down before many people were about.

Prodding the face of the ravine with my stick, I found that if I planted my foot firmly I could make a fairly safe footing on its treacherous surface. After a hazardous ten minutes, I reached the other side. Henceforth the track was easy. In another half-hour I passed some goats. A startled cowboy next stood gaping at my appearance. In a few minutes more I had reached a chalet, where an old woman was attending to the cows.

She was a sensible old thing, and took in the situation at a glance. She wasted few words, but soon gave me some hot milk, eggs, and bread-and-butter. I allowed her to bathe my head, and although she had no clean rag, she washed my handkerchief and tied it neatly over my cut. My garments took longer mending, but she succeeded at last, and I went on my way a reformed character.

During the time she was attending to me a man had come in. A long-haired, unshaven, tangled man. We talked, and when I told him where I had passed the night, he uttered an exclamation. Incredulity was the chief ingredient in his surprise. When I told him, however, of the great tub in the corner, he appeared convinced. Both he and the old woman seemed to take a greater interest in me. They asked me questions; they exchanged significant glances. At last the man could restrain his curiosity no longer. He asked me point-blank if I had not been disturbed by *les revenants*. It was haunted, then. My dream was not a dream, or if it was, it was curious it should have taken so definite a form. I answered evasively, and then asked him to tell me the story connected with the chalet, why such excellent pasture was left to grow in rank waste? Why there was no path up there? Why, above all, was there that awful tub?

It was a long tale, and much of the story was incomprehensible. The chalet belonged to a fairly well-to-do peasant: of course there was a woman in the case. The wife of the peasant was admired by a *douanier*. As far as I can make out, these *douaniers* never have anything else to do but to admire all the village belles. The husband's life was wretched. The *douanier* was young, big, brutal. The husband was small, old, cunning. It was when the cattle had gone to the mountains. There was a very good path up there then. Pierroch and his wife had gone up to their chalet with their cows. "It was just such a night as last night, and it was— Why, it is the Feast of St. John to-day!" and the two peasants looked at each other and nodded significantly. The *douanier* was seen climbing the mountain path. He never was seen again. Nor were Pierroch or his wife ever heard of after. The chalet was visited a week later, but nothing was found. The huge tub was full of water as usual. For there

was no water up there, and that made the pasture less useful than it would have been. All the water for the cattle had to be accumulated in that large tub, either from the snow or the rain. All was in fairly good order. A sackful of hay lay on the floor of the stall. The few cows Pierroch possessed had all disappeared, and the door stood wide open. Nothing more was ever heard of any one of the three. Since then the place bore an evil name. It was called the "Revenants," and no one ever went there now. Only on St. John's Eve a light was always seen. A pale light like the gleam of a glow-worm. No one had ever been bold enough to try and get there to find out the explanation. In fact, what further explanation was wanted? Did not Holy Scripture say there were spirits? Did not Monsieur le Curé tell them of Samuel and the witch? They were not so ignorant there on that mountain as monsieur might think. But monsieur has actually passed the night there on St. John's Eve? he must have been there, since he had seen the great tub. Old Nannette remembered the making of that tub. It was built up there. There was a feast given, and the red wine was the first liquid it ever contained. Ah, it was good, that red wine as it flowed from the wooden spigot!

I could not repress a shudder as I thought of the mouldering skeleton, and the frightful death that seemed shadowed out by that ghastly mute phantasma. The convulsions, the plunges I could not see. The groans I could not hear. The awful sickening death.

I answered all their questions briefly, and went on my way. In a short time I was down the mountain. I had reached the village on the edge of the lake. In half an hour the steamer would be here. As I sat outside the clean simple little hotel sipping my coffee, I thought over the strange experiences of the night. Had I really seen a ghost? It seemed so odd. In the broad daylight, with the blue lake before me, with the large bird-like barks airing their sails in that quiet bay beside me; in the presence of the trim gendarme, magnificent in all the rigid dignity of his padded uniform and pasteboard hat, leaning against the rails of the landing-stage,—it seemed so impossible. Why should ghosts exist? How could they be? It

was so much more easy to say it was a dream. And a dream I should still say it was, were it not for that tub. Can it be that we can antedate a dream? That we hear and see certain things, dream of them, and then, forgetting when we dreamed it, believe the dream took place before the events?

As I pondered over it all, I could hardly accept this. I had entered the hut in the dark. I knew there was a tub there, and a skeleton before I looked for them. The skeleton in the sack I saw almost as soon as I opened my eyes; but I had gone out and taken a walk in the cool air of the morning, found a path down, and was perfectly calm and collected before I remembered the tub. I went back purposefully to look for it. I knew exactly where it was, what it looked like, and fully expected to find something horrible in it. I must have seen this then. The chalet must have been lighted up somehow. Attribute what I would to imagination, it was impossible to say this was a dream, unless a singularly prophetic one. It seemed as easy to believe in a spiritual manifestation as to believe in so marvelously circumstantial a dream.

But here was the steamer. A throng of happy merry boys, with tin boxes and knapsacks on their backs, were trooping over the gangway. Two Englishmen, in tweed suits and straw hats, were occupying with dignified grandeur the whole of the first-class deck. In another minute I was on board. I tried to hide my tattered appearance as well as I could; but it was useless. I had to confess to my sufferings, and all the compassion I got was that I was a most utter idiot to go up the mountains without a guide. However, no guide would have led me to "les Revenants;" and if I should have slept comfortably in my bed at Vevey, I should have gone without the marvellous experience which I cannot help confessing goes far to convince me there must be ghosts.

Two things I have learned from my adventure. One is to regard with a profound respect all Alpine climbers. The other is to receive with reverence the researches and lucubrations of the Psychological Society. There is also a third conclusion I have sadly come to. Vaseline and plaster are very useful adjuncts to a tourist equipment. If, also, you could induce your tailor to part with several

pieces of the stuff of which your suit is made, you would find it come in very useful : it is so difficult to match your things abroad.

I shall be happy to tell any one the exact situation of the chalet. It lies in that little plateau quite hidden from the lake.

It is difficult to find. The ascent to it is very arduous, and, owing to that awkward ravine, is really dangerous. But the descent to it is easy and rapid. One has only to slip off the cliff above, and you are soon there.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

PHOTOGRAPHY OF THE HEAVENS.

BY CAMILLE FLAMMARION.

THE International Photographic Congress, organized several years ago by a group of astronomers for the purpose of applying photography to the study of the stars, met recently for the third time at the Paris Observatory and agreed upon the latest arrangements for photographing the heavens.

The idea of applying photography to the curious things in the sky came to light on the very day when the great discovery of Niepce and Daguerre was publicly announced in the memorable account which Arago gave of it at the session of the Academy of Science, April 19th, 1839. The illustrious astronomer, perceiving at once the many and diverse uses to which the discovery could be put in astronomical research, pointed out among other things the possibility of obtaining a good map of the moon, and a perfect representation of the solar spectrum. But the methods of photography at that day were too crude to admit of securing satisfactory results.

However, about the year 1845 Sizeau and Flaucault contrived to take an excellent photograph of the sun in 1.6 seconds, a very fine engraving of which may be found in Arago's complete works. In 1849, William C. Bond, an American astronomer, obtained a good Daguerreian proof of the moon. The eclipse of the sun on July 28th, 1851, was photographed by Berkowski, at Koenigsberg, upon a Daguerreian plate, which disclosed for the first time traces of the corona that envelops the star of day, and the eruptions that emanate from its surface.

In 1857, Bond obtained a very clear photograph of the double star Mizar and Zeta in the Great Bear, as exact in truth as the micrometric measures, for I have been able to insert it as a document in my catalogue of double stars. It was at the

Harvard College Observatory that these first photographs of stars were made, and it is there to-day that Professor Pickering obtains such marvellous results that in themselves they appear at least to equal all those of the twenty to thirty astronomers composing the European Congress.

Mr. Warren de la Rue, in England, and Mr. Rutherford, in the United States of America, obtained magnificent photographs of the moon between 1857 and 1867 that have not yet been surpassed. Let us note among these photographs some startling stereoscopic views that show the lunar globe so much in relief that it has almost the form of an egg. This effect, somewhat exaggerated, is due to the advantage taken of a certain movement of libration in order to penetrate more or less satisfactorily the invisible hemisphere of the moon. Warren de la Rue, to whom we are indebted for these stereoscopic photographs of our satellite, succeeded equally in obtaining views of the planet Jupiter with an exposure of twenty-six minutes.

M. Flaye, in France, has been one of the most ardent advocates of astronomical photography. Insensibly, despite the opposition of astronomers who were first of all mathematicians, photography made a place for itself among the processes of the study. It was applied with the greatest success in observing the transit of Venus in 1874, and again in 1882. In 1877, M. Yanssen, at the Observatory of Meudan, obtained admirable photographs of the solar surface, upon which the observer seems to assist, so to speak, in the phenomena of the formation of light. These photographs of the sun are almost instantaneous, for they are taken in a half one thousandth of a second. In 1884 MM. Paul and Prosper Henry, while making maps of the stars for the atlas of the

Paris Observatory, set themselves to substituting photography for direct observation, which at the time was much more expeditious and certain. At the same time, and afterward, Messrs. Pickering in the United States, Gould in the Argentine Republic, Gill at the Cape of Good Hope, Common and Roberts in England, devoted themselves with the best success to the practice of celestial photography.

Thus gradually, insensibly, photography came to take a large part in astronomical research. This part from day to day becomes more and more important, more and more fruitful.

It is now proposed actually to photograph the entire heavens, and it was with this end in view that astronomers organized the International Congress, which met first in 1887, then in 1889, and again last April. In its recent session the Congress paid attention very largely to technical details. A score of questions were discussed, involving all-important points in the preparation of plates, the processes of taking and developing, of reproducing pictures from the stereotypes, etc., and the methods of undertaking the great photographic work, the division of the zones, and the distribution of definite sections of the heavens to various observatories and observers for their respective fields of labor.

Mague, Director of the Paris Observatory, made a statement relative to the progress made with the instrument which he invented for photographing the heavens, and he suggested the time at which he could begin experiments. Owing to political events in Chili, and troubles in which some other States are involved, it will not be possible for all to begin work at exactly the same time.

Among other things the Congress was concerned with the choice of guide-stars; that is to say, those which must constantly be held at the same point of view in order that every star may be represented upon the map by a point and not by a measurable space. But what limit should be placed upon the distance of the guide-star from the centre of the plate? After much groping about, the Congress decided to leave to each observer a certain latitude, not to exceed forty minutes. Questions of this nature, though secondary, were novel and delicate, and the divergences of opinion brought out by them were inevi-

table. Many difficulties were suggested that can be solved only by long experience; difficulties that will vary with the physical and atmospheric conditions of the various observatories. A certain liberty of action was therefore left to each observer, the Congress simply determining the end to be attained.

The Congress adjourned, after having made the best arrangements that the present state of astronomical photography allows for a work of gigantic proportions and immense difficulty. We may look forward with no little confidence to the success of this undertaking, which, according to the latest information, will begin in various parts of the world simultaneously during the present summer.

The matter in hand involves the photographing of the entire heavens, and the construction from the results of a complete map which will show the starry firmament just as it appears to the inhabitants of the earth; and this by photography alone, by which errors of observation will be wholly eliminated. We already have a map of this kind, but it is relatively imperfect and heterogeneous. For example, Argelander, in 1862, made a map of the northern hemisphere, showing all the stars up to the ninth magnitude inclusive; and this map registers 324,198 stars, all of which can be seen on the same sheet (see our *Astronomie Populaire*, p. 832). This great atlas of Argelander is one of the most important and considerable works of this century.

Skaenfeld's catalogue of the southern hemisphere gives the positions of 133,699 stars. Mr. Gould, director of the observatory at Cordoba, Argentina, published an atlas of the southern hemisphere some years ago, but it registers those stars only that are visible to the naked eye.

These efforts represent much patient labor, but they can never hope to give what may be expected from unaided photography.

In fact, instead of meridian observations by a great number of observers, all differing one from the other in the recognition of the various magnitudes of the stars, and in methods of relating their positions; instead of innumerable transcriptions, innumerable calculations and reductions, and gathering and disseminating of the information along a long period of years,—instead of this there will be undertaken

an exact photograph of the heavens, and this not only of stars up to the ninth magnitude, but those of the eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, and even fourteenth magnitude; and these lesser magnitudes will not add difficulties further than the exposure of the sensitive plate for a longer time.

Everybody knows that stars beyond the sixth magnitude are invisible to the naked eye, and that the term "magnitude" applies simply to the apparent brilliancy of the stars, those of the first magnitude being the most brilliant, those of the second a little less brilliant, and so on, those of the sixth being the last that can be seen with the naked eye. Here is a table showing the probable number of stars of every magnitude up to the fourteenth:—

Magnitudes.	Number.
First.....	20
Second.....	59
Third.....	182
Fourth.....	530
Fifth.....	1,600
Sixth.....	4,800
Seventh.....	13,000
Eighth.....	40,000
Ninth.....	120,000
Tenth.....	380,000
Eleventh.....	1,000,000
Twelfth.....	3,000,000
Thirteenth.....	9,000,000
Fourteenth.....	27,000,000

The stars of the fourteenth magnitude are visible through the best astronomical instruments. It will be seen that the total of these first fourteen magnitudes exceeds 40,000,000. To try to catalogue this celestial army would be not only a superhuman task, but absolutely beyond realization; for errors would creep inevitably into such a number of observations, as well as into their reductions, their transcriptions, and their places upon a map.

Years and years would not suffice, and while the work was in progress the stars themselves would change their positions in space, for each of them is animated by its own motion more or less swift.

Now photography can effect this properly and in the simplest manner, thanks to the perfection to which the art and its methods have been brought. And do you know how long it would take to perform this gigantic task, to erect this imperishable monument of astronomy? In thirteen minutes! Following are figures showing with substantial accuracy the duration of exposure necessary to get an impression of

the stars of various magnitudes upon the new gelatine plates:—

Magnitude.	Exposure.	
	Minutes.	Seconds.
First.....	0	0.005
Second.....	0	0.01
Third.....	0	0.03
Fourth.....	0	0.1
Fifth.....	0	0.2
Sixth.....	0	0.5
Seventh.....	0	1.3
Eighth.....	0	3.0
Ninth.....	0	8.0
Tenth.....	0	20.0
Eleventh.....	0	50.0
Twelfth.....	2	00.
Thirteenth.....	5	00.
Fourteenth.....	13	00.

Thus five one thousandths of a second are sufficient exposure to photograph a star of the first magnitude, a half second's exposure takes a picture of the smallest stars visible to the naked eye, and thirteen minutes are needed to photograph those of the fourteenth magnitude. A plate 24×30 centimetres covers five astronomical degrees. If at a given moment 8000 telescopes arranged for photography should be opened all over the earth, and turned upon 8000 points of the sky, all the points being agreed upon in advance, the 8000 plates would have photographed the entire heavens and registered the 40,000,000 stars of which we spoke above. Placed side by side in their proper positions, these 8000 plates of five degrees each would represent the 41,000 astronomical degrees of which the surface of the heavens is composed.

This kind of instantaneous photography of the heavens would be ideal, but it would not be possible because, first, at any given moment night extends over less than half the globe; and, second, because the atmosphere is never perfectly clear; and, last, because these 8000 instruments would involve an immense expense, a matter which it is simpler and more practicable to reduce to a minimum. The work will probably be divided among the following observatories in proportion to the number of plates set against each:—

Observatories.	Number of Plates.
Paris.....	1,260
Bordeaux.....	1,260
Toulouse.....	1,080
Algiers.....	1,260
Greenwich.....	1,149
Oxford.....	1,180
Helsingfors.....	1,008

Observatories.	Number of Plates.
Potsdam.....	1,232
Rome.....	1,040
Catane.....	1,008
San Fernando.....	1,260
Cacubaya.....	1,260
Santiago.....	1,260
La Plata.....	1,360
Rio Janeiro.....	1,376
Cape of Good Hope.....	1,512
Sydney.....	1,400
Melbourne.....	1,149

There will be about 22,000 plates of two degrees each, arranged so that their borders shall overlap each other sufficiently to register all the stars without fail and thus in time cover the whole heavens. The work will probably be completed in five or six years.

Thus nineteenth century science will bequeath to posterity an invaluable and imperishable statement as to the sidereal heavens which in future centuries will serve as a certain basis for the solution of the great problem of the constitution of the universe.

The human eye certainly is an instrument admirably adapted to its purpose. How transparent is this living crystal, how delightful are its hues, what depth it has ! what beauty ! It is life, passion, light ! Close the eyes, and how much of the world remains ?

And yet the lens of a photographer's camera is a new eye that gives the finishing touch to ours, that surpasses it, that is more marvellous still.

This giant eye is endowed with four important advantages as compared with our eye : it sees more quickly, further, longer, and, inestimable faculty—it fixes, prints, preserves what it sees.

It sees more quickly : in the half thousandth part of a second it photographs the sun, its spots, its whirlwinds, its flames, its mountains of fire, in an imperishable document.

It sees further : turned at darkest night toward any part of the heavens whatever, it discovers, in the atoms of the Infinite, stars, worlds, universes, creations that our eye could never see by any possibility, no matter how powerful a telescope were brought to bear.

It sees for a longer time : what we cannot contrive to see after several seconds of attention, we can never see. This new eye needs but to look sufficiently long ; at the end of a half hour it will distinguish

what it did not see before ; at the end of an hour it will see better still, and the longer it remains directed toward the unknown, the more completely will the eye possess it, without fatigue and always better.

And it preserves upon its retinal plate all that it has seen. Our eye retains images but an instant. Suppose, for example, that you kill a man at the moment when, quietly seated in his chair, he has his eyes open and directed toward a bright window. (There is nothing improbable in the supposition upon a planet where all the citizens are soldiers and kill each other in all manner of ways at the rate of 1100 daily.) Then suppose that you tear out his eyes (I should have said that the hypothesis involves dealing with an enemy), and that you immerse them in a solution of alum ; these eyes will then retain the image of the window with its transverse bars and its light spaces. But in a normal state of things our eyes do not retain images—there would be too many of them, besides. The giant eye of which we speak holds fast everything it sees. Its only need is a change of the retina.

Yes, the artificial retina sees more quickly and better. And, by virtue of a property wholly lacking in the human eye, it penetrates abysses where we do not and never could see anything. This is, perhaps, its most astonishing faculty.

Place the eye, for example, at the eyepiece of a telescope whose object-glass measures thirty centimetres in diameter ; such an instrument is the best for practical observations.

With this glass of thirty centimetres diameter and three and a half metres in length, we may discover stars to the fourteenth magnitude, that is to say, about 40,000,000 stars of all kinds.

Now replace our eye by the photographic retina. Instantly the most brilliant stars beat upon the plate and mark their likenesses there. Five one thousandths of a second suffice for a star of the first magnitude, one hundredth for those of the second, three one hundredths for those of the third, and so on, according to the proportions expressed above.

In less than one second the photographic eye has seen all that we could perceive with the naked eye.

But this is as nothing. Stars visible only through the telescope also come and

beat upon the plate and thereon inscribe their images. Those of the seventh magnitude take a second and a third to make their impressions on the plate, those of the eighth need three seconds, those of the ninth eight seconds, those of the eleventh fifty seconds, those of the twelfth require two minutes, those of the thirteenth five minutes, and finally, those of the fourteenth thirteen minutes.

If we have left our plate exposed for a quarter of an hour we shall find photographed upon it all the region of the sky toward which the telescope was directed, all that this region contains, all that we could have contrived to discover with infinite difficulty by a series of very arduous and long-continued observations.

But we have merely entered upon the marvellous.

Let the photographic eye continue to observe in place of the human eye ; it will penetrate the unknown. Stars invisible to us become visible to it. After an exposure of thirty-three minutes stars of the fifteenth magnitude will have finished their task of impressing the chemical retina and placing there their images.

The same instrument which to the human eye reveals stars of the fourteenth magnitude and which would register about 40,000,000 stars in the entire heavens, discloses to the photographic eye 120,000,000, including only those of the fifteenth magnitude. It could reach forth to the sixteenth and throw before the dazzled admiration of the observer a luminous maze of 400,000,000 stars.

Never before in all the history of mankind have we had in hand the power to penetrate so deeply into the abysses of the Infinite. Photography with its recent improvements takes a clear picture of every star, no matter what its distance, and sets it down in a document that can be studied at leisure. Who knows if some day in the photographic views of Venus or Mars some new method of analysis may not discover to us their inhabitants ? And its power stretches forth to the Infinite. Behold a star of the fifteenth or sixteenth, even seventeenth magnitude, a sun like our own, separated from us by so great a distance that its light requires thousands, perhaps millions of years to reach us, notwithstanding its unheard-of velocity of 300,000 kilometres a second ; and this

sun lies at such a depth that its light, so to speak, reaches us no longer. The natural eye of man never would have seen it, and the human mind never would have guessed its existence but for the implements of this modern art. And yet this feeble light, come from so far, is sufficient to make an impression upon a chemical plate which will preserve its picture unalterably.

And this star might be of the eighteenth or the nineteenth magnitude, and beyond, so little that the human eye could never see it, even aided by the most powerful telescopic appliances (for there will always be stars beyond our range of vision) ; and yet it will come and hurl its slight ethereal arrows on the chemical plate set up to await and receive them.

Yes, its light will have travelled during millions of years. When it started the earth did not exist, the real earth with its humanity ; there was not a single thinking creature on our planet ; the genesis of our world was in the process of development ; perhaps only in the primordial seas that enveloped the globe before the uprising of the first continents, before the primitive, elementary organisms formed themselves upon the bosom of the waters, preparing slowly the evolutions of future ages. This photographic plate takes us back to the past history of the universe. During the ethereal flight of this ray which comes to-day to beat upon the plate, all the history of the earth has been accomplished, and in this history that of humankind is but a single wave, an instant. And during this time the history of the distant sun which photographs itself to-day has been accomplished also ; perhaps it became extinct long since, perhaps it is actually out of existence.

Thus this new eye which transports us across the Infinite enables us at the same time to trace the periods of past eternity.

Yes, many of these far-away suns that we are taking such pains to photograph no longer exist. The end of the world has come to them as it will come to us ; and the luminous couriers that they sent us before dying travel forever.

Astronomy plunges us into the insoluble mystery of the Infinite and of Eternity, and therein lies its grandeur.—*New Review*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA. A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge. New Edition. Volume VII. Matte-Brun to Pearson. William & Robert Chambers, Limited, London and Edinburgh; J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.

The seventh volume of Chambers's Cyclopædia, in its revised form, presents all the evidences of thoroughness and excellence which distinguish its predecessors. The compactness, accuracy of treatment, and celebrity of the names which guarantee the authority of the articles are all that could be desired. The articles on the more important American topics, including the States and cities of the United States, are copyrighted in this country, and have been specially prepared for the Lippincott Edition, thus giving an increased value to the American issue. Among the articles of noticeable importance as to names and authorship are "Maurice," by Thomas Hughes; "Mecca—Medina," by Stanley Lane Poole; "Mediterranean," by Dr. John Murray; "Milton," by Richard Garnett, LL.D.; "Mississippi—Missouri," by Professor J. P. Lambertson; "Mohammed," by Emn. Deutsch and Rev. John Milne; "Molière," by George Saintsbury; "Money," by Professor J. H. Keane; "Mountains," by Professor James Geikie; "Mysteries," by Rev. S. Baring Gould; "Names," by Canon Isaac Taylor; "National Debt," by Professor J. S. Nicholson; "John Henry Newman," by Richard Holt Hutton; "Nihilism," by Prince Peter Krapotkine; "Painting," by P. G. Hamerton; "Paleography," by Canon Isaac Taylor; "Paleontology," by Professor James Geikie; "Palestine," by Walter Besant and Professor Hull; "Parliament," by Thomas Raleigh; and "St. Paul," by Rev. Archdeacon Farrar. It is noticeable that the articles on "Orchard," "Peach," and "Pear" are prepared by the distinguished novelist, R. D. Blackmore, who, it is rumored, is far more proud of the luscious fruit which he raises in his country home than of the great books which he has contributed to English fiction. The volume is fully worthy of the character which stamps this revised edition of Chambers's Cyclopædia as among the leading works of its kind in the world.

STORIES OF OLD NEW SPAIN. By Thomas A. Janvier, author of "Color Studies," "The

Aztec Treasure House," "The Mexican Guide." New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Mr. Janvier has made himself an enviable name among the short story-writers, specially in his studies of life among our Spanish-American neighbors. These contributions, originally made to magazines and now brought together in book form, are evidently written from the results of careful observation of life, customs, and types in the very different world which lies across the border of the Rio Grande. Even the casual traveller at once sees the change. This difference is accented with the finest art and discrimination by our author, who also brings to his work a literary skill which raises him well up to the front among our minor writers of fiction. Among the stories of special strength are "San Antonio of the Gardens," the opening story; "Ninita," "The Flower of Death," "La Mina De Los Padres," and "St. Mary of the Angels." Mr. Janvier has a keen sense of the peculiarities which distinguish Spanish womankind from that of the more northerly races, and he emphasizes and strengthens his situations and the differentiation of character on nearly all occasions by bringing in the Anglo-Saxon lover to furnish a keener spice to the value of the story.

THE CANADIAN GUIDE-BOOK. The Tourist and Sportsman's Guide to Eastern Canada and Newfoundland. Including full Descriptions of Routes, Cities, Points of Interest, Summer Resorts, Fishing Places, etc., in Eastern Ontario, the Muskoga District, the St. Lawrence Region, the Lake St. John Country, the Maritime Provinces, Prince Edward Island, and Newfoundland. With an Appendix giving Fish and Game Laws and Official Lists of Trout and Salmon Rivers and their Lessees. By Charles G. D. Roberts, Professor of English Literature in King's College, Windsor, N. S. With maps and many illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Professor Roberts has brought to his work something more than the dry ambition of the gazetteer and Grad-Grind compiler. To a very adequate knowledge of Eastern Canada and the Maritime Provinces, which are far too little known to the American tourist, he adds something of enthusiasm over the history and

legends of his country and a keen sense of literature and its association with people and events. The tourist who consults this handy guide-book will get something more than suggestions as to routes, hotels, population, industries, etc. Every page is pleasant reading, and all the arts of the scholar and littérateur are brought to bear on the matter in hand. It has this advantage over the older guide-books which have been revised year after year, that it is fresh, and can afford to give ample space to the casual things that lend charms to travel. The book is planned after the method of Baedeker, like the other Appleton Guide-Books, the most scientific and convenient yet devised. It is to be hoped that this excellent guide will be followed by another on Western Canada, that wonderful region opened up by the Canada Pacific Railway, the scenic beauties and future possibilities of which excite the admiration of all those who have paid any attention to the subject.

A ROMANCE OF THE MOORS. By Mona Caird.
New York: Henry Holt & Co.

This novelette, we believe, is the first issue in the United States under the provisions of the International Copyright Law, but it is not the only or the chief reason why it is worth notice. Mrs. Caird has made herself somewhat prominent as an agitator and reformer in respect of the marriage question. Her advocacy of such legal modifications of marriage as will tend to relieve her sex of at least the most stringent pressure of ill-assorted unions; her radical views on the subject of divorce, and her insistence that marriage should not be binding except when a genuine love and harmony exist between husband and wife, have subjected this lady to rancorous criticism. We may naturally expect, then, that any novel emanating from her pen will touch, if only indirectly, this burning question. "A Romance of the Moors" does not relate to injudicious marriage consummated, but it takes up the stress and conflict in the hearts of three people, two women and one man, as to the rights of love and the considerations leading to marriage. The story is very simple, a mere idyl, but in it is set a burning issue, told with much vigor and directness of purpose. Dick Coverdale, the son of a well-to-do Yorkshire farmer, is totally unlike

the sturdy breed whence he comes; and though he smacks of the soil in his passion for the scenes where his youth has passed, his heart burns with the fire and imagination of a poet, which have been fed by some years spent at a Scotch university. The young man, however, does not fully interpret the utterances of the inner voice till he meets Margaret Ellwood, a young widow, who is down on the moors sketching. Previous to this time he had obeyed the first flush of fancy by entering into a tacit engagement with a young girl connected by marriage with his family. With Bessie, however, it is the passionate outpouring of her whole simple nature. When Dick and Mrs. Ellwood come together, the man at once gives his soul into the keeping of a strong great nature in full sympathy with all his aspirations; she, the victim of an unworthy first marriage, finds in this fresh, true-hearted and gifted son of the moors a true mate. The problem presented is this: Dick and Margaret recognize in each other the certainty of the highest marriage relation. Yet Dick has given the innocent country lass the right to love him and to marry him according to the ordinary conventions of worldly honor. The matter, as between the three, is discussed with much pertinence and freshness of suggestion. Bessie gives up Dick, and insists that Margaret shall marry him. She answers:

"What! after you have set me such an example! Not for worlds! We must not imprison our eagle before he has even spread his wings."

"But he will not fly always," said Bessie, practically. "When he comes back—?"

"We can both be ready for him with open cages, nicely painted, elegant cages, with every comfort for a vagrant eagle disposed for a quiet life. And then he can enter which he likes, or neither." With this inconsequent conclusion the romance ends, and we are led to suppose that Dick goes up to London to pursue literature, and the two women live together, devoted to each other and to him, each ready with the "open cage." This is an ideal arrangement for the lucky Dick, but we fancy most hardened novel-readers among woman-kind will set up a vigorous protest. Whatever we may conclude about the dubious climax, Mrs. Caird has written a fresh and racy story, with plenty in it to set people thinking, and, after all, that is the principal use of a book, whether a novel or otherwise.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE funeral of the late Captain Sir Richard Burton took place recently, at the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, Mortlake. The requiem mass was sung by Monsignor Stanley, of Spanish Place Church, assisted by Fathers White, Regan, and Cafferata. The music was by Casciolini, and was rendered by a special choir of professionals. Father Cox's "In Paradisum" was sung on the removal of the coffin from the church to the cemetery adjoining, the concluding prayers being said at the graveside by Provost Wenham, the priest of the mission. A harmonized "Benedictus" was then sung, during which Lady Burton and several friends laid wreaths of flowers by the side of the coffin. The tomb, which is subscribed for by Sir Richard's countrymen, represents an Arab tent, with a star above and a crucifix over the entrance; the interior is a small chapel, with altar and some Oriental lights.

THE Italian papers announce the discovery of a valuable library, hitherto hidden in the monastery of Sant Antonio del Monte, near Rieti. Signor Villari, Minister of Education, immediately sent to the spot Professor Monaci, who reports that the library contains about 500 printed books and 69 MSS. Of the latter the greater number are written on parchment, and date from the tenth to the fifteenth century. They are described as having great paleographic interest, with fine illuminations in some of them. But it does not appear that they include any classical texts. The subjects mentioned are theological and liturgical, civil and canon law; only a few philosophical and literary treatises.

THE next addition to Messrs. Macmillan & Co.'s "Golden Treasury Series" will be a volume entitled "Balladen und Romanzen," edited by Professor Buchheim. The book, which is nearly ready for publication, will contain the best productions of German ballad literature from Bürger to our own times, and will be provided with a critical introduction and notes giving the source of the ballads and romances.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER'S new work, entitled "Justice," is nearly through the press. It forms the fourth division of his "Principles of Ethics," which he has executed out of its turn as being the most important division. Parts II. and III., completing the first volume, will next be undertaken, and afterward, if he

should succeed in completing these, Parts V. and VI., which, with the part now issued, will make up the second volume.

THE reading world is promised a new version of the life-story of Emma Lady Hamilton, retold by Hilda Gamlin from original materials, which are asserted to disprove much that has hitherto been alleged to her injury. Mr. Alfred Morrison has placed unreservedly at the disposal of the author his unrivalled collection of autograph letters bearing on the subject. There will also be printed numerous letters from Greville, disclosing the actual circumstances under which she was transferred to Sir William Hamilton. Evidence will also be adduced to prove that Lady Hamilton was merely the voluntary guardian of Horatia, and that the celebrated series of "Thomson" letters was not written by Nelson. The book will be illustrated with nearly fifty plates, including portraits, views, and fac-similes of letters; and it will be published, in handsome form and in a limited edition, by Mr. Edward Howell, of Liverpool.

THE fourth centenary of the birth of St. Ignatius Loyola (July 31st, 1891) will be celebrated in England by the publication of Mr. Stewart Rose's life of the founder of the Jesuits in a large volume containing more than a hundred illustrations, prepared by Mr. H. W. Brewer, Mr. H. C. Brewer, and Mr. L. Wain. Father Eyre and Father Goldie have been deputed by the other English Jesuits to superintend the preparation of the work, which Messrs. Burns & Oates will publish in the autumn. The tercentenary of the death of another saint, St. Aloysius Gonzaga, has given occasion to a new edition, copiously annotated, of the biography of the saint by Virgilio Cepari, his contemporary and friend. It is to appear simultaneously in German, Spanish, French, and English, besides the original Italian.

THE *Athenæum* for July 4th published a series of articles on the continental literature of the last twelve months. The articles include Belgium, by MM. É. de Laveleye and P. Fredericq; Bohemia, by M. Cermák; Denmark, by M. Petersen; France, by M. J. Reinach; Germany, by Hofrath Zimmermann; Greece, by Professor Lambros; Holland, by Miss van Campen; Italy, by Commendatore Bonghi; Norway, by M. Jager; Poland, by Dr. Belcikowski; Spain, by Don J. F. Riaño, and Sweden, by Miss Wærn.

SIR CHARLES DILKE has deposited his valuable collection of Keats' relics in the Chelsea Public Library. They consist of books containing holograph poems and notes by Keats, letters by and to him, and other objects of interest connected with the poet. The collection is arranged in a showcase, and exhibited in the reference library.

It is said that the General Staff of Berlin has been commissioned to collect all available materials for a comprehensive biography of the late Count Moltke.

THE *Allgemeine Zeitung* has recently published several letters of Frau Rath—as Goethe's genial mother was generally called—the most interesting of which is the one addressed, February 16th, 1776, to Dr. J. G. Zimmermann, the author of the well-known but little-read work, "Ueber die Einsamkeit." Dr. Zimmermann suffered from melancholy, and Frau Rath urged him to have recourse to change of air and scenery, which was the best remedy for this disease, and had even been recommended by Luther to his friend Spalatinus. The writer concludes with the words:

"Folgen Sie dem Rath einer Frau, das thut Ihrer grossen Gelehrsamkeit keinen Schaden; gab doch ehemals ein Esel einem Propheten einen guten Rath."

ADVICES from Iceland bring news of the death, at the age of eighty-three, of Dr. Pjetur Pjeturssen, formerly Bishop of Iceland, and one of those who have been most active in the revival of Icelandic literature. He was made bishop in 1866, and resigned his see a few years ago.

VIENNA, which boasts already of a flourishing Goethe-Gesellschaft, is also to have ere long a Goethe monument. At any rate, thanks to the exertions of the society, the city of Vienna has just granted an excellent site for the monument, and the committee has now only to agree on the artist to whom the work is to be confided.

PROFESSOR ERNST CURTIUS delivered an oration in honor of the late Count Moltke on the occasion of the Leibniz anniversary, celebrated by the Academy of Sciences in the beginning of July.

THE death is announced of the greatest publisher on the Continent, M. Calmann Lévy, of Paris, who died suddenly last week, in the seventy-third year of his age. He had three

sons associated with him in his publishing business.

THE Marquis of Bute has been elected president of the Honorable Society of Cymmrodion in the place of the late Earl of Powis.

M. PAUL BLOUËT (Max O'Rell) will sail, on October 21st, for a third lecture tour in the United States and Canada, to be immediately followed by a twelve months' tour in the Australian colonies.

LADY BURTON writes as follows about the MSS., etc., left by Sir Richard:

"My husband left his *magnum opus*, 'The Scented Garden,' completed save half a page. [The whole of this she has thought it her duty to burn.] His 'Pentamerone' is ready for press. Disjointed, and not quite complete, is 'Catullus,' a scrap of 'Ausonius,' various small fragments, and poetry. Part of the second Part of his great work on 'The Sword,' of which the first part appeared (there were to be three), and one almost written book on the gypsies, also several unpublished MSS. of former travels. Everything possible will see the light by degrees in his own name; and the unfinished things and the poetry in magazines or a book of fragments."

THE Académie Française has decided to award the prize of 20,000 francs (£800) to the widow of Fustel de Coulanges. The Duc de Broglie, it will be remembered, felt himself compelled to decline the honor; and it was rumored that the second recommendation of the committee was in favor of M. Elisée Reclus.

M. CÉLESTE, city librarian at Bordeaux, has printed, in the first number of the *Bulletin* of the Société des Amis de l'Université de Bordeaux, a hitherto unpublished letter of Montesquieu. It is addressed to President Barbet, under date of December 20th, 1741, and thus refers to the "Esprit des Loix," which was not published until 1748:

"J'y travaille huit heures par jour; l'ouvrage est immense, et je crois avoir perdu tout le temps où je travaille à quelque autre chose qu'à cela. Il y aura quatre vol. in-12 en 24 livres. [It was actually published in two quarto volumes, divided into thirty-one books, which in some editions are grouped in six parts.] Il me tarde fort que je sois en état de vous le montrer. J'en suis extrêmement enthousiasmé. Je suis mon premier admirateur, je ne sais si je serai le dernier. Je ne vous le montrerai que lorsque je n'aurai plus rien à y faire, ce qui, je crois, sera à la première vue;

mais j'exigerai que vous ne m'en disiez rien, que vous ne l'ayez lu tout entier, si vous voulez le lire, et j'ose vous dire que je ne crois pas qu'on y perde son temps, par l'abondance des choses."

MISCELLANY.

HOW GRANT WON THE VICTORIA CROSS.—Lieutenant-General Douglas Grant has favored the *Times* with a long letter from Major Grant, V.C., to his mother, dated from Camp Palel, Manipur, April 16th, 1891. We quote an extract :

"By this time it grew dark, and when we could no longer see the enemy we concentrated in the fort, as the enemy had been seen working round to our left. I sent the men back one by one along the hedges, telling each man when and where to go ; none of them doubled. It was quite dark when I got back, and posted them round our walls, which seemed so strong in the morning, but were like paper against well-laid field guns ; I felt very, very bitter. I was proud of the result of my personal musketry training of my 'butchas' (children), all eight months' recruits, except ten or fifteen old soldiers, who set a splendid example, and talked of what skunks the Manipuris were, compared to the men they had fought in Afghanistan and the Northwest Frontier ; but they all said they had never seen such odds against them before. Our total day's loss—a pony killed, and one man slightly wounded. All night the enemy kept up a long-range fire without result, which was not replied to. I tied white rags round our foresights for night firing. I slept for about two hours in my east corner, and at 3 A.M. turned out to strengthen the walls in four places against shell fire. made a covered way to the water, and dug places for cover for followers. Luckily much of the compound was fresh ploughed, so we only had to fill the huge rice baskets with the clods, and the ration sacks, pails, my pillow-case, and a post-bag I had recovered, everything with earth, and soon I had five parapets in front and flanks, each giving cover for eight or ten men. The enemy had retired behind the hill. At 3 P.M. a patrol reported a man flag-signalling. I went out with white flag and met a Goorkha of 44th, a prisoner in Manipuris' hands, who brought a letter signed by six or eight Babu prisoners, clerks, writers, post and telegraph men, saying there were fifty Goorkha prisoners and fifty-eight civil prisoners, and imploring me to retire. If I

advanced they would kill the prisoners ; if I retired the Durbar would release them and send them to Cachar. I said those prisoners who wished could go to Cachar, and I would retire to Tammu with those who wished to come with me. I also wrote to the Maharajah, and also on 2d, 3d, 4th, and 5th messages passed from me to Maharajah and his two brothers, Jubraj and Senapati, the heir and the commander-in-chief. Maharajah wrote saying he was not responsible for the outbreak, and Senapati told the messengers he had 3000 men in front of me and would cut us all up. I wrote refusing to move without the Goorkha prisoners at least, and said, 'I don't care for 5000 Manipuri Babus.' At last Jubraj said the prisoners had been sent away to Assam, and sent me 500 lbs. ata and 50 lbs. each dhal and ghee to retire with. I sent back the rations and refused to move without a member of the Durbar as a hostage, to remain at Tammu till prisoners arrived at Cachar and Kohima. They offered me a subadar. I said he was no one. I had signed all my letters as Col. A. Howlett, Com. 2d B. Regt., to impress them with my strength and importance, and put on the subadar's badges of rank in addition to my own.

"The next morning (6th) they attacked again at dawn, and as I had only seventy rounds per man for Sniders and thirty for Martinis, I closed into the fort. At first, after forty minutes' shelling, they made determined efforts to cross the walls, 100 to 200 yards in front of my front and left ; but nearly every man was hit as he mounted the wall, and then they remained firing from behind the walls. At 8 A.M. a good lot had collected behind the wall 200 yards from my left. I crept out with ten or twelve Goorkhas, who held my rear and right under the hedge, and drove them with loss by an attack on their right flank, and we bolted back to fort without loss. Then at 11 A.M. there was firing from behind the hedges to our front with a weapon that rang out louder than their rifles. I crept out with a havildar and six Goorkhas close in the ditch under the hedge, out to our front from our right, up to within ten yards of the nearest of them. They opened a wild fire, and bolted as we attacked their left flank, but then we found ourselves in a bit of a hole, for thirty or forty were in a corner behind a wall six feet high, over which they were firing at us. I had my D. B. 16-bore shotgun and six buck-shot and six ball cartridges, and as they showed their heads over the wall they got

buckshot in their faces at 20 yards. When my twelve rounds were fired and the Goorkhas also doing considerable damage, we rushed the wall and I dropped one through the head with my revolver and hit some more as they bolted. When we cleared them out we returned to the fort along the ditch, having had the hottest three minutes on record, and only got the Goorkha havildar shot through the hand and some of our clothes shot through; we had killed at least ten. Next day I visited the corner and found blood, thirty Snider and fifteen Martini cartridges, and one 4-inch long Express cartridge, .500, which accounted for the unaccountable sounds I had heard. Next day I heard I had killed the 'Bhudda' (old) Senaputty, or the Commander-in-Chief of the old Maharaj, father of the present lot of scoundrels, and also two generals, but that is not yet confirmed. Well, as I said, we bolted back into the fort, and I had thirty minutes' leisure to go all round my fort, and found I had only fifty rounds per man—enough for one hour's hard fighting, and only twenty-five for Martinis; so I ordered all the men to lie down behind the walls, and one man in six kept half an hour's watch on their movements. The men had orders not to fire a shot till the enemy were half way across the open adjoining compounds, but the enemy declined to cross the open, and the men did not fire a shot all day. I picked off a few who showed their heads from the east corner, where I spent the rest of the day, the men smoking and chatting, and at last took no notice of the bullets cutting the trees a foot or six inches over their heads. Thus the day passed, the enemy retiring at dark, and we counted our loss—two men and one follower wounded, one by shell, one pony killed, two wounded, two elephants wounded, one severely, and my breakfast spoiled by a shell, which did not frighten my boy, who brought me the head of the shrapnel which did the mischief—I will send it home to be made into an inkpot with inscription—and half my house knocked down."

IN STRANGE COMPANY.—A contributor to the *Paris Figaro* tells a wonderful story of his having visited a little town in England during race week, and finding every inn and lodging-house in the place so full of visitors that his only resource seemed to be to pass the night *à la belle étoile*. As a last chance, however, he addressed himself to a policeman, who made a sign to him to follow, and conducted

him to a house of sinister appearance down a narrow court, where doubtful characters could be seen passing and repassing in the dusk. An old hag, crooning over a fire, got up at their entrance, and with a smoky lamp lighted them upstairs into a big square room, in which a dozen dark forms were stretched upon the floor. Suddenly the new-comer caught sight of the shining barrel of a revolver that lay handy near one of the sleepers, and instinctively he made toward the door. But his conductors and the lamp had disappeared. He laid himself down in his clothes upon a mattress, with his hand in the pocket that contained his *portemonnaie*, but naturally enough could not sleep a wink, for fear of his bed-fellow jumping up and demanding his money or his life. He listened now and then, as one or the other stirred, but they were fast asleep. At break of day the tall figures rose up and began to chat with one another, and then the nervous stranger found out that he had been passing the night surrounded by policemen.

END-OF-THE-CENTURY MANNERS.—Australians may consider themselves happy that, either because of the remoteness of their colonies or of their thoroughly practical trend of mind, they have not been worried with the irritating phrase *fin de siècle*, which appears to be the latest "gag" that has become fashionable in the *dilettante* circles of Paris and London. So far as we can judge from the many ways in which the phrase is used in newspapers and magazine articles, it is the most recent expression for indifference. Accompanied by a shrug of the shoulders, it puts an end to all argument, and is supposed to explain everything that appears to old-fashioned folks to be novel or bizarre. If a young lady smokes cigarettes and talks slang, it is only an instance of end-of-the-century manners. Should some quiet and worthy people be afflicted with a mild but general disbelief in the teachings of religion, or should they have a vague longing for the faith of Islam, or the ill-understood doctrines of Buddha, then this is explained away as a characteristic of the closing years of the period. Does a writer take a pessimistic view of politics? Then everything that he dreads is put down to some mysterious spirit of turmoil, which is supposed to be natural to the close of the present age of civilization. And if a man wants simply to eat and drink and enjoy himself without paying any regard to his duties as a citi-

zen, he justifies himself with the reflection that the end of the century may bring great changes. The phrase, however, after a short popularity will soon be forgotten. The notion that civilization gets worn out at the end of a century, and that violent and sweeping changes are to be made, is only a simple method of avoiding thought. The divisions of time are only arbitrary, and the end of a century has just as much or as little as the end of a year or a month to do with the two great forces that govern all organic life from the most complicated to the simplest protoplasmic forms—the force of conservation and growth, and the force which produces destruction and decay.—*Melbourne Argus*.

THE SEVENTH SON.—In France a seventh son in direct succession is called a *marcou*. In Orléans, during the present century, the following was written concerning the *marcou*: "If a man is the seventh son of his father, without any female intervening, he is a *marcou*; he has on some part of his body the mark of a *fleur-de-lis*, and, like the kings of France, he has the power of curing the king's evil. All that is necessary to effect a cure is that the *marcou* should breathe upon the part affected, or that the sufferer should touch the mark of the *fleur-de-lis*. Of all the *marcous* of the Orléannais, he of Ormes is the best known and the most celebrated. Every year, from twenty, thirty, forty leagues around, crowds of patients come to visit him; but it is particularly in holy week that his power is most efficacious, and on the night of Good Friday, from midnight to sunrise, the cure is certain. A darker superstition concerning the seventh son exists in Portugal. It is there believed that the unfortunate being who is the seventh male in direct succession is in the power of the Prince of Darkness, by whom he is compelled, on every Saturday evening, to assume the appearance of an ass. In this guise, and accompanied by a troop of dogs, he is compelled to race over moor and through village until the light of the Sabbath dawns, when he may resume his human form for another week."

BITS AND BEARING-REINS.—The Cart-horse Parade is a move in the right direction as offering an inducement to carters and others to be merciful to their beasts. Unprejudiced persons will scarcely know whether to agree or disagree with the condition prescribing that bearing-reins will be regarded as disqualifying the driver employing them from

receiving the benefits resulting from the show. On the one hand it may be said that this is a wide-sweeping measure; on the other it may be urged that no draught horse has any business with a bearing-rein. What is now universally known as the bearing-rein question crops up for discussion with the regularity of quarter day, or the visits of "the gas" and "the water rates;" while it often precedes or follows a newspaper war on the subject of bits and biting. Both of these questions have lately been discussed in the public prints, but we are "no forrarder." As to bits, some swear by snaffles. Others, who like to fancy that they are gifted with superlatively good "hands," advocate the use of the most powerful instruments the loriner can supply. Between these two extremes every sort of bit is recommended as a perfect cure for headstrong and pulling horses. The correspondence usually ceases where it began. Not a single convert is made to one side or the other; while we all know the value of the conversion when a man is convinced against his will. Those who write so glibly on the proper biting of horses not unfrequently leave out of recollection that a good deal turns upon a man's physical strength; a good deal more upon his hands and strength of seat; and something upon the country in which he rides. In theory, of course, there should be no pulley-hauley in riding or driving—it should be finger, not fist, which governs the most arrant puller that ever looked through a bridle. That many horse-owners have but a very imperfect knowledge of the science of biting is evident; and it may be added that their servants are no better. If either master or servant knew more about it the bearing-rein would not be in such universal use as at present. It was the Duke of Portland who started the last discussion upon bearing-reins, by writing a letter to a newspaper, in which letter he expressed a hope that horse-owners would not submit their horses to the torture of having to stand tightly borne up when waiting at the theatre or at private houses. In this, as in other matters, a little practice is worth much theory; and if the Duke, as Master of the Horse, abolishes bearing-reins on his own horses, and, if it lies in his power, on the horses of Royalty, he might confidently reckon upon a very large following; for fashion rules supreme, and where the Queen and her Master of the Horse led, shoals of others would be sure to follow.—*Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*.